Saturday Review

April 9, 1966 35¢

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By A. H. RASKIN

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"The Burning of the Houses of Parliament," by Joseph Mallord William Turner (see page 34)

COMMUNICATIONS

WHY I WENT WEST—AND STAYED

By Louis Seltzer

SR's Fourteenth Annual Advertising A

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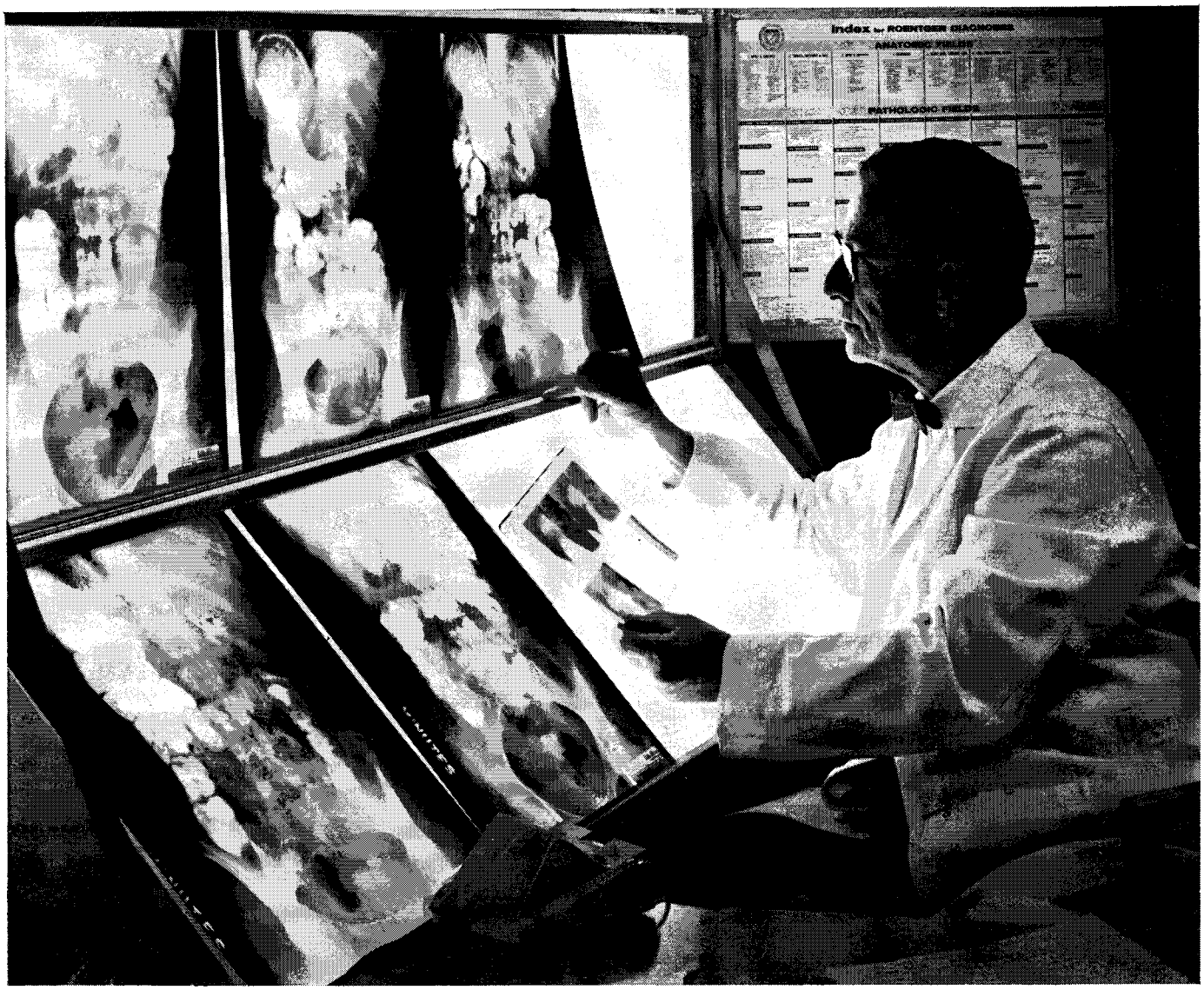

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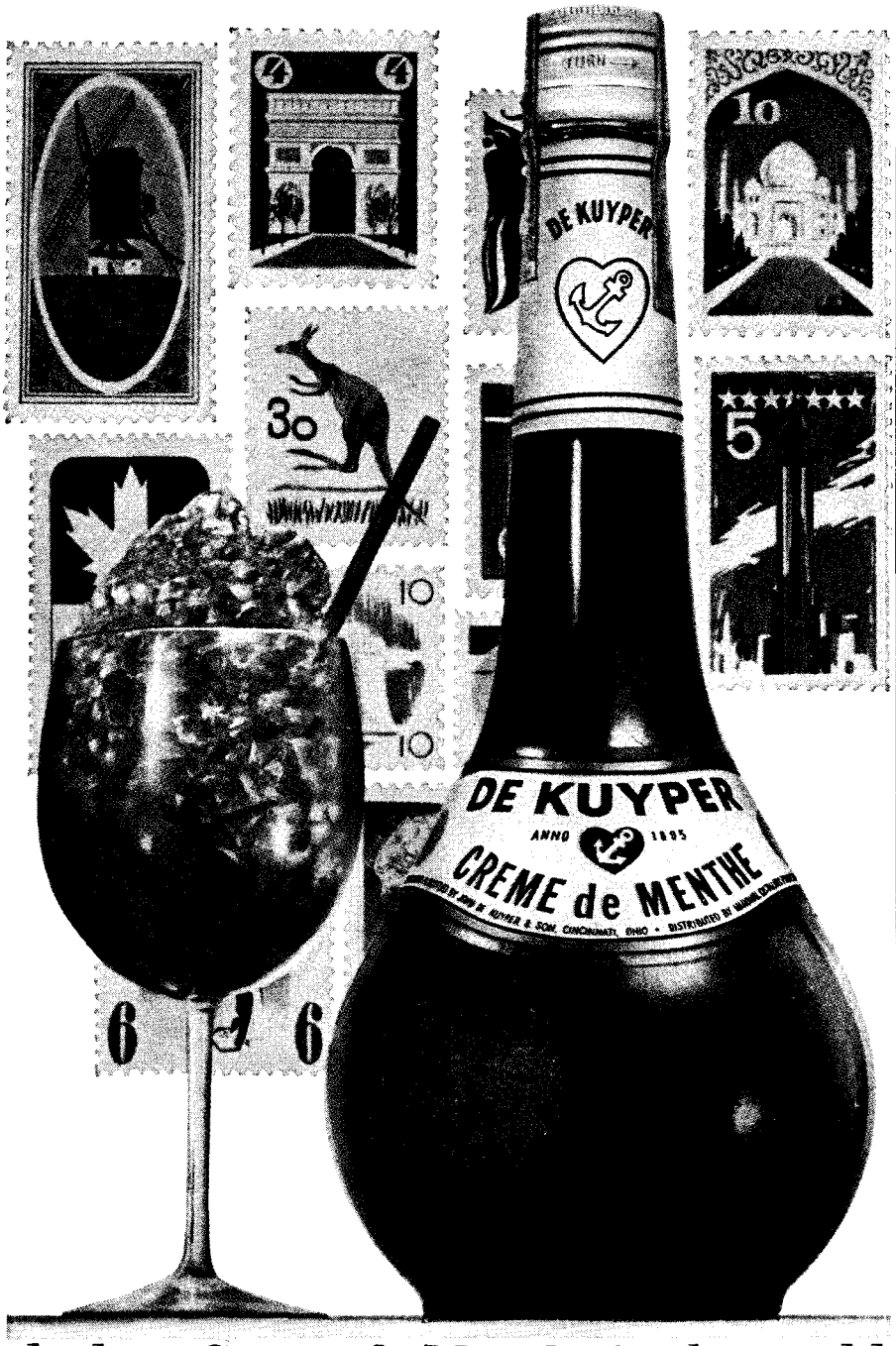

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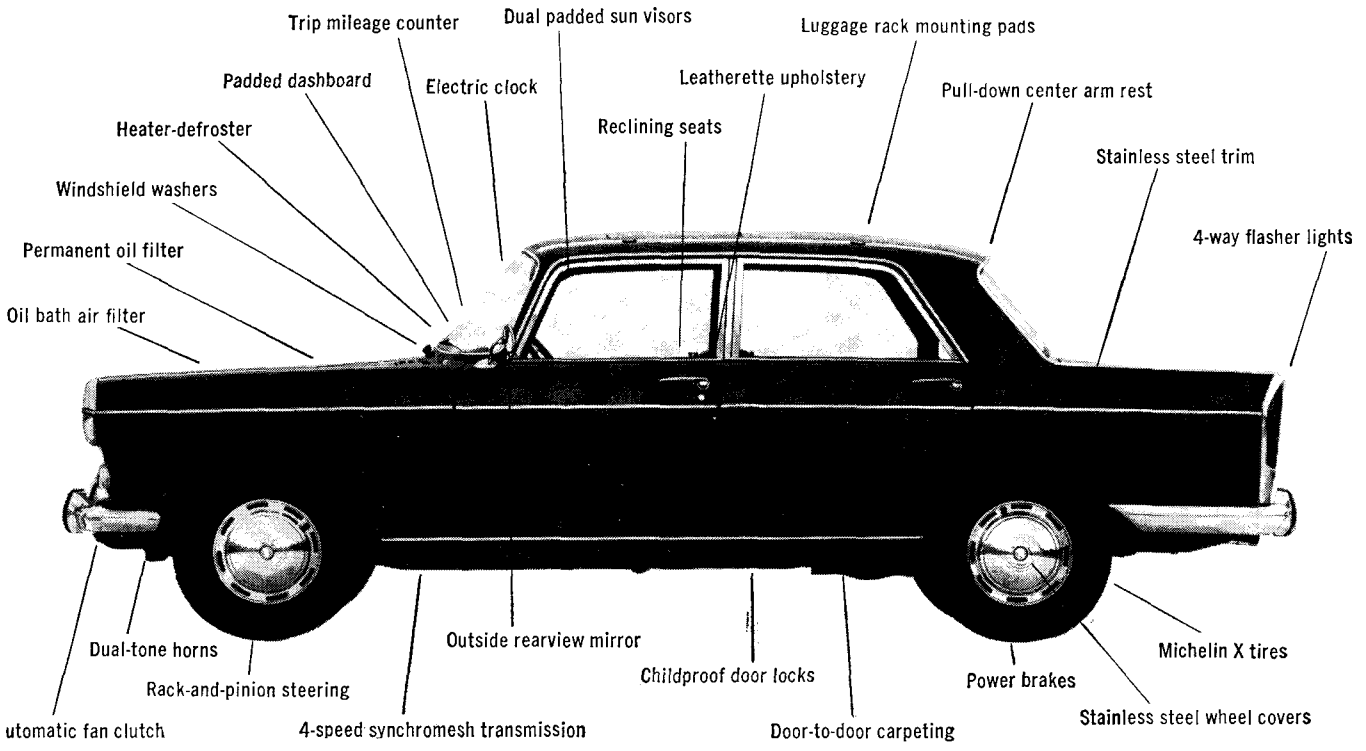

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Edited by Martin Levin

Fur Piece

A PERSISTENT paradox appreciated heretofore by a relatively small handful of mink breeders, and perhaps one or two compulsive encyclopedia perusers, is that mink—beings consistently associated with the more tender relationships between males and females—are themselves among nature's most unlovable creatures.

Not only are they unlovable, but these foot-long varicolored rodents are unfriendly, vicious, and downright treacherous. Mink can't even stand each other except, perhaps (since they are cannibalistic), at mealtimes. Because of this charming penchant they are kept in separate cages and in short supply. In fact, they probably comprise the only commodity that enthusiastically maintains its own high market value.

There is a time, however, during March and early April when mink manage to find each other less repulsive than usual. At this time, shyly, timorously, suspiciously they tolerate one another long enough to initiate the process for perpetuating the species. Maybe. For this purpose, they must, of course, be put in the same cage. And when they are put in the same cage they must be watched carefully. For where there were two before, there may be one and a half or less later. Many times neither mink knows it's mating time, or, in its perversity, just doesn't care. Then they just sit and sulk, eyeing each other warily, maybe thinking of a good exit line.

Even if they do mate successfully, all is not clear sailing. Mother mink sometimes run short of milk and the feeding kits are transferred to another mother with a larger supply. The new momma, out of generosity or just not knowing the difference, may nurse the new kits; on the other hand, she may eat them. For the kits it's a sort of mammalian roulette. But there is another side to the coin: the youngster, if he's big enough, may eat momma. As you might suspect, the amount of suppressed maternal resentment among mink tends to be unusually low.

The attitude of these miserable mammals toward human beings is no less winning. Often, while energetically wagging their tails—a sure sign of friendship with other species—they will bite the hand that is feeding them or whatever other hand happens to be within biting distance. For this reason breeders try to remember to wear their mink gloves (which are made of leather). Those who forget seldom make it as typing champs.

But with a full complement of fingers or not, mink breeding is about as miserable as the mink themselves. So if you happen to be reading the back of a match book and are taken by a vision of $100 pelts multiplying themselves over and over again in your living room—think twice. It doesn't exactly happen that way. Rabbits, maybe; mink, no.

—HERBERT J. TEISON.

Mink Stall

Do-It-Yourself Music Review

(Or How to Assemble a Music Review with Scissors and Paste from Criticism in Various Musical Journals)

LET us take: *"Incolto," Malamed Pietro Symphony in Four Movements Rodomontade Orchestra, Graz Willem Rotblume, conducting.*

Not since it was first performed in the Leipzig Gewandhaus in 1839 has this symphonic revolution against plushed-up music achieved such a harrowing sonority. The whole work has a broad, sunny, genial swing to it with its growls of mock fury from the basses, its mood changes of Verdian intensity, and its sudden *piano* just before the coda. The sliding chromatic harmonics are never disturbed by an alien injection of "feeling"; it is an interpretation of rustic sturdiness: a *contadina* rendered with improvisational fury.

What holds together the murky and uneventful first movement is an absolutely ferocious reining in of orchestral dynamics coupled with poetic fervency and a particular form of private joy conveyed by the conversation between strings and woodwind. The almost brutal hammering into place of each potentially loose end continues the note of compassion struck by the crashing *fortissimo* chords. This composition has no *bizarreries*—a circumstance which makes it easy to describe. Also of note is the unusual agility of the decidedly unsensuous double basses, concerned primarily with what we might call an emotional *legato*. Buoyantly exuberant in the *allegros*, it is at once heavier and more illusive than its predecessors through having four horns instead of the customary two.

Whimsical, a mountain of rhythm, even a bit jagged and angular, we should also not forget the earnest, loving tones

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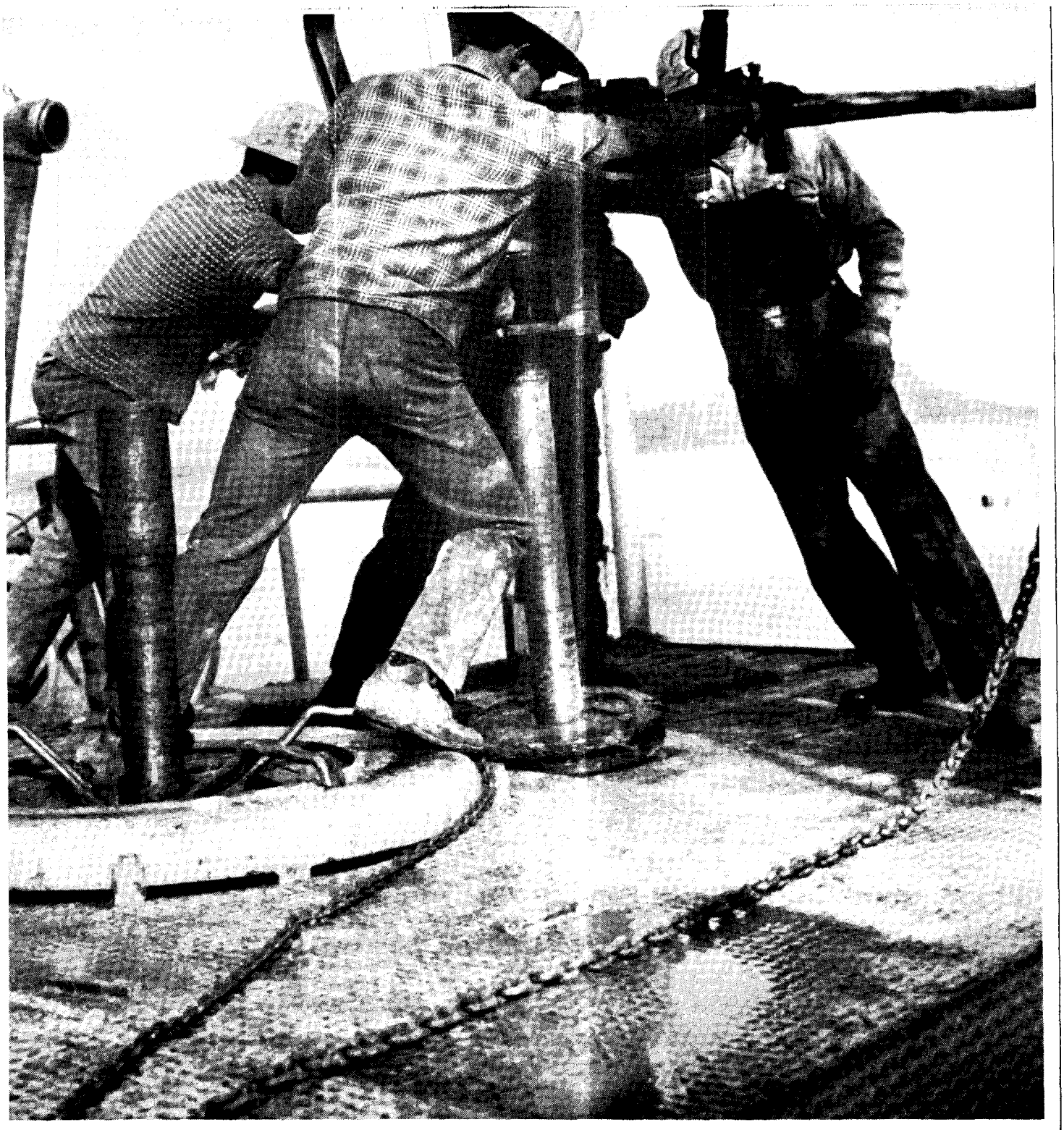

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of the cellos and the violin part which employs harmonics, *ponticello,* lyrical *cantilena* and a sparkling, humorous *moto perpetuo,* to say nothing of the repellent *staccati* in the solo violin, accomplished with the bow close to the bridge *(sul ponticello).*

Graz Willem Rotblume is probably the only conductor worthy to be classed with Mahler and Nikisch. His blithe disregard of staccato indications are quite without match. His command over the *appoggiaturas* at the very end permit them to be dovetailed with bluff interjections that bark without biting. In the great climax, there is a granitic design, a delicate texture, a merciless tunefulness that represent the composer at his most masculine. The conductor's duty is to eliminate the composer *and* the work, said Sir Thomas Beecham. Rotblume has achieved this without sacrificing the composition's melodic contour, or its bounce, vigor, and impassioned good health.

As Incolto himself remarked with impish pride when questioned about this work, "Quanta umanita!" (How much humanity!) —WILLIAM FADIMAN.

The Indian

By William Burford

SOMETIMES in a garage
Among twisting exhaust pipes
He is found, his arms plunged
In a black motor's parts
The rubberized snaking spark plug wires
Bound like veins into a neck he grips,
With grease spotted and smeared—

And which appears in a glistening braid
In the queue on back of his head
The stiff tail of hunting hair
That is dry and partly gray.
When he looks up, his eyes
Are suddenly Eskimo, yellowish,
With the seal in them, the elk

And the serpent superimposed in
their depth,
That he met with and worshipped
then.

At times in this Texas town
It is a joke or odd—when the dogs
That some scent in him draws, howl
Till he throws them the meat,
Or kicks them off so they cower,
Crouch back at a distance from his feet,
Quiet, waiting to be called.

The farmers watch with a kind of awe
Their dogs sitting there at his garage,
Not too near him but not far;
Nor could a rock break
The intensity of their bodies.

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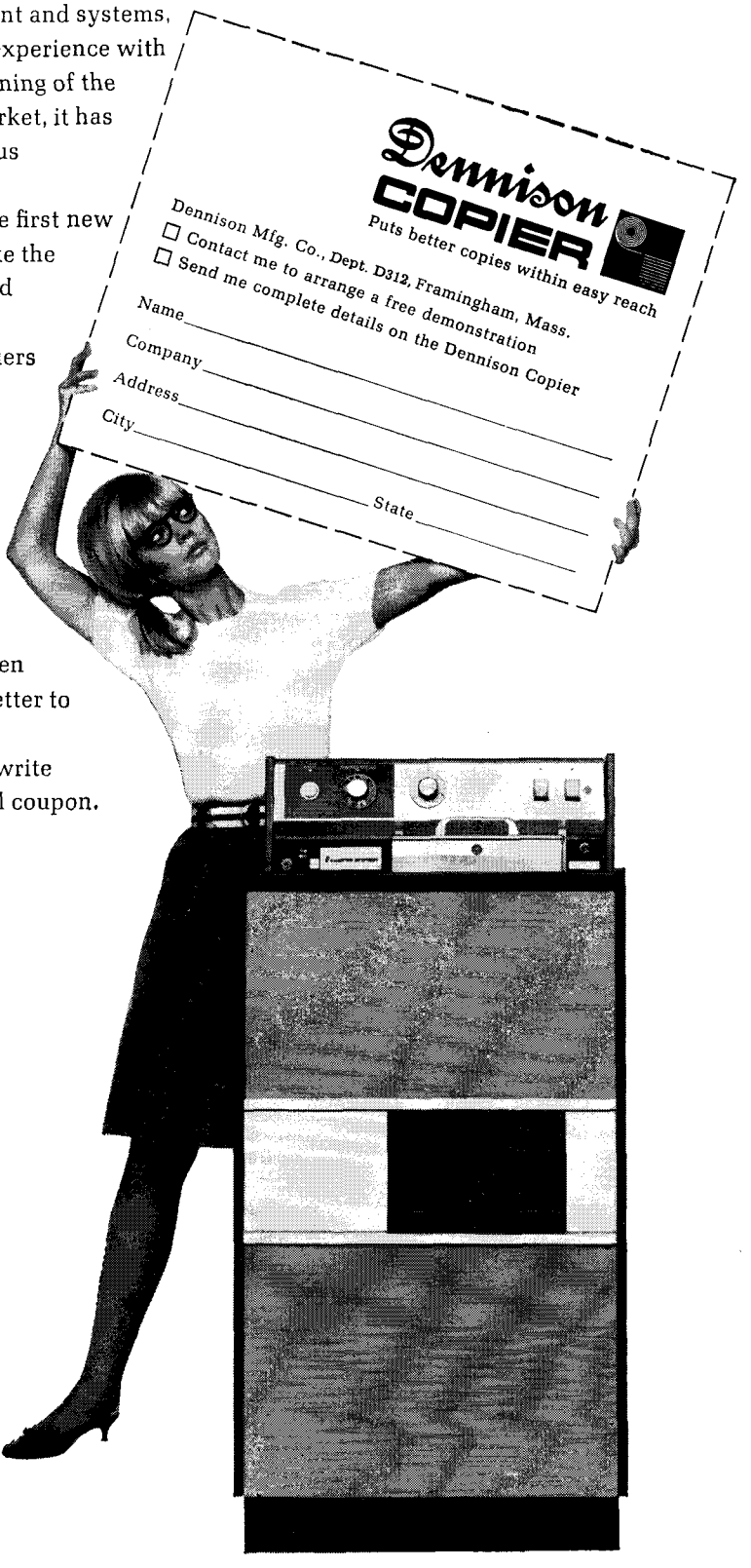

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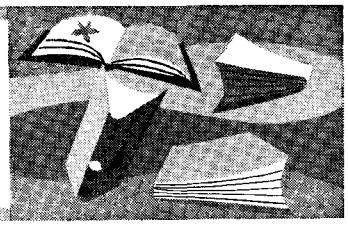

A long time ago I broke the habit of tipping hatcheck girls in New York City establishments, although I still continue to flatter them by referring to them as girls. I won't say I never leave a tip when picking up a coat or a package on my way out of a place. If someone else is

along, you look pretty cheap if you don't make some move. But generally I just smile and say thank you and walk out.

If the accepted tip were a dime the way it was fifteen years ago, I might not mind. But it's twenty-five cents now. So that you won't make a mistake, there is usually a little saucer on the counter with several quarters sitting in it. That serves to intimidate customers. It has its other uses, too. When the girl takes the check and turns to retrieve the stuff, I pick up one of the quarters and drop it back into the dish. The sound carries nicely and gives me time to get out onto the street.

It wasn't the increase in the amount of the tip that bothered me as much as that little padlocked slot where the checker puts the coins. I knew full well that a syndicate paid a lot of dough for the checking concession in the restaurant and that the big guys were certainly not going to let the attendant keep the hundreds of dollars that came in every day. Therefore, at a certain point in the past I decided to defy the syndicate and I said the heck with it.

I had no trouble at all for years—not until two weeks ago. It was at the Hotel Pierre, a Fifth Avenue hotel where at that very moment Prince Philip's duds were hanging in the closets upstairs. I attended a function in the hotel and when I was on my way out an elderly gentleman and an elderly lady were in command of the checkroom. I accepted my coat and dispatch case and I must have looked like a deadbeat, because before I could take a step she declared, "There is a charge for checking."

That stopped me. If there was a charge I figured I'd have to pay it. I asked, "How much?" They pointed to the little dish. There was one quarter in it. The scene was familiar.

"There's no charge for checking," I insisted. An elderly bellboy in uniform then joined the other two and they all nodded their heads and said in unison, "Oh, yes, there is." Then the lady put her foot in it. As I hesitated, she added, "It's for tipping."

Relieved, I laughed, "Oh, that's different," and walked out, still triumphant over the system.

It was just twenty years ago that the Supreme Court handed down a unanimous decision that was a landmark. The justices repudiated the Post Office's revocation of second-class mailing privileges for the magazine *Esquire*. You may not be very impressed, because today the Supreme Court spends a large percentage of its time on censorship. But in those days it was very big and unusual. The celebrated *Esquire* case shared newspaper space with war news.

Postmaster General Frank Walker had taken the 1943 issues of *Esquire* and decided they were too dirty to go through

the mail. Some of the ladies pictured in its pages were "inadequately clad," he said. He had an awful time in court trying to prove it. Ministers and Congressmen said restricting *Esquire's* mailing privileges would be a blow to the morale of "our boys over there." Justice Douglas read the opinion, in which he stated:

"A requirement that literature or art conform to some norm prescribed by an official smacks of an ideology foreign to our shores."

That was about the worst thing you could say in those days. The Post Office ate crow. To see what all the fuss was about, I have just gone through the 1943 issues of *Esquire*. I want to state unequivocally that there is nothing in those pages that I would hesitate to show my twelve-year-old daughter. As for the inadequately clad ladies, they are so thoroughly covered with clothing that it is embarrassing. Shades of Annette Kellerman!

Sharps and Flats: In discussing William Faulkner's poetry, *Time* magazine's book reviewer wrote, "Here and there

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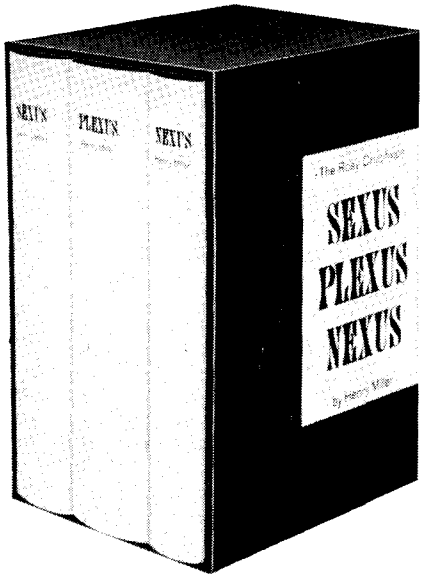

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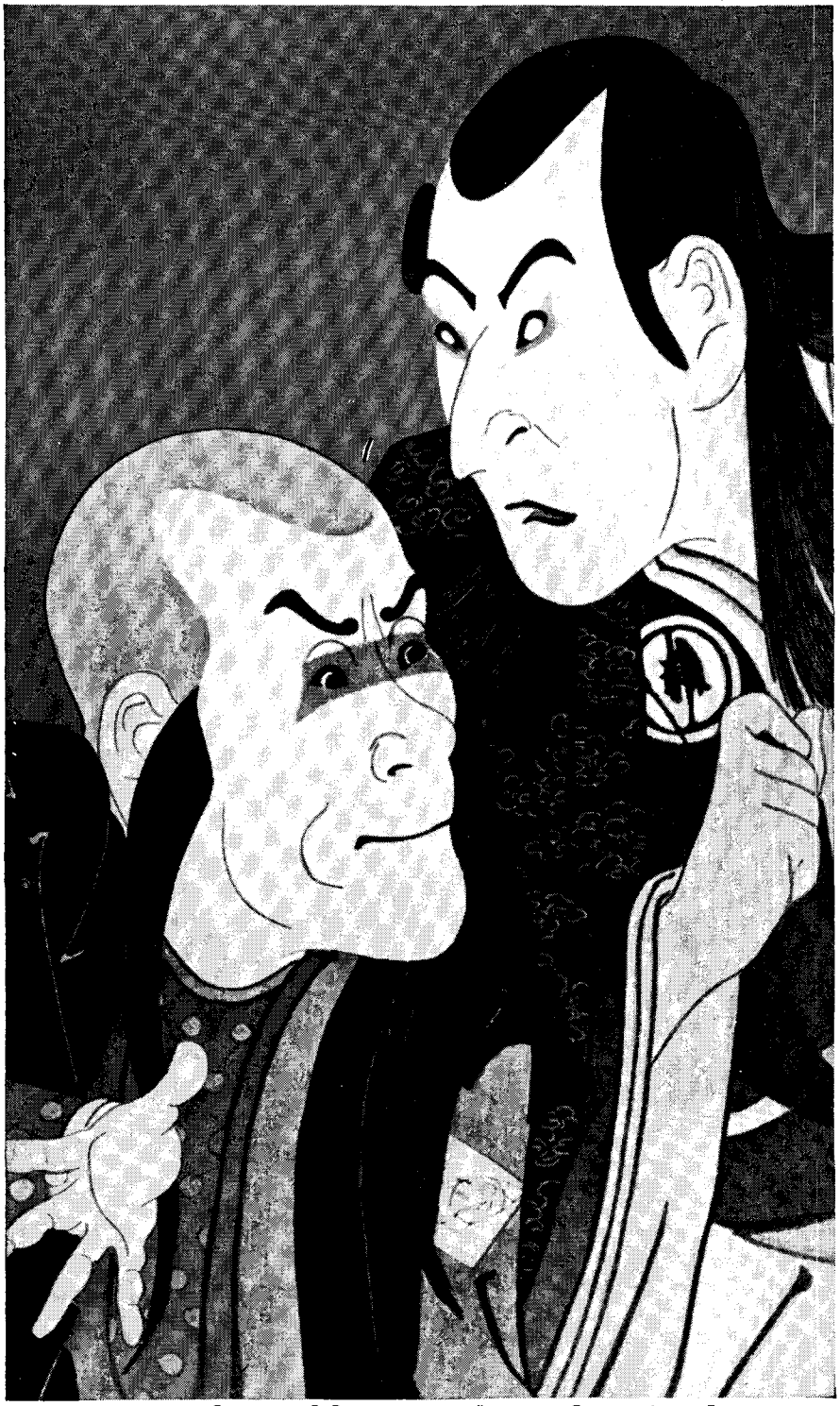

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BOAC

beneath these slight conventional measures, the primeval force that fills the novels flexes disturbingly, like an anaconda in organdy." Wow! That's really making the English language say Uncle, isn't it? And I have nothing but the greatest admiration for the girls on *Time*'s famous research staff, who must have dressed an anaconda in organdy to check on whether it flexes disturbingly.

► I read that the court dissolved a New York corporation with thirty salesmen that were selling articles door-to-door that were supposedly "made by the blind." The State Attorney General said "only several handicapped and just one blind person" were employed by the firm so he put them out of business.

► In England the Leicester University College of Further Education reports a record number of applicants for a course on suicide.

► How to Run a Publishing House: Once a year Lyle Stuart closes down his publishing business for a week to ten days and everybody, including the office boy, is taken to a foreign land where they live high on the hog in the best hotel. The last trip was to Acapulco (twenty-six people) and the one before that to San Juan. Everybody's packing for Europe now, husbands, wives, and children, too.

► E. L. Deckinger invents Double-Takes, such as: "Don't pay any attention to him—don't even ignore him."

► What does Batman do first thing in the morning? Professor Hayden R. Smith says he goes to the batroom.

► Beach party movies are "out" with the teen-agers; that's the latest word from producers. Protest movies are "in." The girls will retain their skimpy costumes. Instead of Santa Monica sands, the locales will be stock-car racing, motorcycle clubs, and scenes like that. Bikini protest movies!

► Thoreau said: "Beware of all enterprises that require new clothes."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1669)

Edith Hamilton:

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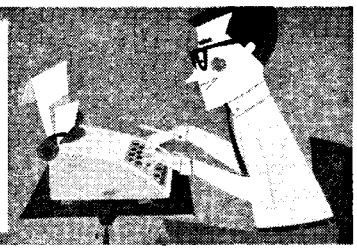
Top of My Head



Matchmaker, Matchmaker, Compute Me a Match

THEY TELL a story that one morning down in Miami, Florida, a gigantic creature with three heads and eight legs crawled out of the ocean onto the beach, and a woman ran down to it and cried: "Have I got a girl for you!"

But according to a recent story in *Look*, that kind of matchmaking is all over and done with. Under the heading "The Big College Craze—Dating by Computer," there was described an operation known as "Operation Match," located in Cambridge, Massachusetts. It would seem that automation has struck a blow against women who arrange boy-girl meetings, object matrimony.

However, all is not lost. It is only a glancing blow, judging from some correspondence to this desk. The mother of the girl who subscribed to "Operation Match" sends it along with a note saying "The enclosed is too good to keep to ourselves." It seems the young lady, Miss Jane Silberstein of White Plains, New York, had read the *Look* story and had a go at it. She received this letter from "Operation Match":

> Dear Participant: We regret to inform you that we have been unable to find matches for you which satisfy the requirements you specified on your Operation Match answer sheet. The number of people whom it is impossible to match is a function of the difficulty of meeting certain standards of mutual compatibility.
>
> It is our policy to offer anyone who does not receive matches a card good for free participation in our next matching program.
>
> Please find enclosed, therefore, a card which, when enclosed in an application for the spring 1966 match, will enable you to participate in our expanded program without further cost. We are sorry for any inconvenience you may have experienced, and we welcome your participation in the spring. . . .

Our heroine replied from her campus at the University of Pittsburgh:

> Dear Sir: I am enclosing the Operation Match card, which entitled me to an application without cost. You mailed this to me with a letter concerning the impossibility of matching me due to my difficulty in meeting certain standards of compatibility.
>
> I'd like a refund since I prefer not to participate in your program again.
>
> I objected strongly to the implication in your letter of the "difficulty of meeting certain standards of mutual compatibility." I have had quite a few dates with boys whom I have found compatible. I know that they have found me compatible since I have dated many of them several times. For those, and I do not include myself, who rely on your IBM-computed "matchmaker," I can easily understand how your letter could be a slight blow to their ego.
>
> I expect to hear from you soon with my refund enclosed by check or money order. Thank you.

Of course Miss Jane has a case there. If it comes to the worst she can sue on grounds of incompatibility. And if that machine is any sort of a gallant gentleman he'll cough up the participation fee.

However, from the tone of her letter, I feel the young lady is slightly peeved. Taking it out on a poor machine is an exercise in futility, although in retyping her reply it did help me, as I hope it did her, to remember definitely how to spell "compatibility."

But sending a letter back to a computer is not in the same league with handing a guy back a ring because he complains of your incompatibility. Miss Jane's neatly phrased and slightly sardonic letter is nowhere compared with: "Marvin, here's your ring and your hat. Neither fits either of us."

That's the more satisfactory way to handle it. Why go through a middleman? Why IBM? It has that frantic look of I Wanna Be Married.

And while we're on the subject, why all this searching for a man who will be compatible? What happened to the girl who wants to mold a guy into what she's most compatible with? Has modern girl forsaken the challenge of molding for a machine-made compatibility that lights up, tilts, and spews out a little card that says, "Yes, dear"?

And what's so guaranteed about a computer-selected husband? What insurance is there he will always be up to his IBM? Even IBM stock is down fifty points or more from its high.

I've heard of shotgun marriages. But machine-gun? —GOODMAN ACE.

Watch vs Accutron®: why they can't agree. A watch is a machine with parts that wear, get dirty and tell fibs. The Accutron timepiece uses a tuning fork instead. Its unchanging vibrations split every second into 360 parts and we guarantee accuracy within one minute a month.* What kind of guarantee did you get with your watch?

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What goes on when you choose an airline?

Maybe you don't choose. Your secretary does.

And she says, "How do you want to fly, Mr. Murgatroyd?"

And you say, "Just get me a reservation. On Tuesday."

So she does.

But if your secretary hasn't gotten around to booking you on Air-India, you may not know what you're missing.

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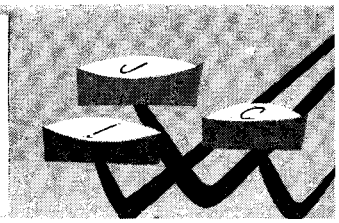
Manner of Speaking



A Roethke Memorial: A bit over a year ago I talked and read some poems in the tri-city area that includes Saginaw, Michigan, the birthplace of the late Theodore Roethke. As one who loved Roethke and who admires him in the secure faith that he will yet be recognized as one of our great poets, I assured my listeners that their grandchildren, if not their children, would yet find him among the glories of the school curriculum, the only question involved being how long it would take the curriculum to catch on to itself. And since I had written a poem about Roethke, I concluded by reading the poem.

I hope I am entitled to feel the particular glow I feel in any case on being told by Mrs. Patricia Turnbull Shek of Saginaw that what I said in my talk had been heard. Mrs. Shek writes, in part:

> A group here in Saginaw meets once a month to discuss books, poetry, etc., and we have taken it upon ourselves to raise some money for a Theodore Roethke memorial. I must add that this idea was inspired by your comments and poem of about a year ago.

Mrs. Shek and her group, I am delighted to add, have made wise and forward plans for a Roethke memorial in Saginaw's new Civic Center. A sculptural competition is underway. There are plans to memorialize Roethke in the public library. The new college in Saginaw has acquired a copy of the fine film about Roethke (*In a Dark Time*), which will be kept available for showing to various local groups. And a number of good poets and critics will be invited to Saginaw in a projected series of memorial lectures and readings.

Mrs. Shek honors me by asking for a copy of my poem to Roethke as part of the memorial gathering. I must doubt that the surface tone of my poem—a tone I tried to make faithful to my many boisterous conversations with Roethke—will be exactly to the taste of the local boosters. But let me hope that the willing reader will find the tone below the tone, and that he will recognize in it love and admiration of a great gusty man who was one of the master energies and master sensibilities of our poetry.

WAS A MAN

Ted Roethke was a tearing man,
  a slam-bang wham-damn tantrum O
from Saginaw in Michigan
  where the ladies sneeze at ten below
but any man that's half a man
  can keep a sweat up till the freeze
  gets down to ninety-nine degrees.
  For the hair on their chests it hangs down to their knees
    in Saginaw, in Michigan.

Ted Roethke was a drinking man,
  a brandy and a bubbly O.
He wore a roll of fat that ran
  six times around his belly O,
then tucked back in where it began.
  And every ounce of every pound
  of that great lard was built around
  the very best hootch that could be found
    in Saginaw, in Michigan.

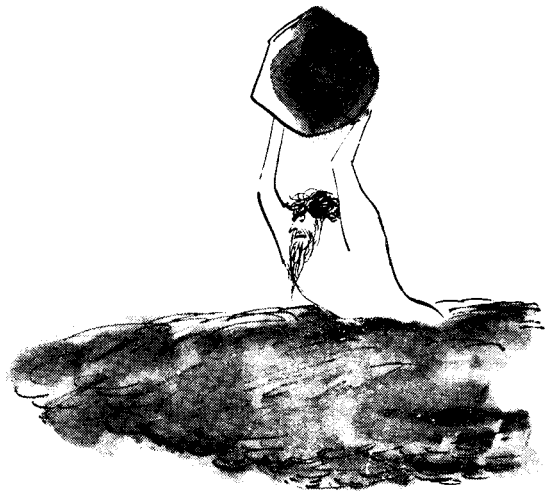
Ted Roethke was an ath-a-lete.
  (So it's pronounced in Michigan.)
He played to win and was hard to beat.
  And he'd scream like an orangutan
and claw the air and stamp his feet
  at every shot he couldn't make
  and every point he couldn't take.
  And when he lost he'd hold a wake,
    or damn you for a cheat.

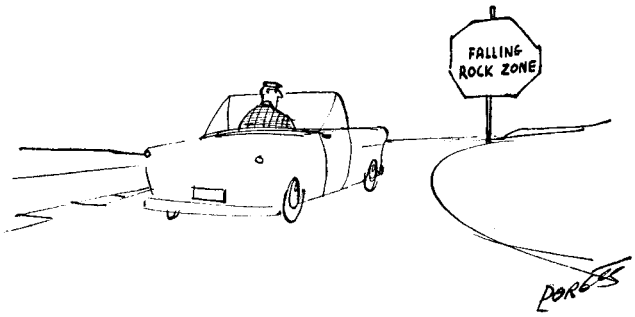
Sometimes he was a friend of mine
  with the empties on the floor O.
And, God, it's fun to be feeling fine
  and to pour and pour and pour O.
But just to show we were not swine
  we kept a clock that was stopped at ten,
  and never started before then.
  And just to prove we were gentlemen
    we quit when it got to nine.

Ted Roethke was a roaring man,
  a ring-tailed whing-ding yippee O.
He could outyell all Michigan
  and half the Mississippi O.
But once he sat still and began
  to listen for the lifting word,
  it hovered round him like a bird.
  And oh, Sweet Christ, the things he heard
    in Saginaw, in Michigan!

Now Roethke's dead. If there's a man,
  a waking lost and wanting O,
in Saginaw, in Michigan,
  he could hear all his haunting O
in the same wind where it began
  the terror it could not outface,
  but found the words of, and by grace
  of what words are, found time and place
    in Saginaw, in Michigan.

—JOHN CIARDI.





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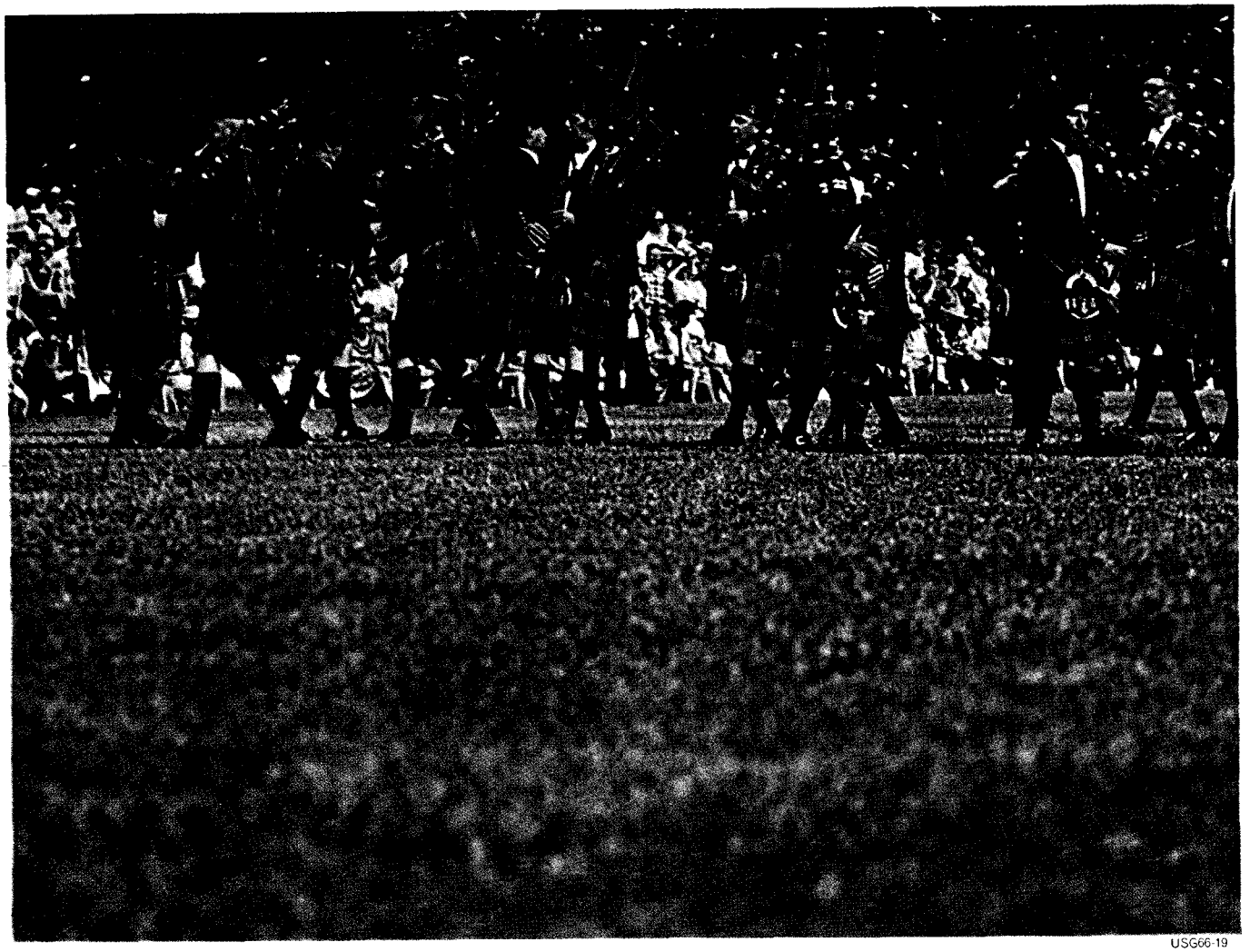
The skirl next door.



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You're at the Highland Games at Maxville, Ontario. The air trembles with the sweet, sad breath of the pipes. And the athletes and the sword dancers and the bands all compete for your attention. It's all very un-North American. Which is refreshing. Because you can hop in your car at any time and drive a little deeper into Canada and see more sights you wouldn't find anywhere else this side of the Atlantic. So even if the bagpipes aren't quite your cup of tea, Canada could be. There's always something exciting going on.

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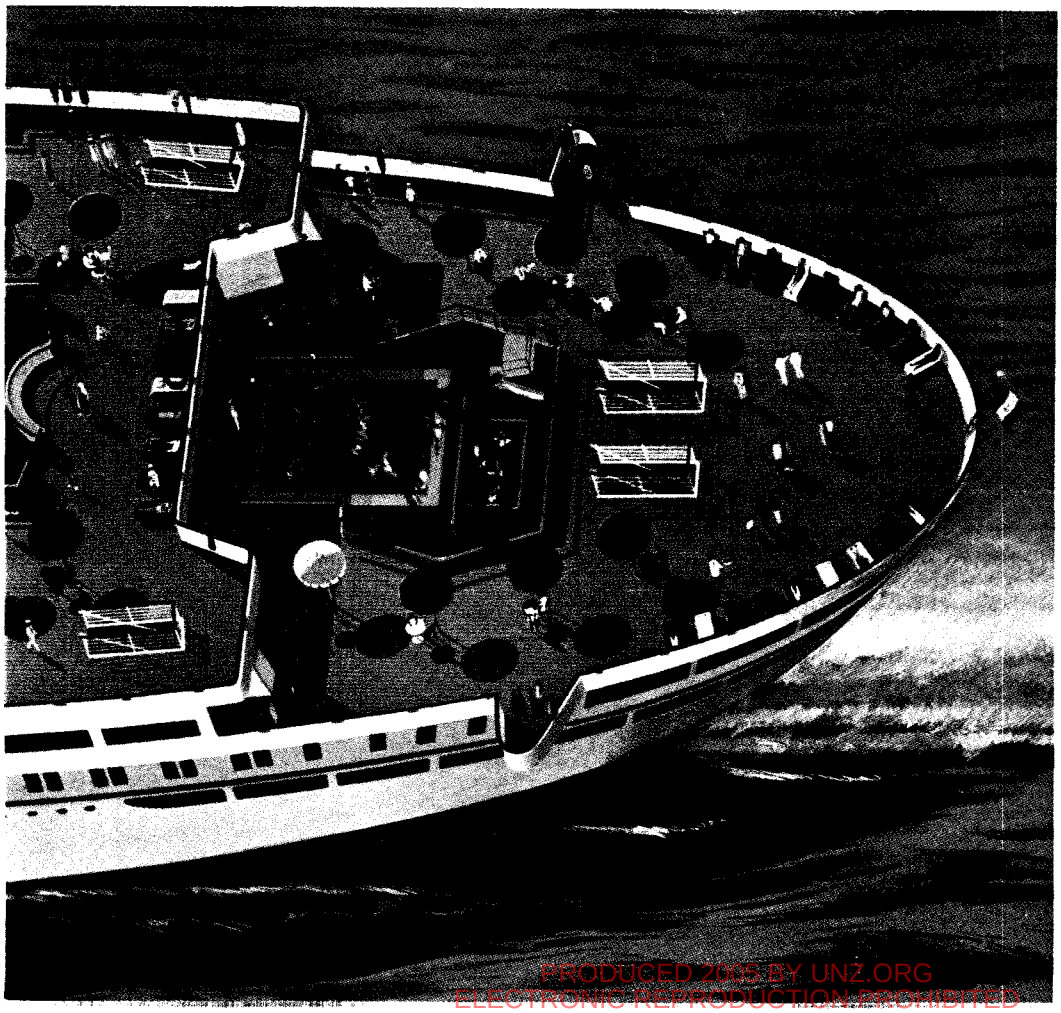

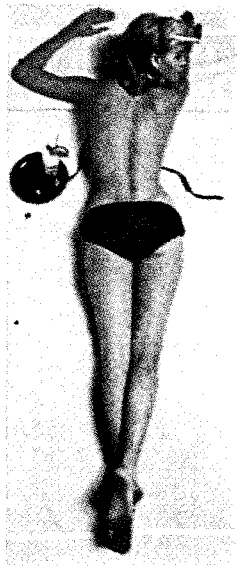

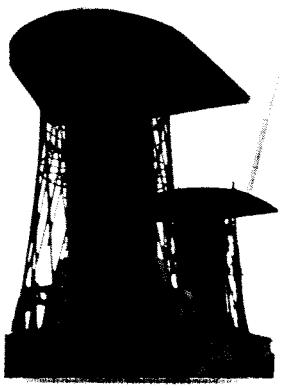

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Saturday Review

April 9, 1966

What Modern Art Says About America

Pop and op may seem nothing but deliberate puzzlements to many, but behind the confusion is a clear message about society today

By MARSHALL FISHWICK

And the first rude sketch that the world
has seen was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the
leaves, 'It's pretty, but is it art?'

RUDYARD KIPLING's fiendishly clever question still haunts a world filled with pop, bop, and op. Who (or what) is "in," "camp," or "triggidy"? What is, and what is not, art? Is today's art "fine" and, if not, what is it? What makes some art forms major and others minor? Where does art end and artifact begin?

It is best to enter such controversy with an armload of standard definitions. Art is, among other things, the will to form; intuitive apprehension; sublimation; the self-objectification of feeling; an escape from chaos; pattern informed by sensibility; distortion; liberation of personality; man speaking to men; an act of love toward humanity; the direct measure of spiritual vision.

For every definition there's a counter-definition: words, words, words. Never mind, we say, hiding behind the shield of St. John. "In the beginning was the word." Recent linguistic research denies it. In the beginning was the *thing*. When the object (be it flesh or not-flesh) needed and got a name, then came the word. Are you *sure*, the anthropologist asks. Pushing back beyond the thing, does one not find that in the beginning was the *function*. All certainty vanishes; the argument rages on.

This much seems certain: nothing *begins* as art. Objects come into being as *something* to be measured on the scale of desirability. The "something" may be a chair, arrowhead, painting, or palace. Producing them, rather than the abstraction "art," is primary. Think of a line, one end of which is form and the other function. On that line manmade things are placed and judged. Some receive the label "art."

In all societies the artistic (or esthetic) impulse expresses itself according to traditional needs and standards. The channel through which individual effort flows is sanctioned form. Some variation is admired; too much is rejected or outlawed. Thus art, like every human activity, is a captive of the culture in which it originates. Art springs from man the maker: tool-maker, image-maker, myth-maker, homemaker, system-maker, city-maker, nation-maker. The line separating art from non-art is always conjectural; the wall dividing art from artifact is arbitrary. In any cultural court of judgment, Consensus and Circumstance reign as king and queen.

For example, consider the determination of "value." Isn't Mozart's music priceless? Apparently not to his contemporaries, who all but let him starve to death. And do you remember the sign in the German opera house: "This way out in case of Wagner"? Wouldn't anyone prefer a sparkling diamond to a rusty nail? Not the man trying to shoe his horse.

This is not to say that there is no pattern or hierarchy in the realm of creativity. Frequently a succession of different forms—in paintings, buildings, linguistic structures, social systems—are explainable by an inner logic, the passage from an antecedent to a subsequent stage. Vasari showed it in his survey of painting techniques, Bannister Fletcher in the evolution of architectural styles, the Grimm brothers in tracing linguistic changes. Sir James Frazer noted remarkably similar apples growing on his golden bough; Joseph Campbell's hero found old heroes reappearing with new faces. Can we, by extending the inner logic that guided them, answer the Devil's question once and for all?

Perhaps; but inner logic is hard to discern. There seem to be two major barriers: inner semantic confusion and outer insistence on categories. Far too often we seem quite literally not to know what we're talking about. Even when we can read words, we are unable to "read" the objects to which they point and refer.

Stylistic terms (classic, romantic, baroque, rococo, modern) are subjective and evasive, yet we treat them as if they were geographical certitudes. Or else we lump several together – English Gothic, French Baroque, and Chinoiserie, for example—and say it results in Chippendale. Others prefer dynastic labels – Ming vase, Louis XIV chair, Georgian architecture. But which George? If your informant means George III (who ruled for sixty years) is it early, middle, or late Georgian? And what about the popular label "William and Mary," tacked onto things that flourished long after their reign ended? Dare we admit that the terms and labels used so frequently are only, at best, averaged-out nominative generalizations?

Words by their very nature tend to reduce everything to the linear and the successive, just as computers reduce everything to a series of either-ors. They only approximate truth. Rather than serving as a liberating hero, Johann Gutenberg and his movable type may have opened the door to a world that takes us away from whole and valid experience into falsehood, rationalism, and fragmentation, as Marshall McLuhan argues in *The Gutenberg Galaxy*.

Where might one turn, Ralph Waldo Emerson asked, to discover the real meaning of America? By examining, he said, "the meal in the firkin, the milk in the pan, the ballad in the street, the glance of the eye, the form and gait of

Marshall Fishwick is an author and scholar specializing in contemporary American civilization.

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the body." Not in words, but in things and actions, is essential meaning buried. Walt Whitman went on to ask those who would "talk or sing of America" if they were "faithful to things":

"Do you teach what the
land and sea,
the bodies of men, womanhood,
amativeness, heroic angers teach?"

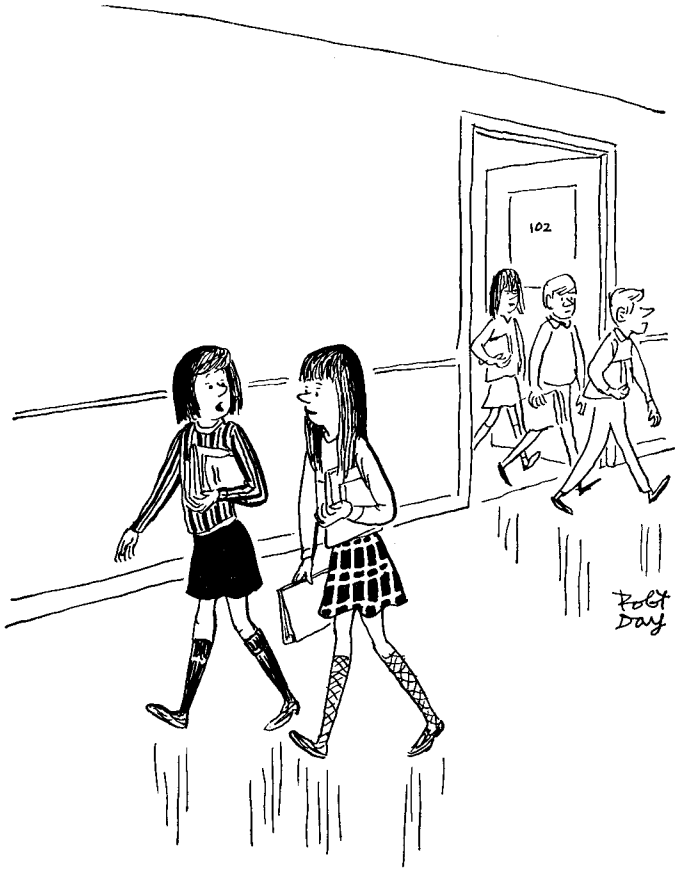
Obviously the answer is no. We verbalize. No one is *against* verbalizing. But can we not be taught to use our hands as well as our vocal cords? To suggest it brings anguished cries from some intellectuals. Handicrafts are for Boy Scouts, vocational schools, old ladies. To be significant, they insist, one must either speak or scribble.

But are not non-scribblers vital in building and maintaining civilization? Will any mere peroration repair a broken axle, set a broken arm, or rectify a broken treaty? Is the word, divorced from flesh, meaningful? Isn't American culture expressed in the Brooklyn Bridge as much as in Hart Crane's poem about it? (A splendid structure, the Devil volunteers, but is it art?)

The imbalance that dominates modern art reflects and accentuates the imbalance written into the very premises of modern educational theory. With considerable careful instruction, students can be taught to read Hart Crane's poetry. But who teaches them to "read" Brooklyn Bridge—or any other cultural artifact—not as factual syllogisms but essential truth? "Reading" objects is not a single problem but a whole cluster of them. To begin with, one needs to know how art historians deal with style, form, and intrinsic value; how anthropologists handle role, function, and diffusion. In addition to identification, description, and authentication, the more subtle matters of evaluation, interpretation, and significance must be dealt with. What angle of vision should the "object reader" assume? Or can he switch perspectives as he goes along?

"I am collecting the history of our people as written into things their hands made and used," Henry Ford stated in 1940. "A piece of machinery or anything that is made is like a book, if you can read it." A generation later, his *if* remains a stumbling block. Where objects are concerned, we still lack techniques of internal criticism, such as those scribblers have developed, to extract meaning from mute objects. The manuscript *tells* us what the writer meant to say. But what does the bronze head or stone face tell us? Precisely nothing. Instead of considering artifacts as cracks in the door of history, we tend to dismiss them as relics.

Such a posture is disastrous because it puts vast amounts of material and data off bounds. In the United States, the mainstream in pre-Civil War arts (both for the Indian and the white man) was in the hands of the craftsmen. Art in a rural democracy neither has nor seeks the aristocratic trappings and status of the old monarchies. Nor does it tremble before abstract theories. Throughout its history, our nation has been more dedicated to Aristotelian things than to Platonic thoughts. Our Founding Fathers planted wheat, tobacco, and cotton as well as colonies. Thomas Jefferson had a flair for ideas—but he was a tinkerer and inventor, too. Realism and authenticity, in politics, literature, or business, have prevailed. (Think of Jackson and Lincoln, Twain and Hemingway, Edison and Ford.) It is true that the immigrants looked for a Garden of Eden—but on the Great Plains they fenced it with barbed wire.



"It isn't that I don't like current events. There have just been so many of them lately."

ANOTHER kind of barbed wire has kept the "fine" arts away from the majority of Americans. In the early years of this century, socially ambitious people "captured" the arts and class-typed the galleries and museums. Painting, sculpture, and the decorative arts were controlled by coteries. Like polo, debutante balls, and yachting, art was considered by many to be a landmark in Gentleman's Country. College and university art departments catered to those who would later become patrons, and resisted efforts to integrate their material in a liberal arts education. "Precious" and "effete" were adjectives applied to the "arty" set. As late as 1950, enrollment figures in art courses and departments were shockingly low; many of the best ones were in affluent girls' schools. After all, upper-class females would later "run" the art world, perpetuating the social attitudes they had inherited.

Most museums and galleries accepted this phenomenon and went along with the exclusionist point of view. In the generation before World War II, America's art museums (with some exceptions) were muffled and subdued. Guards chatted with visitors to break their lonely vigils. Art in America was a hothouse plant.

Suddenly all this changed. One major factor was the exodus of many European artists (Mondrian, Léger, Chagall, Ernst, Zadkine, Masson, and Breton among them) to the United States. World cataclysm changed all aspects of life. Art, like the atomic bomb, exploded. The fallout went everywhere. No one was sure of his status—artist, collector, curator, critic—but everyone wanted to be "in" on the next development. With unprecedented vitality, art zoomed off in a dozen different directions, featuring the primitive, abstract, three dimensional, calligraphic, or surrealistic. Symbolic acts took on visual forms. Here was an apocalyptic vision of a civilization

(*Continued on page* 93)

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EZRA POUND

And the Great Style

By HAYDEN CARRUTH

TO READ the criticism of Ezra Pound's poetry is to subject oneself to a bewildering experience. Most of it, certainly the best of it, has been written by people who are, or were, Pound's disciples; people who have gone to him as a sage, seeking to immerse themselves in the influence of his compendious mind. And yet these people, in the books they have written about Pound, are the very ones who cast us most rudely into bewilderment.

Almost in one voice they announce, as if they had made an immense discovery, that Pound's great work, the *Cantos,* is a failure, that his economic and social opinions are pigheaded, that his scholarship is not only full of error (*all* scholarship is full of error) but actually stolen and faked. But then why do these people bother to write about his poetry? Why do the rest of us go on reading it all our lives long? Why, decade after decade, have we continued to be interested in this man, who has been such a peevish critic of our civilization and whom most Americans believe to have committed treason, at least technically, against our country—though this has never been proven juridically. Bigger traitors and acuter critics vanish into oblivion overnight, but Pound has held the American imagination for fifty years, and scarcely a month goes by without some new revelation of his celebrity in our popular press.

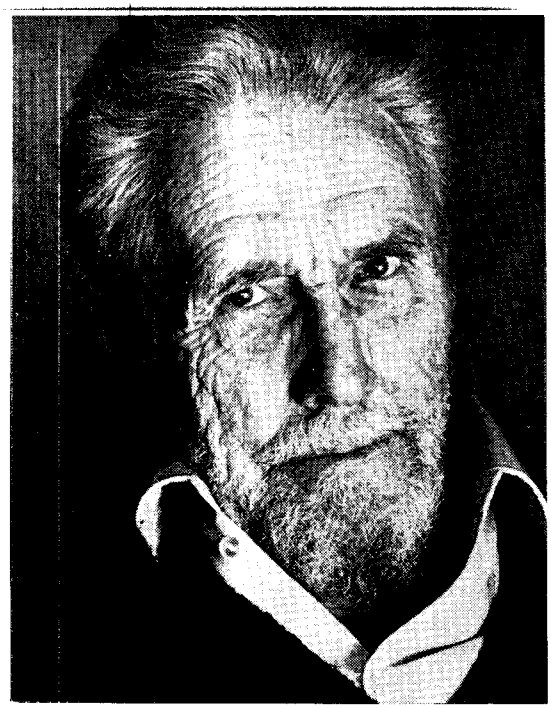
The answer is simple yet seldom and almost never simply stated. In great works of art we recognize a great and splendid light; perhaps not *in* the works but *behind* them, a luminosity beyond the realm of art which only artifacts of the first magnitude permit us, still darkly and intermittently, to descry. It is a radiance we discover in the ceiling frescos of the Sistine chapel, in passages from Dante and Shakespeare, in some of the music of J. S. Bach; or occasionally in stranger places, like the final part of *Gulliver's Travels* or certain episodes in *Huckleberry Finn.* Always we stumble when we try to define this light. Even the words we apply to our own state of consciousness when we are seeing it remain terribly inexact: wonder, exaltation, the gentle shock of sublimity. Yet we know what it is; and of all the poets in our time who have written in English, none has revealed it more clearly and more consistently.

Because we are unable to define the light we often speak of it in terms of style, the concrete appearance of works in which the light is present; and because style, too, in its fully realized entirety, is indefinable, we often choose to speak of inferior examples. Here are four lines from Pound's translation of an ode from the *Shih-ching,* which is the Chinese book of ancient poems and songs.

> Wen, like a field of grain beneath the sun
> when all the white wheat moves in unison,
> coherent, splendid in severity,
> Sought out the norm and scope of Heaven's Decree . . .

These are not Pound's best. They show him at work in a conventional mode that impedes the characteristic movement of his verse, yet they are still quite good, especially the first couplet. And how daring, how closely Pound courts prosodic absurdity—for here he has used a device that tempts all poets from time to time, usually with comic results, and he has brought it off: the "perfect" rhyme. Not only that, he has used two perfect rhymes, since *Wen* and *when* are almost indistinguishable, at least to those who cannot speak Chinese. Pound has bracketed his couplet in two monumental chords, like two strokes of the tonic in a fugue, between which the separate elements are allowed their intricate play. And notice the intricacy: the narrowing or funneling parallelism in *field-beneath-white-wheat,* the syncopation of *all-the-white,* the sudden retardation of *moves.* Indeed, one could write at length about the prosody of these two lines alone.

But are they true? Only great learning and patience could say with any pretense of authority, and even then the answer would be only that—a pretense. Thousands of factors, and I am not exaggerating, impinge on this single judgment, or for that matter on almost any literary judgment. But as nearly as I can tell after giving the matter reasonable attention these lines are in fact true: true to the original poem, the coherence, splendor, and severity that Pound names in his third line; true to the legend of King Wen; and true above all to Pound's vision of the light. The real question is: what is Pound's vision?



—*Horst Tappe (Pix).*

Ezra Pound—bewildering and radiant.

It is, all told, extremely complicated, as we should expect from so complicated a man. But in essence, like the visions of all great men, it is a vision of goodness, the good that exists somewhere in the universe, the governing excellence at the heart of the world, which is obscured from us most of the time by the imprecision, not to say chaos, of our human arrangements. Pound himself rarely speaks of the good; but more often of equity, order, an honest wage, the importance of ceremonial observances, and the like. In fact, his vision is close to the idealization of human nature that was found on the nineteenth-century American frontier, where Pound was born; it is a pastoral vision, and today it seems almost a trifle quaint—or would if Pound hadn't shaped it in his magnificent style.

Ancient Chinese civilization and particularly the Confucian tradition have been important to Pound for several reasons, but chiefly because he found in them the ideal of a just secular order. On this account he has been accused, by those who miss the point, of mere secularism, which is really preposterous. What Pound is interested in is not secularism but wholeness and union: of spirit and form, mind and body, man and nature. He connects Confucius with many scriptural and mythological counterparts in Asia and the Near East, and with a long line of religious thought in Europe. If these Western connections begin in the temple at Eleusis rather than the temple at Jerusalem, this is not because Pound denies biblical wisdom—that of Abraham or that of Jesus—for he has explicitly affirmed it, but rather because he believes this wisdom to have been distorted and vitiated by the political, economic, and military policies of the

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church and the Christian rulers. This may or may not have been the case, but it is at least an arguable view, and certainly one held by many historians more exacting than Pound.

Thus Pound's affinities in European civilization have been with Eleusis, the Roman mystery cults, the ritual marriage to the corn goddess, with Gnosticism, the Cabalic tradition, the Albigenses; which in turn connects him with his second consuming passion, the marvelous and heretical literature of the troubadours, or rather the entire development from the Provençal poetry of courtly love, with its close though possibly unconscious paraphrase of Catharist liturgy, to the crowning works of Cavalcanti and Dante. In these areas Pound has made important contributions to scholarship.

One cannot say the same for some other enthusiasms into which his quest has led him, the chief of them being, of course, his long excursion into economics. For two decades or more his vision of light appeared to have dwindled to his own eccentric interpretation of Social Credit, the system propounded by C. H. Douglas, with results that were sometimes ludicrous, as in Pound's blunders concerning American history and monetary theory, and sometimes extremely sad, as in his blind appreciation of Mussolini. The effect on his poetry is undeniable; it appears in the fourth line I have quoted from the Chinese translation, where the words "norm" and "scope," which Pound used to give precise technical meaning to Confucian economic hypotheses, fail to work poetically. On a much larger scale the *Cantos* give us whole pages of political rant that serve no poetic purpose whatever, and this has induced some critics, among them Noel Stock, whose *Poet in Exile* is perhaps the best and toughest general analysis we have so far of Pound's writing, to explain the "failure" of the *Cantos* by saying that at some point Pound abandoned poetry and the objectives of poetry, and turned instead to an attempt to rewrite history and impose his own political ideas. But the charge is untrue, and for two reasons.

First, even though much of Pound's political writing and nearly all his political activity have been wrongheaded and wasteful, they derived without question from his vision of the good: that has been his obsession. It would be hard to imagine a social critic more disinterested than Pound. Hotheaded, impulsive, irascible, yes; but you may search as you will through his poems, essays, prose fragments, and personal correspondence (as far as it is available) and you will not find a scrap of a personal motive—no private ambition, not even a general desire for power, since he has continually thrown away the power he actually had. Indeed, after saturating oneself in the enormous variety of Pound's writing, one begins to realize that although at first one had thought the image of Pound himself stood out clear, in the end it is only a series of masks, almost caricatures: the man himself is evanescent. And because his vision of the good is a unitary vision, in which poetry, agriculture, and economics are all expressions of the same generative force in the human spirit, no separation of fundamental human activities is possible. The only separation is the light from the darkness. Pound is our most farsighted poet; he sees poetry in a treasury report, provided the report is true and signifies a just distribution of the products of men's labor.

Secondly, to say, as Stock does, that Pound could ever become a non-poet is simply absurd. It couldn't be, any more than a peach could become a watermelon. I don't mean that he was born a poet, or was endowed by the gods with poetry; no Platonic inference is required. He began with great verbal talent, obviously; but he was formed as a poet in his youth, between the ages of fifteen and thirty, when he studied poetry as I think no one ever did before, unless it was Dante. Once he wrote a sonnet a day for a year, and then destroyed them all. He studied nine languages, seeking the poetry in each of them; he wrote and rewrote his own work every day, insisting on the necessity of labor and thought and continual experiment. I cannot believe that any genius so sculptured in a poetic attitude—to use one of his own favorite metaphors—could ever change. And in fact it didn't; in spite of the history and politics, his poetry is there on the page, right up to the last cantos and the most recent translations.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about the *Cantos*. Much of it comes from a misapprehension for which Pound himself is partly responsible. When he began the *Cantos* he announced that he was at work on an epic, and hinted at parallels with the *Divine Comedy;* thereafter from time to time he indicated his work was going according to plan, that it had a comprehensive formal structure. Well, his forty years' labor did not turn out quite that way. Whether or not this is regrettable is a meaningless question, since we cannot imagine what the *Cantos* might have been under some other dispensation. But we can see readily enough what they are, once we put aside our preconceptions. They are the second half of Pound's collected poems, the first half being the volume called *Personae*. If the *Cantos* have more unity than the collected poems of other poets, this is what we should expect, for they embrace persistent themes and they do proceed, though waywardly, from a hell to a purgatory to, in the last cantos, a kind of paradise;

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"Now, this chap's specialty is the conservative protest song — protesting Social Security, income tax in the higher brackets, minimum hourly wage, and the trend toward socialism wherever and whenever it shows itself."

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Casanova

By KENNETH REXROTH

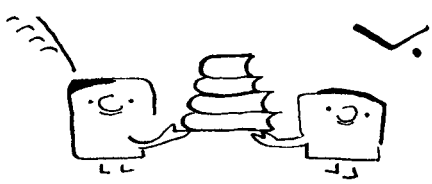
PURITY, simplicity, definition, impact—these qualities of Homer are those of Casanova, too. In addition he has a special talent for giving the impression of complete candor. Only when we escape from the swiftness of his narrative and recollect his adventures in tranquility do we ever suspect that he is not telling the strict truth. Candor is the essence of the art of autobiography. Proust, Pepys, Rousseau, Madame Rolland, St. Augustine, and Henry Adams—as long as we are carried along we cannot help believing them.

The greatest of adventurers in an age of adventurers, from Catharine and Frederic to St. Germain and Mirabeau, from throne rooms to brothels, Casanova is the most credible of a century of *incroyables*. Perhaps there is a deeper social kinship to Homer. The breakup of feudalism, the loss of Christian belief, the accelerating economic change created, in the eighteenth century, a social chaos like a barbarian invasion. The new classes and their parasites were predators in a Viking age of satin breeches and powdered hair—an age of transformation, a Heroic Age, the ideal environment for those blessed with inordinate love of life, for the superlatively healthy amoral animals who gambled away earldoms and seduced countesses and chambermaids and all in the same night, as the Berserkers burned monasteries and raped nuns. Casanova is natural man living at the highest pitch, loving a life made of nothing whatever but a leonine physiology and the wits of a fox.

People have argued about the transition from shame culture to guilt culture during the Heroic Age. Casanova is a freebooter to whom these terms are meaningless. With its hundreds of sexual capers, his narrative has no prurience whatsoever and no monotony. It has no malevolence, either, and Casanova's Italianate vengeances are without petty malice. He is always being ruined by his naïve good nature. He falls in love with adventuresses more unscrupulous than himself who tease him with sisterly kisses and beggar him betimes. He falls for the most hackneyed confidence games, if only they involve a pretty woman. He hoodwinks an old codger with a magic conjuration to raise an imaginary treasure. Instead, he raises a terrifying lightning storm and cowers within his own magic circle, praying for mercy. Always in his love affairs he seeks first the pleasure, sexual and otherwise, of the girl. This talent made him adored in a brutal time by countless women of all ages and conditions from Moscow to Portugal. Sometimes his giddiness pays. Down to his last three gold coins, headed east in Poland into the unknown, he tips a waitress with the lot and immediately establishes his credit as a prodigal millionaire. Most gamblers are like arsonists, addicted to the exquisite, guilty thrills of tempting destruction. Casanova gambled as children gambol, for the pure love of the great chance.

WHATEVER Casanova does, he assumes responsibility for consequences in the act of doing. So he never looks back on his life with regret except for one moment of irresponsible gossip which damaged the career of a man who was hardly a friend—and the abiding regret that it is all over. "When I was young I was very fond of sailor's hardtack. I had thirty-two beautiful teeth. Now I have only two left and can no longer enjoy it." Conscience, even introspective curiosity, is foreign to Casanova. Nonetheless, the long tale is told with a scarcely audible but persistent note of melancholy. Men who live like Casanova are seldom interested in themselves. Their egocentricity does not give them time for egotism. Neither, probably, was Casanova until old age and loneliness came over him, and the king of bohemians was exiled to a castle in Bohemia.

Time and its ruining passage colors all the book. His sense of his own imminent death lurks in the dark background of every brilliantly lit lusty and bawdy tableau. After all, Casanova's memoirs are not a diary but an aged man's memories of his youth. St. Augustine's *Confessions* are the confession of the betrayal of his own youth because he was in love with eternity. Casanova was passionately in love with a perishing present that long since had perished. The gavel of mortality raps steadily and beats out a moral judgment of life, the most fundamental judgment, the judgment of the amoral. Cellini is an immoral healthy animal, and disagreeable because actually sick in some irrelevant way. Restif de la Bretonne is a moral imbecile. Casanova is a man without interiority except for a profound awareness of the vanity of human wishes. Proust seeks for the meaning of time. Casanova knows it has none. Since this is one of the major conclusions that wisdom can form from the facts of existence the book has a peculiar naked profundity certainly lacking to those other adventurers, Cellini and Restif.



Havelock Ellis said of him that he was the consummate master of the dignified narration of undignified experience. It is the wisdom of the doomed flesh that is responsible for Casanova's redeeming dignity. He has equals but no superiors in the art of direct factual narrative. Chinese adventure novels and the greatest modern detective stories do not surpass him. From the very beginning the simple facts of his childhood and youth roll along like the wheels of an express train. The narrative carries all before it and carries the most indifferent reader with it. This is action writing at the highest pitch—preemptory story telling. When we pause for breath we notice other qualities that Casanova shares with detective stories. We feel that we are always skirting the edges of a mystery. Something seems to be going on that we are not being told about. This isn't true; it is a tone, which is due to the fact that Casanova was at the very center of the mystifying occult Freemasonry of the mid-eighteenth century with its mixture of eroticism, mathematics, deism, and international espionage. Unlike St. Germain, who pretended to be immortal, to speak all languages and to have unlimited wealth; unlike Cagliostro, whose speculations must have astonished him whenever they accidentally escaped from total charlatanism, Casanova had no need to pretend. His life was illuminated by the glamour of liberated sensual devotion—the mystery of flesh and blood and nerves and bones in action. The most mysterious thing about this apparition is that it comes out of nowhere and returns to nothing. The loving human body hurtles through time like a thrown battle ax. "Eminently rapid, plain, direct in thought, expression, syntax, words, matter, ideas," said Arnold of Homer, "and eminently noble." Everyone would agree all these terms apply to Casanova, except the last, which many would change to "eminently ignoble." Is this true? One meaning of the word "noble" is "descended from the chiefs of the Visigoths, Ostrogoths, Lombards or Burgundians." It is this blood relation to the epic hero which distinguishes Casanova from the other rascals of literature.

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The Delegation of the Survival Instinct

SURVIVAL DEPENDS on the instinct for survival. Basic dangers must be sensed in order to be identified. One of the principal problems of modern man, however, is that he has delegated his survival instincts to the state and has therefore become increasingly incapable of comprehending fundamental threats to the species of which he is a part. He has no difficulty in discerning threats to the nation—the nation sees to it that he is fully alerted and mobilized—but he has hardly any response to the fact of overriding danger to life as a whole.

Primitive man had at least one important advantage over modern man. His response mechanism to surrounding dangers was superbly developed and in excellent working order. He may not have been capable of writing lyric poetry or of calculating a price-earnings ratio, but one thing he most certainly could do: He could sense and define a danger before it became full-blown. He didn't waste any time between the initial awareness of the threat and the defense.

Civilization was an interruption of this uncomplicated interaction between man and his environment. The more dependent man became upon group organization and upon social and collective techniques, the more de-individualized his instinct for survival became. The development of adroit and intricate tools and methods for collectivizing the response to danger blurred the individual's sensitivity to fundamental hazards. The group became the custodian of man's survival instincts. In so doing, it desensitized man, at least to the extent that his basic allegiances and obligations were directed to the nation rather than to humanity.

Wisdom, however, is not collectivized at the same rate as is power. The absolutely sovereign state has been far more adept at developing its consciousness of self than its awareness of the human species and its needs. It has put muscle ahead of conscience. Paradoxically, the nation can survive only as it becomes integrated into a larger and more interdependent whole, one that bears some relationship to the totality of the human situation. But the energy and the momentum that are necessary to bring this about can only come from the people themselves, and it is precisely this kind of energy that is wanting because of the weakening of the instinct for survival.

The great failure of education—not just in the United States but throughout most of the world—is that it has made man group-conscious rather than species-conscious. It has celebrated man's institutions but not man himself. It has attached value to the things man does but not to what man is. Man's power is heralded but the preciousness of life is unsung.

The fragility of life is the dominant fact of life but this is not the central fact of education. Human pride is circumscribed. Pride is readily summoned out of national achievement but it does not readily extend to the human family as a whole. There are national anthems but no anthems for humanity.

The essential question, therefore, is whether modern man comprehends that the fundamental threat today transcends anything now being starkly called to his attention, whether through headlines or discourse with his neighbors. This threat is represented by the fact that man is at war against his environment without knowing it. The weapons he has devised to protect the nation are actually environment-smashers, engines of mass suicide rather than useful devices of what was once known as war. Meanwhile, in a thousand other ways man is altering and cheapening the basic conditions on which life depends—covering the earth with asphalt and cement, making the sky an open sewer for his poisons and wastes, infecting his reservoirs and streams. Nothing is more precarious than the delicate balances of environment on which life depends. Nothing is so little respected or understood.

If the instinct for human survival is atrophying but not yet dead, where will regeneration come from? It cannot come from the group, however exalted the purpose of the group may be. The hope has to reside where it has always been—with the individual. The challenge here is supremely personal. It does not lend itself to easy superimposition or force-feeding. What the group can do—and it makes little difference whether the group is formally or informally defined—is to arrest its own impatience with the individual long enough to sustain his search for the regenerating truths. This is the only way the group is likely to get the truth. —N.C.

Addiction

By Thomas John Carlisle

CONSISTENTLY Jonah
chided his stupid
and incredible
Creator
for His addiction
to mercy
as though
it were some
miracle drug.

A Deity ought
to be dependably
capricious
to keep
the natives in line.

A G-bomb
on an overpopulated
slum
would wipe out
delinquency
in a hurry.

Naturally Nineveh
would make a perfect
target
once he himself
was safely
outside.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Oeufs à la Croesus

I NEVER ENJOYED a trip around the U.S. quite as much as I did the one with Conor O'Brien in the March 12 travel issue. Only one complaint: two poached eggs at the Regency for $1.10?

VIRGINIA GROCKI.

Chicago, Ill.

IF YOU ARE EAGER to discourage foreigners from traveling in the United States, then I would suggest that you print more menus from the Hotel Regency.

Most Americans would find breakfast prices at the Regency exorbitant, but as natives we would have enough know-how to find good food at good prices. Think of the dismay of a well-to-do European upon reading that coffee costs 60 cents! He would throw up his hands in horror and go to Spain or Italy. You should have counteracted the Regency menu with one from a normal restaurant where coffee is 15 cents and refills are free. Regency prices scare me, too, and I am by no means poor.

NINA C. OSWALD.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dissenters' Dilemma

I WOULD LIKE TO COMMEND Mrs. Alan Horwitz and her letter to the editor, "The Dissenters" [*SR*, Mar. 19], for stating clearly and concisely the dilemma that faces the young men in our "free" society—the "ever-present possibility of service in an army carrying out a policy that is abhorrent to them," particularly those who dissent for reasons "of conscience and from a background of historical and political awareness." Her question seems more than reasonable. I, too, would be glad to see this matter discussed in *SR*. It is a real and serious question and is of deep concern to many of us.

EUNICE H. TROWBRIDGE.

New Britain, Conn.

MRS. HORWITZ asks some questions which, I'm sure, are troubling a great many seriously concerned people. . . .

May I pose a hypothetical situation? Suppose your community, living in reasonable peace and mutual concern for the welfare of all, was suddenly overrun by outsiders bent on taking it over, by terror and intimidation if necessary. Some local intransigents might join them but for the rest of you there is one of three choices. You can bar your doors against them, hoping they will of their own volition either go away quietly or become friendly and cooperative; you can make a deal for your own protection and let others take care of themselves; or you can resist their unlawful invasion and take the consequences.

I believe we Americans are mostly people of compassion, good will, and peaceful intent, yet if we blind ourselves to the ultimate goals of a political and ideological system. . . . We kid ourselves and contribute to the things we most deplore.

IRENE PRATER DELL.

Carl Junction, Mo.

"My wife doesn't understand how I feel about reapportionment!"

Don't Say It

IT IS FOOLISH for a nonverbal type to write a protest about one of the high priests in the temple of words, but I must protest the assumption of verbal primacy by Stephen Spender in his article "The Age of Overwrite and Underthink" [*SR*, Mar. 12]. I will agree that for writers the word is the most important means of exchange, but for some others of us it is not.

The greatest confusion that I can see in communication today is the substitution of the word for the thing itself. Mr. Spender's solution will only encourage this confusion. It is not true for all of us that ". . . all human experience aspires to words." Words may be a part of experience, but the translation of experience into words can also be destructive of experience, particularly when we live in a culture that is as word-ridden as ours.

The problem in education today is that we have molded our system to force our young to translate all of their learning into words. In so doing, they are soon taught to distort the nature of their experience in order to verbalize it.

If I experience a tree, I may describe that experience with the word "green" or "growing." But the effort to find the words to describe the experience will limit my experience of the tree while it is happening. I find the nonverbal aspects of my relationship to my wife and children more important than the verbal ones. None of the reading that I have done about music and painting has changed my appreciation for the one and my lack of appreciation for the other. Certainly in choreographing a dance I have found that an early verbalization of intention has been damaging to creative flow.

I believe that the sloppiness of many people in various disciplines in communicating what is primary about their work is a habit of thinking in another category than words. I'm sure that Beethoven thought in tones. Dr. Oppenheimer rightly feels that there is nonverbal knowledge that is extensive, complicated, and conceived in terms that do not admit to verbal translation. If a non-dancer asks me what I teach in my dance classes, I invite him to take a dance class and find out.

MARK RYDER,
Professor of Dance,
Goddard College.

Plainfield, Vt.

Report on Disarmament

ARTHUR H. DEAN may not be optimistic about the chances for disarmament in the immediate future, and I'm not, either, after reading his article "The War on Weapons" [*SR*, Mar. 19]. But it's good to know that capable men like him are in the front lines.

R. C. PERRY.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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Tactical Missiles: A report from General Dynamics

Evening the odds against surprise attack:

Even for those who weren't there, newsreels of World War II and the Korean War have made this scene familiar:

Troops are moving along a road or field. Suddenly, an enemy plane swoops out of the sky with machine guns and cannons blazing. Troops scatter for cover. A few fire at the disappearing plane—but in vain.

Today, the foot soldier does not have to head for cover. He has an equalizer. Now the scene would go like this:

An enemy plane is seen in the distance. An infantryman shoulders a weapon that resembles a bazooka. Through an eyepiece he sights the plane, squeezes a trigger and a missile whooshes out of the tube. Seconds later, the plane explodes.

Such a weapon is now moving into the hands of field troops. It is made by General Dynamics and called Redeye. It is a tactical guided missile designed to be used by one man.

The bullet that gets a second chance:

A bullet or shell is affected by gravity and wind, but, by and large, once fired it continues in the direction it was originally pointed.

A sharp eye, a steady arm and an accurate gun are all you need to hit a stationary target.

A moving object has to be "led"—the gunner judges where the moving object will be in a few fractions of a second and points his bullet there.

But to "lead" an airplane traveling at the speed of sound, miles high and able to change its direction in a hurry, you need a guided missile.

An effective surface-to-air weapon must be capable of fast reaction. Its warhead must be powerful enough to destroy an attacking plane. Its speed and range must be enough to reach the attacking aircraft before the plane's offensive weapons can be launched against ground troops.

But the real key is in the word *guided*.

The guided missile, like its evasive target, can be steered and sometimes steer itself. In fact, you might call a tactical guided missile a "bullet that gets a second chance."

Let's take a look at three produced by General Dynamics—Terrier, Tartar as well as Redeye—to see how some tactical missiles work. All are essentially defensive weapons.

Terrier and Tartar are supersonic, solid-fueled missiles used by the United States Navy. Both have what is known as "semi-active homing" guidance. This involves a complex of shipboard radar and computers, combined with sensing, computing and controlling devices within the missile itself.

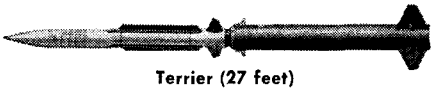
When search radar aboard a ship finds an oncoming target, a radar illumination beam, controlled through a central computer, seeks out the attacking plane. The radar waves reflected from the airplane are picked up by a sensor in the nose of the missile, which will chase its target to intercept even if the plane changes course several times.

Terrier:

Terrier is the bigger of the two. On its launcher aboard a Navy cruiser, it is about 27 feet long. The first 15 feet are the missile proper. The second 12 contain a booster rocket for propulsion.

Terrier is always ready to go. Almost within the instant that the illumination beam fastens on the approaching aircraft, Terrier is triggered.

The booster blasts the missile off the launching rack. The finder is already receiving the reflected beam from the target. Two small charges within the missile have already ignited. Their burning gases turn two small turbines. One provides power for the guidance and control systems. The other operates a hydraulic pump whose fluids move the small guidance fins on the missile's tail.



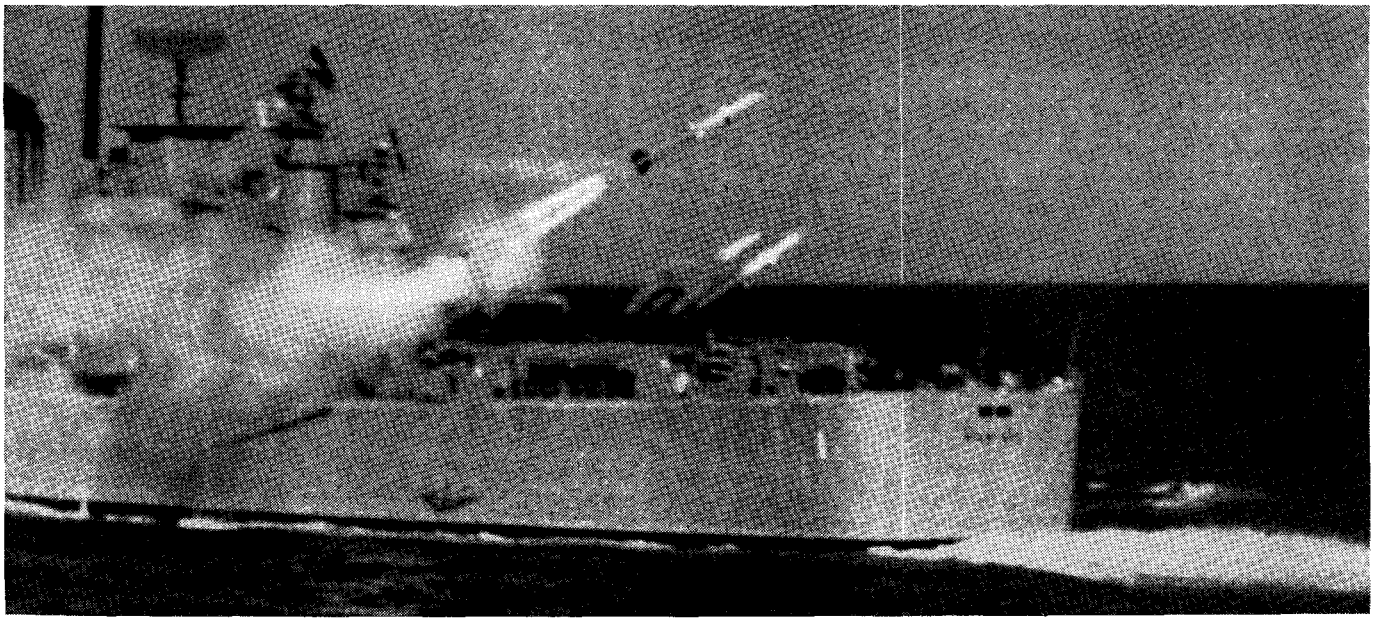
Terrier (27 feet)

As the booster burns out and then drops away, a sustainer rocket within the missile proper commences firing to continue necessary velocity to intercept.

Tartar:

Tartar is similar to Terrier, but more compact (15 feet long and about 1,200 pounds compared to 27 feet and about 3,000 pounds for Terrier).

Its booster and sustainer are combined into a single-rocket engine. When



Above: Cruiser fires a Terrier. **Right:** Diagram shows radar waves sent from a ship and reflected from a plane being received by sensor in nose of the missile. Even if the plane takes evasive action, the missile will change course to intercept.

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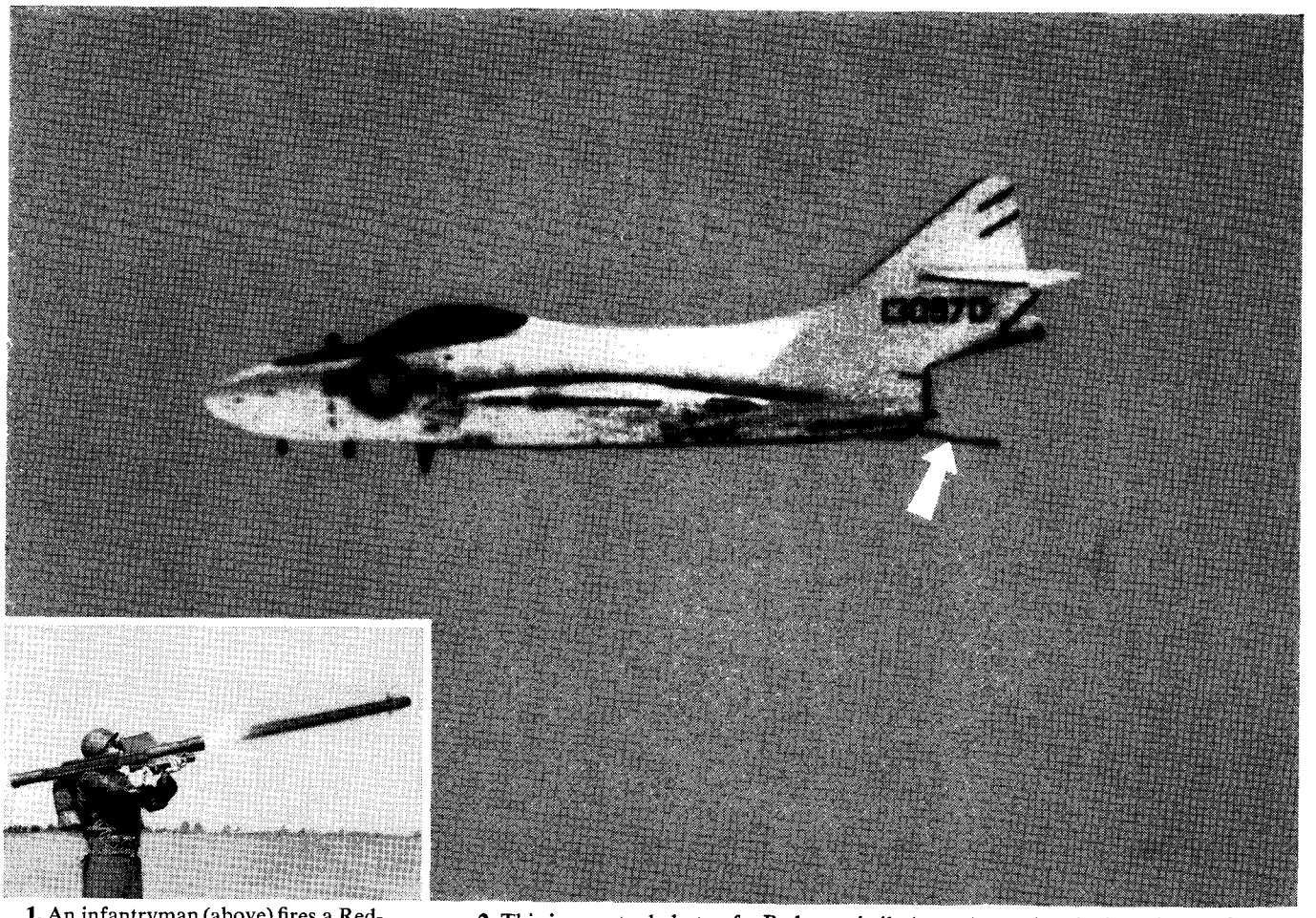


1. An infantryman (above) fires a Redeye missile at a target drone airplane.

2. This is an actual photo of a Redeye missile (arrow) entering the jet exhaust of a drone airplane. Immediately after this photograph was taken, the plane exploded.

Tartar gets its signal, the engine generates high initial thrust to shoot aloft, then reduces its force to provide the long sustained velocity to reach and chase a distant target.

Both Terrier and Tartar, in spite of their size, can be fired repetitively almost as fast as a bolt-operated rifle.

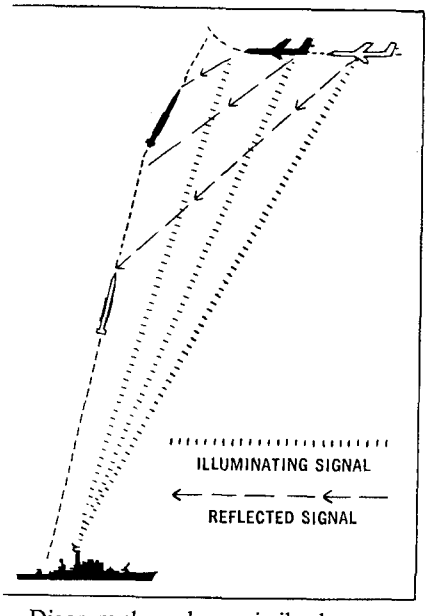
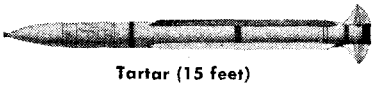


Diagram shows how missile changes course as the target changes course.

Stored in automated magazines, they can be lifted onto a launcher, hooked into the central computer radar control and fired within seconds.

Ships equipped with Terrier or Tartar can defend themselves against an armada of attacking aircraft today far more effectively than would have been possible against a single aircraft ten years ago.



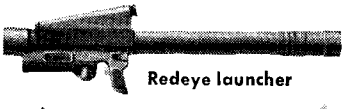
Tartar (15 feet)

Redeye:

Redeye is designed to destroy low-flying aircraft rather than high-altitude supersonic attackers. Four feet long and three inches in diameter, it weighs only 28 pounds complete with its launcher.

Redeye's heat-seeking guidance is wholly self-contained. Reaction time is little more than it takes the soldier to lift the launcher to his shoulder, find the attacking aircraft in the sighting scope and squeeze the trigger. By that time, Redeye's infrared sensor has locked onto the source of heat it must follow.

A small charge projects the missile from its launching tube. At a distance far enough to protect the soldier from rocket blast, a fuse lights the major rocket charge. Miniature computer circuitry within the missile directs a set of steering fins which enable Redeye to change direction as necessary and chase the target at supersonic speed until it intercepts it.



Redeye launcher

Redeye missile (4 feet)

During the long history of combat, the advantage of surprise has almost invariably lain with the attacker. The modern tactical missile now more than evens the odds for the defender. At General Dynamics we are already developing newer ones with still more punch.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic and communication systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

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An Evening of Tudor at the Met—Barbirollis

THE IDEA of an "evening" in which the ballet of the Metropolitan Opera can show its abilities, is basically a good one. As planned and executed last year, it provided an opportunity for the ensemble directed by Dame Alicia Markova to give heartening signs of progress toward artistic respectability. As conceived this year, with heavy emphasis on two unfamiliar works of Antony Tudor, it was without any real relevance to what an opera ballet should be able to do, and even less related to what—presumably—Dame Alicia is trying to accomplish.

Even if both works showed a real resurgence of the talents that made Tudor pre-eminent in his field, and that have long been dormant, there is no particular reason why they should suit the competence of a company whose primary function is to serve the needs of ballet in the wide range of opera repertory. As it happens, each failed by more than a little to honor the past accomplishments of the man whose name they bore—which put an insupportable burden of proof on a group of dancers whose abilities are spotty at best.

In the more coherent of them, *Echoing of Trumpets*, Tudor has attempted to recreate the terror and subhumanity of the Nazis vis-à-vis such a town as Lidice, complete with abduction, rape, and wanton murder. This calls for an order of character projection quite beyond anything within reach of the Metropolitan ballet, especially its male complement. They were, for the most part, wholly unpersuasive terrorists, nor did the girls, led by Sally Brayley, convey much of desperation. Certainly there was far greater stress and urgency in the music of Bohuslav Martinu (*Fantaisies Symphoniques*) as conducted by Ignace Strasfogel than emerged from the action against an over-bright background by Birger Bergling.

Concerning Oracles, which preceded, is a more recent work of Tudor and, according to his mode of creation, probably not completed at the time of this premiere. The background is French, pastoral and parodistic, but also evasive of direct meaning (perhaps purposefully so). To my taste it was both inept and tedious, aside from some fun-poking at ballet conventions which, one would have thought, Tudor finished with in his *Gala Performance*, eons ago. Aside from a bright young man named Lance Westergard, who was added for the occasion, the level of performance was barely post-graduate. Edith Jerell, Carolyn Martin, and Miss Brayley were its principal female performers, with Alain Lombard as conductor of the Jacques Ibert music, and such Metropolitan singers as Mary Ellen Pracht, Carlotta Ordassy, Marcia Baldwin and Nedda Casei adding their voices from the pit. The evening-ending *La Ventana*, staged by Hans Brenaa after the choreography of Auguste Bournonville, was decidedly more in keeping with the performing abilities available, especially those of Hans Meister and Patricia Heyes. Robert O'Hearn's setting added much to its attractiveness.

The quality of ballet available to the Metropolitan's primary needs—which are, in the nature of the name, operatic—is assuredly in need of upgrading. But the assumption that it is capable of competing with companies far stronger in personnel and much more restricted in function, is not only a dangerous misconception but wasteful both of money and time that might be better utilized otherwise.

There were two Barbirollis for a single admission charge at the latest Carnegie Hall program by the Houston Symphony, both—what is more—titled. In addition to the familiar, welcome figure of Sir John, there was also the less familiar but equally welcome figure of Lady Barbirolli as soloist in the oboe concerto of Richard Strauss. As Evelyn Rothwell she was, of course, one of England's best known performers on the instrument, a status she has affirmed on more than a few recordings. But memory does not recall a previous concert appearance by her here after her marriage to Sir John (in 1939 while he was still conductor of the New York Philharmonic). She is, to judge from her performance on this occasion, what might be called a stand-up oboeist. She had the music available on a stand beside her, but she did not give it much attention, reserving full concentration for the image of it in her mind. As oboe sound goes, hers is neither large nor particularly appealing: it is, rather, thin and piercing (according to a principle of the instrument preferred by some tastes). But she produces it with that masterful management of breath that characterizes the fine instrumentalists of all the winds, whether single reed (clarinet), double (English horn and bassoon) or none at all (flute). For the needs of the beautifully constructed concerto, which recalls Strauss's partiality for the oboe in a host of works ranging from the early Serenade to the instrumentation of the Four Last Songs, her quantity of sound as well as the quality of it were of the sort to delight the most demanding listener, beginning with the conductor himself. He could, as he did, disclaim his full share of the credit on stage, but there is nothing to prevent it being rendered to him in print.

Considering the special way in which Sir John has espoused (quite literally) the claims of the female instrumentalist for recognition, it is hardly surprising that his Texas orchestra has, probably, more of them than in any other of its caliber. His principal on the English horn is female, a fact which was apparent only because she did not participate in the preceding *Elizabethan Suite* and was thus conspicuous as she took her place for the Strauss. This made at least twenty, most of them in the strings.

If this is a trend, it is not one nearly so evident to the ear as it is to the eye. The sonorous, meticulously formulated performance of the conductor's own arrangement, from the Fitzwilliam Virginal book of choice pieces by John Bull, William Byrd and Farnaby, would have been creditable to the string section of any orchestra in the country, and this one also performed impressively in the following fifth symphony of Mahler. Indeed, if there was a factor that deterred Barbirolli from reaching his best level in Mahler this time, it might have been the less than first-class brass playing. Perhaps a few more women here, too, would be helpful.

Nine years have passed since Cesare Siepi last gave a recital in New York—a fact which summed up both the admirable and the not so admirable in his recent performance in Philharmonic Hall. It was to his credit that the sound he produces is lustrous, full, and with little evidence of wear on the fine quality of bass sound that he brought with him at his debut here in 1950, but he did not show the kind of striking power, insight, or grasp of verbal values that might accrue from intensive concert activity.

To his credit, Siepi did not evade the responsibility of making his program varied and well balanced, beginning with samples of early Italian classical matter proceeding to German songs of Brahms, a French group (Duparc and Franck) before coming to shoal waters (Italian songs) and safe harbor (operatic arias). Much was fine to hear and almost all of it was intelligently projected, but, in the Brahms (*Vergebliches Staendchen* and *Der Gang zum Liebchen*) he sounded to be repeating a lesson learned by rote. Nor was "Per questa bella mano" the kind of Mozart singing to be expected from a fine Figaro and Don Giovanni. Leo Taubman was the pianist.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

No Compromise with Life

THE SPRING brings us two important books about Ernest Hemingway. One, called *Papa Hemingway*, by A. E. Hotchner (Random House, $5.95), is, as the title page states, "a personal memoir"; the other, to be published by the Pennsylvania State University Press on May 4 ($5.95), is *Ernest Hemingway: A Reconsideration*, by Philip Young, an expanded version of a critical study that first appeared in 1952. Hotchner's book is sure to have a lot of attention and many readers, and I think that's fine, but I hope Young's book will not be overlooked.

I called Young's 1952 version "one of the best studies of a contemporary author I have ever read," and I have not changed my mind. Young examines the Hemingway hero, as exemplified by Nick Adams, Jake Barnes, Frederic Henry, Robert Jordan, and Colonel Cantwell, and finds that they all have a good deal in common with one another and with their creator. Young lays great emphasis on the importance of the nearly fatal wound Hemingway received in Italy in 1918. The psychological shock sustained on that occasion, Young maintains, conditioned Hemingway's view of life and was responsible for his preoccupation with death.

Baldly stated, the thesis arouses some skepticism, but as Young develops it, analyzing story after story and novel after novel, it becomes convincing. Moreover, he is careful not to claim too much. He knows as well as any "new" critic that the important thing is not an author's experience but what he makes of it, and he deals with the work in literary as well as psychological terms. He does argue, however, and I think he is right, that it is foolish to pretend that Hemingway's "wound," as Edmund Wilson used the word, is irrelevant to the understanding and appreciation of his writings.

The main body of the present version is almost identical with the book as it appeared in 1952, but Young has added a foreword and an afterword, both of the highest interest. In the foreword he writes amusingly of the difficulties that beset the original publication, and also talks about his feelings when he heard of Hemingway's death. After all, though he had not precisely predicted that Hemingway would commit suicide, he had laid much emphasis on his self-destructive drive, and Hemingway himself had resented this: "To tell a writer he has a neurosis, Hemingway did write me, is as bad as telling him he has cancer: you can put a writer permanently out of business this way." So Young was caught between pleasure in his prophetic soul and sorrow over his conceivable guilt.

In the afterword Young talks about Hemingway's life between 1952 and 1961, citing evidences of his physical and mental decline. He writes sympathetically about *A Moveable Feast*, published after Hemingway's death, and tries to arrive at some sort of final judgment.

Hotchner's book covers the later years. In 1948 Hotchner, an editor of *Cosmopolitan*, went to Havana to try to persuade Hemingway to write an article on the future of literature. Embarrassed as he was by what seemed to him a fool's errand, Hotchner was happily surprised by Hemingway's kindness, and then and there became a hero worshiper. "He stopped to talk to one of the musicians in fluent Spanish and something about him hit me—*enjoyment*: God, I thought, how he's *enjoying* himself! I had never seen anyone with such an aura of fun and well-being. He radiated it and everyone in the place responded."

Hotchner's style is journalistic, and some of his stories—he tells many good ones—may be touched up a little. And of course no one can be expected to repeat conversations verbatim. But I think that in essentials Hotchner is to be depended on, and I think so because his devotion to Hemingway is so obviously genuine. For thirteen years they met frequently—in Havana, Paris, Venice, the Riviera, Madrid, Zaragoza. In the latter part of the period, moreover, Hotchner dramatized *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and several of Hemingway's short stories for television. Hemingway made friends easily, but, as Hotchner admits, he often turned against the persons he had befriended. Hotchner lasted.

Not long after they met Hotchner became conscious of Hemingway's physical decline. Coming after the many, many injuries he had had before, the two airplane crashes in Africa were nearly fatal. (Obviously thinking of Young's book, Hemingway said to Hotchner, "Despite what you hear, they [his accidents] do not come from carelessness or my celebrated death wish.") There were many moments when his spirits were as high as ever, but there were also moments when they were very low, and as early as 1956 Mrs. Hemingway was worried about his depressed state of mind.

Although he sometimes seemed like the old Hemingway in Spain in 1959, by the summer of 1960, when he asked

29 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Papa Hemingway," by A. E. Hotchner, and "Ernest Hemingway: A Reconsideration," by Philip Young
31 Letters to the Book Review Editor
32 "Vietnam: Between Two Truces," by Jean Lacouture
33 "India Speaks to America," by B. N. Chakravarty
34 "Hopscotch," by Julio Cortázar
37 "Forbush and the Penguins," by Graham Billing
38 "The Competitor," by Thomas Bontly. "No Time for Rest," by Robert Cutler
39 "The View from the Sixties: Memories of a Spent Life," by George Oppenheimer
86 "Fire Under the Ashes: The Life of Danilo Dolci," by James McNeish
88 "Flora: A Biography," by Elizabeth Gray Vining
89 "Winslow Homer at Prout's Neck," by Philip C. Beam; "George Bellows: Painter of America," by Charles H. Morgan
90 "Summer's Lease: Autobiography, 1901-1938," by John Rothenstein
91 "Newton Arvin: American Pantheon," edited by Daniel Aaron and Sylvan Schendler
92 *SR's* Check List of the Week's New Books

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Hotchner to come to Havana to help him cut *The Dangerous Summer*, his behavior was obviously neurotic. He said to Hotchner, "I act cheerful like always but am not. I'm bone-tired and very beat up emotionally." Even so, Hotchner was not prepared for what he found when, a few months later, he went to see Hemingway in Idaho. By then it was clear to everyone close to Hemingway that he needed psychiatric treatment immediately, and he was hoodwinked into going to the Mayo Clinic.

From then on the story is a sad one. Hemingway said to Hotchner: "What does a man care about? Staying healthy. Working good. Eating and drinking with friends. Enjoying himself in bed. I haven't any of them. Do you understand, goddam it? None of them." In view of what Hemingway had been and what he had written, these words are almost unbearably pathetic, and, indeed, I was strongly moved by the last two chapters of Hotchner's book. "He was a man of prowess," Hotchner sums up, "and he did not want to live without it." If, Hotchner goes on to suggest, he could have adjusted to a different sort of life. . . . But of course he couldn't, and death was the only answer.

In his afterword Young quotes from an early Hemingway story, "Indian Camp." Nick Adams is present when his father performs a Caesarean section on an Indian woman with a penknife and without anesthetic. When the operation is finished, Nick and his father discover that the woman's husband has cut his throat.

> "Why did he kill himself, Daddy?"
> "I don't know, Nick. He couldn't stand things, I guess."
> "Do many men kill themselves, Daddy?"
> "Not very many, Nick."
> "Do many women?"
> "Hardly ever."
> "Don't they ever?"
> "Oh, yes. They do sometimes."
> "Daddy?"
> "Yes . . . "
> "Is dying hard, Daddy?"
> "No, I thing it's pretty easy, Nick. It all depends."
> They were seated in the boat, Nick in the stern, his father rowing. . . .
> In the early morning on the lake sitting in the stern of the boat with his father rowing, he felt quite sure that he would never die.

Young continues:

> Now from a purely esthetic point of view it is perfectly irrelevant, but from a human point of view perfectly irresistible, to remark the uncanny fact that the originals of both these characters, doctor and son, who make their first appearances here, were to die in the fashion they discuss in the story. Dr. Hemingway, depressed and in ill health, shot himself in the head on the morning of December 6, 1928, with a Smith and Wesson revolver, a relic of the Civil War that had belonged to his father (which his widow was to send Ernest at his urgent request). The son, in much worse health and more deeply depressed, blew most of his head off with a double-barreled, 12-gauge shotgun on the morning of July 2, 1961. He couldn't stand things, I guess.

Hotchner helps us to feel what the things were that Hemingway couldn't stand. I am grateful for the book, and I think that in the long run Mary Hemingway may be. For one thing, I feel a little better about some of the bad work Hemingway did in his later years; it's still bad, but I don't, so to speak, hold it up against him. It is now possible for me to forgive the mean passages in *A Moveable Feast*, and as for some of the fine passages about Paris, they now seem little less than a miracle.

Both Hotchner's book and Young's give us a better, fairer understanding of Hemingway the man than we have previously had, and Young's helps us to appreciate Hemingway the writer. He finds fault with several of the books, but he is sure there is a residue of first-rate work. "Hemingway," he states, "wrote two very good early novels, several very good short stories and a few great ones. . . . and an excellent if quite small book of reminiscence." I'd make a larger claim than this, but that doesn't matter. What does matter is what Young goes on to say: "That's all it takes. This is such stuff as immortalities are made on."

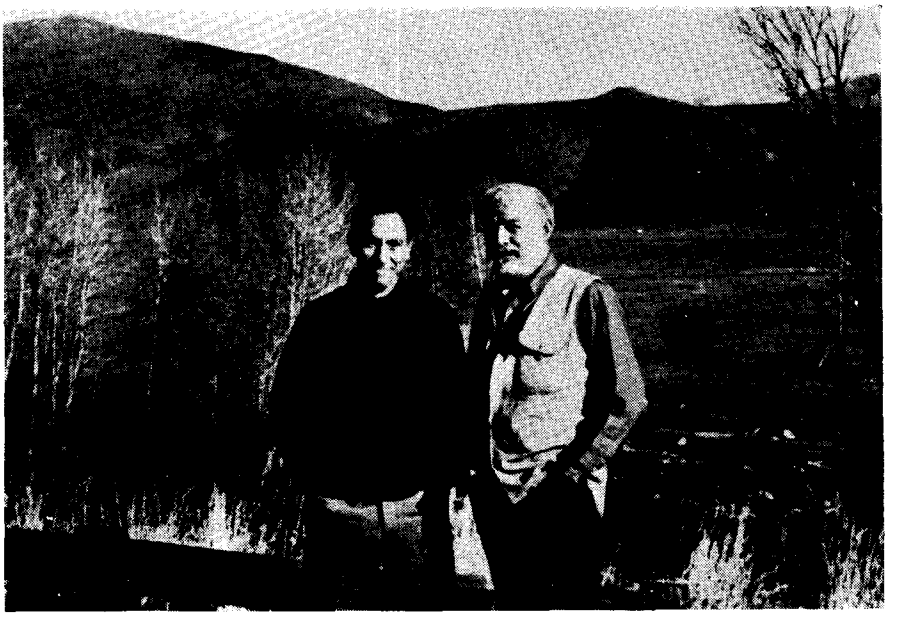
—GRANVILLE HICKS.

Papa's Troubled Legacy: When the New York State Supreme Court celebrated Washington's Birthday this year by denying Mary Hemingway an injunction preventing the sale of *Papa Hemingway*, by A. E. Hotchner, it settled an immediate argument, pending possible appeal, but left unresolved a troublesome legal question which has been raised in several places recently. In another sense, it added additional fuel to the controversies since his death about Hemingway as man and writer.

Justice Harry B. Frank's eight-page decision was a blanket denial of the charges Mrs. Hemingway made in her suit to prevent Random House from distributing the book this month. Parts of the volume are conversations between Hemingway and Hotchner, and Mrs. Hemingway contended that these were protected by common-law copyright. The book, she charged further, would compete unfairly with other books by and about Hemingway. Some of the material, she further asserted, was a violation of the trust and confidence placed in Hotchner by her husband—in other words, a use of information about himself which Hemingway would have considered confidential. Finally, she argued, the book violated her own right of privacy in its various allusions to her.

Other authors who might be worrying that anyone who thought himself injured could step into court and stop the distribution of a book, thus ruining its advance promotion and sales effort, would find reassurance in Justice Frank's majestic observation: "Before the court will intrude into an area fraught with sensitivity in its possible impingement upon fundamental democratic and intellectual institutions, it will require a showing . . . of a right, both legal and factual, in most unequivocal terms."

In the Justice's opinion, Mrs. Hemingway had not sustained the burden of



A. E. Hotchner with Ernest Hemingway—"a melancholy postscript."

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proof. The charges of "unfair competition" and of breach of trust and confidence, he declared, were "somewhat amorphously pleaded," and the allegations "so vague and conclusory as to be almost meaningless."

The far more important question of the right of privacy, guaranteed under Section 51 of the New York Civil Rights Law, Justice Frank found outweighed by other doctrines—"the right of the public to know" and "the freedom of the press to inform." These, he said, must stand above "considerations of individual privacy in conjunction with factual publications . . . whether authorized or not. . . ." At least some of Mrs. Hemingway's own right of privacy, he added, had been waived because of the fact that she was a "newsworthy personality."

As for the "novel and provocative question" of whether conversations are literary work subject to common-law copyright, Justice Frank argued that what Hotchner had done was no different, in essence, from what Plutarch, Boswell, and Carlyle did in their biographical reporting.

So much for the law. The right of privacy, where books and authors are concerned, still remains undefined in any broadly applicable sense, and in Pennsylvania, where the Henry Clay Frick case continues, the right of the historian to characterize a dead man who figured in history is still being contested by Frick's sister, who would be dealing a death blow to the writing of history if her contention were upheld through the Supreme Court of the United States, where the case will undoubtedly wind up in time.

The law, however, can only decide questions of fact and legality. It cannot begin to define what happens in personal friendships, what occurs when authors begin to write about themselves and other people. Even in an age in which computers and lawyers run the country, the human personality resists definition and categorizing. No wonder Justice Frank found some of the allegations in the Hotchner case so "amorphous," so "vague and conclusory." Those words would describe a majority of the relationships between people.

Such an amorphous and vague relationship was the one between Hotchner, an accomplished and successful magazine writer, and Hemingway, the world figure confronting a collapse of his personality in the years Hotchner knew him. "Hotch," as his friends call him, was a devoted admirer of Papa. Physically they could hardly have been more unlike—Hotchner, a slight, dark, quiet man; and Hemingway, the big, bearded bull, who nevertheless gave an odd impression of fragility in his later years.

(*Continued on page* 91)

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

An End to Insult

I FEEL COMPELLED to protest the opening sentence of Jon R. Waltz's review of *Deep in My Heart* [*SR*, Mar. 12]: "In the mid-twentieth century a dawning of civilization came to America's Southern states."

Such a statement is not only untrue and unfair in its implications, it is actually harmful to the cause the author seems to espouse. Perhaps Mr. Waltz believes that the Southern white is incapable of reason, that he cannot be moved by persuasion, that only by the use of brute force can the Southern white be crushed into submission. . . . If Mr. Waltz is interested in racial justice accompanied by racial peace, he would be much wiser to understand the Southern white as he asks the Southern white to understand the Negro—to face and combat his own prejudice as he asks the Southern white to face and combat his.

Perhaps, someday, writers in the field of civil rights will cease to spew forth hatred and insults. Until then, as much as he may abhor the actions of the minority, the average Southern white is not going to venture forth. Why should he become the target of *both* sides? The Southerner, deeply steeped as he is in a cultural heritage, may deplore existing conditions, but he will not renounce that heritage.

Mr. Waltz may well ask, "Where were the genteel of the South?" The answer? They were sitting quietly at home and working quietly to bring harmony in their own spheres. Above all, they were waiting—waiting for an atmosphere of calm, waiting for an end to insult, and waiting for the defeat of two breeds of prejudice that differ neither in degree nor in kind.

CHARMAINE ALLMON.

Abilene, Tex.

In and Out of Context

IN YOUR Letters to the Book Review Editor Mar. 5 K. von Klemperer expresses (in his words) his displeasure at Franz Schoenberner's review of Ernst Nolte's *Three Faces of Fascism* [*SR*, Feb. 5]. He charges Schoenberner with committing "insinuations" and "out-of-context" quotations which in his opinion violate ethical and professional standards.

First, we were informed by the editor and by Mr. Schoenberner himself about his competence and stature in German letters. We are told nothing about von Klemperer. What makes his authority superior to Schoenberner's?

Secondly, in view of his reference to "professional standards of scholarship," we might have expected from him specifications of the "insinuations" and "out-of-context quotations." On what grounds are we to accept his judgment that Nolte's opus is one of the most challenging works on contemporary history? If Nolte does indeed say what Schoenberner attributes to him in direct quotation then he hardly deserves our "courtesy and respect."

I suspect that von Klemperer belongs to the small but highly articulate and belligerent group . . . who assail everyone who does not swallow whole pro-German apologetics.

I. A. GAPSAT.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Klemens von Klemperer is professor of history at Smith College.*

I NEVER CALLED MYSELF a scholar and I never trusted their famous high standards, which most of the German fraternity abandoned with shameless alacrity in 1933 in exchange against the subhuman standards of a criminally insane mob.

During the more than forty-five years of my own professional activity as a writer, an editor, and a critic in three countries I enjoyed the rather costly privilege of studying continuously contemporary history not only as a watchful observer but as a fighting intellectual trying—in vain—to prevent the worst catastrophes of mankind and humanity. . . .

It is for this reason that even in my seventy-fourth year I cannot help remaining watchful and giving critical alarm when faced with a pseudo-scholarly book like that by Ernst Nolte, which even Mr. von Klemperer calls, in a laudatory sense, "most challenging and controversial." He should not complain that I have simply taken up the challenge and engaged in controversy against what seems to me a clear and present danger. . . .

I can assure my displeased accuser that . . . even in the complete context of the book's 300,000 words, Professor Nolte's quoted statements could impossibly sound less absurd and fantastic than they do in my review. They actually fulfill completely your correspondent's wish that I should have addressed myself to the book's "substance." My quotations give this "substance" in the nutshell of a few lines with all its involuntary grotesqueness. . . .

FRANZ SCHOENBERNER.

New York, N.Y.

Art or Vicarious Sadism?

"CIVILIZED" AS WE NOW ARE, our populace no longer needs to be given holidays in order to view burnings at the stake, hangings, etc.—we can satisfy our urges in that direction by simply reading a book. Or is that too sharp a criticism of Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* [*SR*, Jan. 22]? Could it possibly be a "work of art" unless it gives the reader an inspiration toward some worthy creative urge—not merely the "wish I could write one which would make as much money" feeling?

MILDRED IRWIN PETERSON.

Beresford, S.D.

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The Search for a Constructive Peace

Vietnam: Between Two Truces, *by Jean Lacouture, translated from the French by Konrad Kellen and Joel Carmichael (Random House. 295 pp. $5.95), gives a distinguished Frenchman's view on the much discussed Vietnam problem. William J. Thorbecke, former career diplomat and political scientist, wrote "A New Dimension in Political Thinking."*

By WILLIAM J. THORBECKE

WRITTEN in a trenchant style, and excellently translated by Konrad Kellen and Joel Carmichael, this book could not have appeared at a more opportune moment than in the midst of the Great Debate that rages all over the United States. Jean Lacouture's thorough knowledge of Vietnam and its people permits him to portray events from their point of view and against the typical background of Vietnamese lightheartedness, dignity, and dogged independence. He describes their passionate politico-religious feuds, the austere and bigoted police régime of Ngo Ding Diem, and the ensuing rebellion that inaugurated a series of coups, which he calls "the quadrille of the generals."

Diem's fall occurred in November 1963 after his brother, Madame Nhu's husband, started "tentative talks with the guerrillas in the South, if not actually with the leadership in the North." This led the United States to withdraw its support from Diem and sealed his fate. "The various American services busied themselves in the shadows or semi-shadows, and ever less discreetly." During eight successive coups (today there have already been nine) the American diplomatic, military, intelligence, and other services pursued as many different policies as there were agents. Indeed, Americans themselves have been wondering whether it was the Department of State, the Pentagon, or the Central Intelligence Agency which directed American policy in Vietnam.

According to Lacouture the first coup did not bring the hoped-for democratization of the country. The generals placed the emphasis on "anti-Communism instead of on freedom," and all along each junta's politicians were kept at arm's length. This led to a succession of military plots and counterplots fanned by personal ambitions, religious feuds, real or assumed animosity against "neutralists," and hostility against Communist Hanoi, where half of the generals who bear the North a grudge originated—among them, General Ky. But the generals' plotting was seldom motivated by their concern for the people or a desire to instigate land and social reforms, which does not bode well for American efforts to bolster the economic and social conditions of South Vietnam during the course of the war and before peace has been restored.

Vietnam: Between Two Truces was written before the Great Debate reached its present scope. The author does not always express a direct opinion about the basic questions that have come up in the debate: whether the conflict in Vietnam is a civil war or a Communist aggression; whether today's Communism is the same kind of Communism against which the policy of containment was initiated some fifteen years ago; whether the combination of strength and persuasion which, in the Cuba confrontation, worked in respect to the Soviet Union could not have been equally applied to Vietnam; why the consideration which deterred the United States from helping the Hungarians in their fight for freedom, and which made the USSR decide to withdraw its missiles from Cuba—namely, that in a precarious power balance no great power should interfere in the backyard of another great power—did not also apply to the backyard of China; and, finally, why the United States, which is fighting for the freedom of South Vietnam, prevents its people from choosing a government of their own, forcing it to live under one that, existing by the power and aid of the U.S., is obliged to give priority to American interests.

However, the author offers a number of observations that shed light on these problems. He insists that a considerable part of the National Liberation Front consists of non-Communists. Granting that there is a strong Communist infiltration into South Vietnam, he considers the Vietcong more as rebels than aggressors, and wonders why "all the blows received from a certain but elusive enemy (the Vietcong) should be returned to a doubtful but clearly visible enemy (North Vietnam)." A doubtful enemy because "to the extent that Hanoi, like Peking or Moscow, makes neutralization of the South the object of its diplomacy, it would have to accept a different juridical status for the South, and with it the independent and, one hopes, durable evolution of Southern autonomy." If Washington contends that the changes in Communism, apparent in Soviet Russia, have not occurred in the Far East, it is because the American attitude towards Vietnam rests on the assumption that Hanoi started a war of aggression.

Lacouture thinks differently. He does not see Hanoi's hand everywhere. He claims that "the leaders of the Liberation Front of South Vietnam today never cease to proclaim their independence and autonomy with regard to the North" and that it is "even more striking to find an acceptance of the political . . . reality of a South Vietnam among the Hanoi leaders." A recognition of the N.L.F. "would not entail South Vietnam's entry into the Marxist-Leninist bloc." "What [after Geneva] was only a provisional cease-fire, in Ho Chi Minh's mind, has turned into a fundamental political conflict [between the two Vietnams]."

Lacouture is realistic enough to understand that the United States cannot pull the rug from under its fighting men, and withdraw from Vietnam. However, he discerns sufficient possibilities to warrant an effort at the conference table. Not in the context of global politics by direct negotiations between the United States, Soviet Union, Britain, France, and China, but by an effort of

"Will whoever is doing it please stop humming."

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the nations which formerly constituted Indochina.

He believes that "for peace in the peninsula, a dialogue—and then coexistence—between the two Vietnams can be made to reflect the equilibrium of forces and permit the conciliation of present interests." "To seek solutions within the framework of the old Indochinese federation would present. . . . advantages." "What would be taken away from Hanoi in the form of immediate power would be returned . . . by a higher living standard resulting from the resumption of economic relations with the two rice bowls—Cambodia and South Vietnam." And in an effort to clarify some of de Gaulle's sibylic pronouncements, the author pleads for a return to the Geneva convention which permitted "a real peace for about five years" (1954-1959). He does not think that a peace negotiated between the two Vietnams would turn the South over to Communism. Neutralization of the entire area will help it to regain its independence from China. This requires negotiations of the Saigon government with the Vietcong. But these negotiations have no chance to materialize if the United States tries "to build an artificial anti-Communist system in Vietnam," instead of permitting "authority to rest on a popular base."

Lacouture's approach is based on the diversity of the peninsula, which ranges from nationalism to Communism, from Buddhism to Catholicism to ancestor worship, from wealthy aristocracy to landless peasantry, from a highly educated élite to primitive Montagnards, from an agricultural South to an industrial North. This fluidity offers opportunities for the kind of accommodations that can blunt Communist extremism and lead to co-existence, especially among Far Easterners traditionally bent on compromise. The author favors accommodation in preference to war, in order to buy time until Chinese Communism, following the Russian example, tends toward greater moderation.

Some of the views held by Mr. Lacouture are grist for the mill of those who wait for an act of dramatic statesmanship to end the war. Not by a publicly mounted peace offensive but by secret approaches of third parties for the sake of mutual face-saving—the only method the Far Easterner understands.

Meanwhile the debate continues in the United States, bearing witness to the strength of America's institutions. For where else on earth can a nation, in full loyalty to its leadership, conduct a public discussion while waging a war? The United States will not forsake its honor. Conscious of its global responsibility, it is searching for a solution that will not only safeguard its own interests and prestige, but those of all nations.

Unofficial Voice from Asia

***India Speaks to America,** by B. N. Chakravarty (John Day. 249 pp. $5.50), restates the policies of Nehru and Krishna Menon on the Subcontinent's relations with the United States. Welles Hangen, Press Fellow of the Council on Foreign Relations, has been an NBC correspondent in India, the Middle East, and Germany.*

By WELLES HANGEN

EVENTS in Asia have largely overtaken B. N. Chakravarty's restatement of traditional Indian policy on such subjects as Kashmir and relations with the great powers. The author, a professional civil servant and diplomat who retired in 1965 from his last post as India's permanent delegate to the United Nations, presents the well-worn arguments in support of the policies devised by Nehru and Krishna Menon in the 1950s, almost as though nothing had happened in the intervening period. He admonishes America to reconcile itself to Indian friendship with Russia, and inveighs against Washington's presumed pro-Pakistan bias without taking account of Moscow's recent courtship of Pakistan and the subtle change in the Soviet position on Kashmir.

The most interesting thing in Mr. Chakravarty's book is the suggestion that India might cede disputed Himalayan frontier areas to China in order to reach an accommodation with Peking and concentrate its strength on defending the Kashmir Valley against Pakistan, "if friends desert us," an apparent allusion to the withholding of Anglo-American aid until India agrees to a Kashmir settlement. Besides winning legal title to parts of Ladakh and the northeast frontier their troops now occupy, the Chinese might also welcome a reconciliation with India to offset growing Soviet influence in Pakistan. It would be instructive to know Mrs. Indira Gandhi's reaction to such a possible reversal of international alignments in Southern Asia.

For the rest, Mr. Chakravarty's rather pretentiously titled effort is a review of the main sources of friction in Indo-American relations as seen from the Indian perspective. Although he disclaims any intention of speaking for the government of India, his arguments often sound as though they had been lifted from Nehru's speeches.

There can be no lasting peace, Mr. Chakravarty assures us, so long as racialism and colonialism are not completely eradicated in the U.S.; but in the case of the Russified republics of Soviet Asia there is no need to worry. "If and when conditions in the Asian republics of the Soviet Union change and nationalist movements develop, demanding secession and independence, there will be time enough then for other countries to consider raising their voice in support." Cold comfort for Uzbek and Kazakh nationalists.

Mr. Chakravarty goes to considerable lengths to justify the Indian stand on Kashmir, quoting from U.N. records and threading his way through a maze of legalistic arguments of the kind so dear to Indian spokesmen. The fate of Sheik Abdullah and the continuing unrest in Kashmir are omitted from the discussion. If, despite his disclaimers, the author does reflect New Delhi's present thinking on Kashmir, the outlook for a negotiated settlement is more remote than ever.

The recitation of events in Goa in December 1961 is highly tendentious. Mr. Chakravarty echoes Krishna Menon's propaganda about Portuguese "terror" and plans for a "scorched-earth" policy in the former colony. This reviewer, who was in Goa as a correspondent before and during the Indian seizure, found no evidence of terror and no sign that a scorched-earth policy would or could have been carried out.

With a facile optimism that one hopes is not shared in New Delhi, Mr. Chakravarty declares that India's refusal to join military pacts has "eliminated" the danger that Sino-Indian border clashes in the Himalayas might escalate into a general war. Almost in the same breath he admits that no one now asks India to

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give up the shibboleth of "nonalignment." On the other hand, Mr. Chakravarty rightly calls the cancelation of Lal Bahadur Shastri's visit to Washington last year a "quite unnecessary affront to India." It rankles all the more deeply since the prime minister's death in Tashkent.

The author paints a sinister and largely outdated picture of collusion between China and Pakistan, concluding with the ritual appeal for increased American aid to preserve India as the "bastion of democracy" in Asia.

The discussion of conditions inside the bastion is no more illuminating than the chapters on foreign policy. Mr. Chakravarty blames the British for much of India's economic backwardness, and says flatly that "caste does not nowadays affect the political or economic life in any way even though admittedly caste still counts in the social life of the people in some backward areas." Had the author ever run for elective office in India his illusions on this score would have been quickly shattered.

The difficulty with this book is that it belabors problems like Goa which no longer exist, and ignores such basic concerns as how India is going to feed itself when American surpluses run out, or how India will confront the growing menace of Chinese nuclear power. An informed reader can take comfort in the knowledge that Indian-American relations are actually considerably better than Mr. Chakravarty's special pleading would indicate. The uninitiated, seeking the understanding this book professes to promote, should look to other sources for enlightenment.

The Cover: It is not surprising that Turner painted several versions of *The Burning of the Houses of Parliament*, for no one in the entire history of art explored more fully or understood more profoundly the expressive possibilities of light, color, shadow, and reflection. In the panoramic scene reproduced on the cover, sky, water and clouds are all penetrated by the breath of fire. It is not so much the actual burning we see as its luminous atmospheric effects. A nineteenth-century critic once complained that "Turner was always trying to paint the unpaintable," as indeed he was, but miraculously he succeeded. Sacrificing conventional form, he addressed himself to the most volatile aspects of nature, to the phenomenon of quivering, speeding light. This picture is included in a splendid Turner exhibition currently on view at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. —K.K.

World Citizens Without a Country

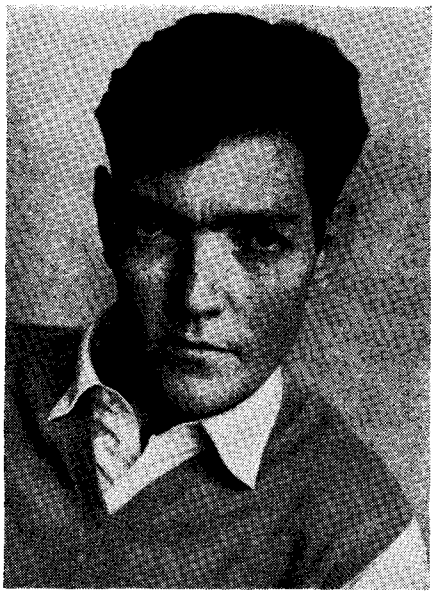
***Hopscotch,** by Julio Cortázar, translated from the Spanish by Gregory Rabassa (Pantheon. 564 pp. $6.95), plays with a game of life in which empty participants proceed by arbitrary rules. Emile Capouya is a free-lance literary critic.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

JULIO CORTAZAR is the author of *The Winners*, a very lively modern allegory in which the voyage of our life is explicitly compared to an excursion in a plague-ship; on board that vessel the officers have lost confidence in the passengers, much as modern governments have lost confidence in the people. The notion seems monstrous: surely it is passengers and citizens who have confidence to bestow or withhold? Or at least that is the myth that keeps the ship of state afloat. Despite Mr. Cortázar's interest in the individual character and private fate of his personages, *The Winners* gets its force from the social theme of hugger-mugger in high places, complete with contradictory communiqués from authoritative spokesmen and reports attributed to "reliable sources."

By contrast, in Mr. Cortázar's new novel the larger social context must be supplied by the reader, who will please remember the history of the twentieth century thus far, and the agreeable prospect of its stopping short any minute. Literary historians of possible ages to come will be puzzled when interpreting Mr. Cortázar if they forget what his readers are expected to know—that public life in this century is the realm of terror and private life busily aimless or hysterical. Horacio Oliveira speaks in the first person, or is spoken of, in relation to places and people—places as solid as Paris or Buenos Aires, and people whose names and preoccupations we are told but who exist only as figures of unaccountable passion and unaccountable inanition. Oliveira and La Maga do not have a love affair, but an encounter endlessly resumed. The characters have no philosophy—that is to say, no character—but brilliant and pointless insights into everything, just as they speak all languages, know all literatures, and are at home in no country.

Detail, poetic and random, takes the place of texture in this novel, and it proliferates with a violent fecundity that goes far to make it an acceptable substitute. Mr. Cortázar has the gift of language, not to say of languages, and Mr. Gregory Rabassa's translation follows and sometimes leads the original through astonishing verbal flights. At first, from moment to moment, the reader has the conviction that he is in the hands of a master artist. It is only after some time that he finds the art to have been improvisation only, and that he himself is called upon to order the dazzling or sordid materials presented so generously, called upon to be his own artist.



—*José Gelabert.*

Julio Cortázar—"bitter frivolity."

The sign over all this is a kind of bitter frivolity. *Hopscotch* is the appropriate title because the game of life exhibited in the book proceeds by arbitrary rules, and the goal is not intended to be edifying. To bring his matter and his manner into even greater consonance, the author furnishes a "Table of Instructions," inviting the reader to go as far as Chapter 56 in the ordinary way, and then read further in this long book by excursions that go forward to new ground and to glosses, and back to the territory provisionally acquired earlier. "Each chapter has its number at the top of every right-hand page to facilitate the search."

Indeed. "Nothing odd will do very long. Who ever reads *Tristram Shandy*?" said Dr. Johnson. I offer the opinion that *Hopscotch* is too odd to do very long, half-hoping, for the sake of the author's evident talent, to be proved just as wrong, and half-afraid, for the sake of us, that I may not be.

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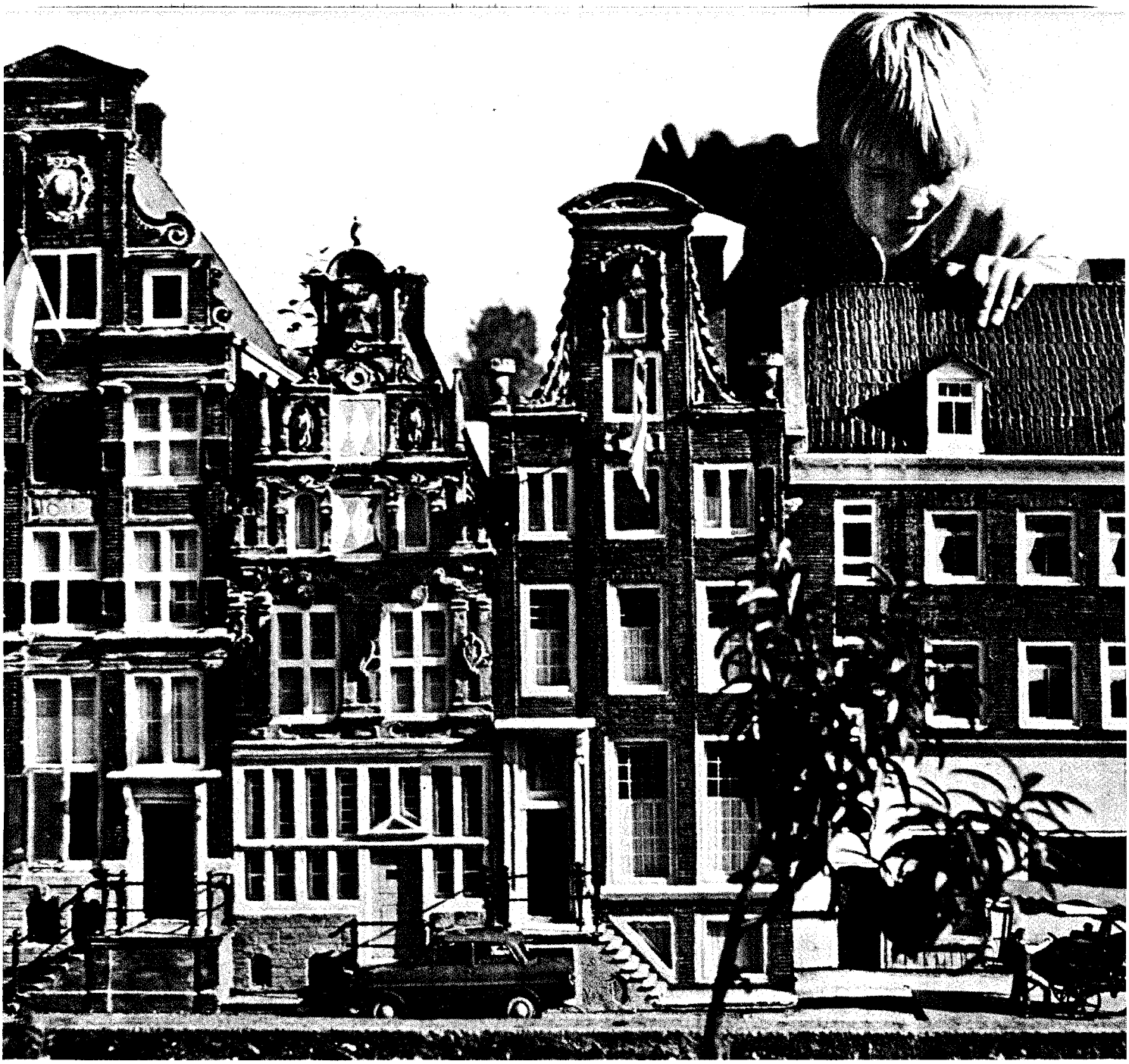

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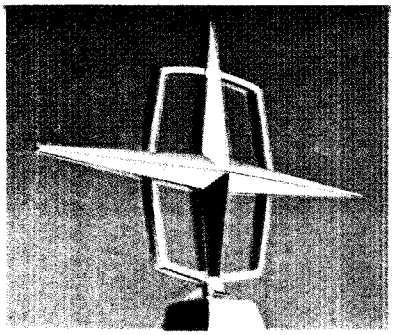

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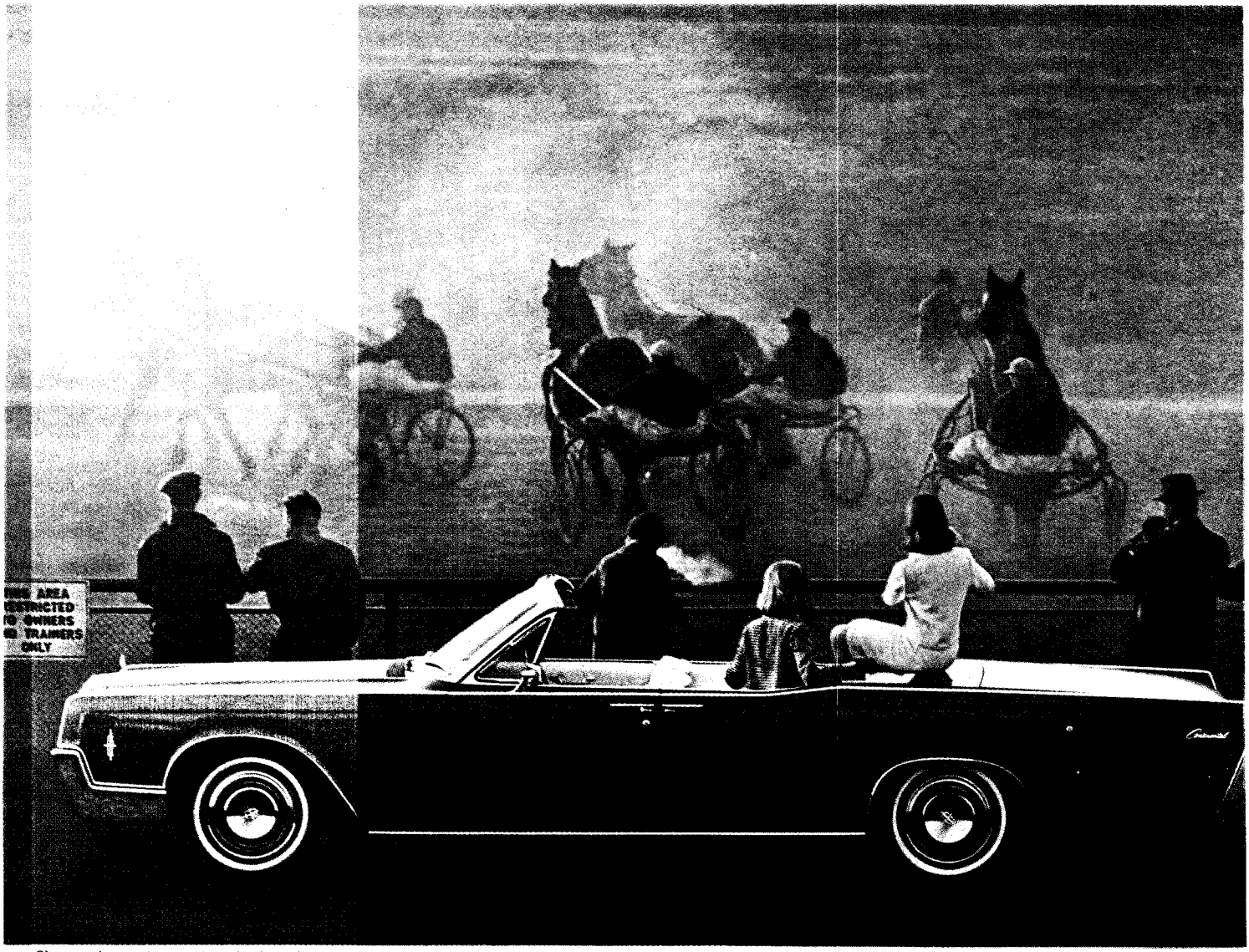

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The Hungering Call of the Wild

Forbush and the Penguins, *by Graham Billing (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 191 pp. $3.95), concerned with a declining colony of birds that walk like men, makes a statement about Man. Robert L. Perkin was for many years book review editor of the Rocky Mountain News in Denver.*

By ROBERT L. PERKIN

WITH this strange, compelling, and rather wonderful short novel Graham Billing, a young New Zealander, makes his first appearance among American readers. It is wonderful in the sense that the Doric column evokes wonder by its simplicity and understatement, and the story, though stark in outline to the point of brutality, is relieved by appealing touches of a rare sort of capering comedy and by an essential, marrow-deep humanity so pervasive, natural, and comfortable as to be regarded as unremarkable. One feels compassion for a starving penguin because, after all, there is no other way one can feel; compassion for starving penguins and hungering man is part and parcel of the human condition.

In bald summary, *Forbush and the Penguins* narrates a five-month contest between a lone man and the Antarctic. The goal is scientific study of a declining colony of penguins during the nesting season of the southern summer, October to March. The achievement is not survival—this is assumed, although the alternative is scarcely improbable—but self-recognition and affirmation.

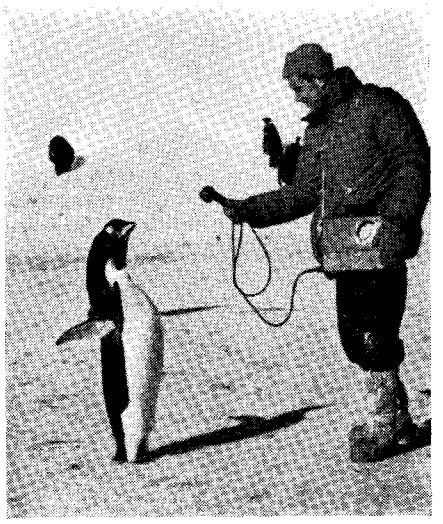
On October 16 a helicopter from Scott Base sets down at Cape Royds on McMurdo Sound to deliver Richard John Forbush, ornithologist, at the weathered doorstep of the hut built by Shackleton on the British Antarctic expedition of 1906. The hut, virtually a museum and formally declared to be a historical monument by the New Zealand equivalent of the National Park Service, will be Forbush's home and bastion until the first of March, when the short nightless summer is ending. Nearby is the nesting ground, the rookery, to which the penguins will come, moving south over the ice shelf on bellies and three-inch legs, for their brief season of mating ecstasy, the building of nests from smooth pebbles and rocks, the egg laying and tending, the hatching, and the battles for survival with the savage skua gulls. The issue, so far as the birds are concerned, is avian genocide. The hatch this year will be a third less than the year before. Forbush is there to analyze the decline, biologically, ecologically, with scientific detachment.

For the amateur naturalist, Billing offers a treasure of detail about penguins and skuas. How, for example, the starving male penguin takes over incubation of the eggs while the female journeys for weeks over the ice, out to the open sea, to break her fast and renew strength; and how, by contrast, the cock skua flies to the sea and returns, "head and breast helmeted with ice from the spray of his fishing," to feed his ravenous and insatiable mate at her nest. Forbush admires, in both species, "the fury and action with which they manifested their survival." This is not to suggest a sentimental anthropomorphism. Quite to the contrary, Billing maintains a clinical attitude of precise reporting of observed detail.

Forbush cannot. As the silence and loneliness and cold settle over him, he becomes involved in the tragedy of his penguins, lamenting as the daily egg count shows fewer and fewer survivals, coming to hate the skuas when they feed on the penguin eggs and chicks. Toward the end he rigs a huge catapult and lofts heavy stones at the skua flock. He kills a few; not enough to be meaningful in the biology of either the skuas or the penguins, and he knows it even while he exults in his just and holy war.

Mostly, it's the silence and the disorientation, the obsessive solitude warmed only by thoughts of a girl back at Christchurch, a tender, responsive girl who "makes me feel." Still, "Antarctica diminishes me." Unlike Barbara, "It gives nothing back." Forbush tries to lose himself in his daily work, in long sleeps deep in his eiderdown bag, in the few cases of beer he was able to bring along, in paperback novels. There is a blizzard, a void of wind and ice, which converts the world into a despairing chaos, buries the penguins on their nests, wrenches the Shackleton hut and blows in its southwest window, leaving Forbush almost helpless with painfully frostbitten fingers and leg.

Through it all there are superb scenes of comic grotesquerie. The scraggly bearded, sunburned Forbush defiantly playing his clarinet on a mountaintop in the midnight sun. Forbush stripping down and taking a sunbath in the welcome heat when the temperature climbs four degrees above freezing. The sign he erects for the education of all visitors, if any: "Polar Penguin Producers Limited. The Happy Holiday Farm of the Frozen South. Visitors Not Welcome. Proprietor R. J. Forbush." His rallying thought to the colony in its battles with the skuas: "Forbush expects every penguin will do his duty." His invention: the triumphant Penguin Major Polyphonic Music Machine, a contraption of bottles, test tubes, and whisky glasses, tuned to two octaves by water filling, on which the *Basin Street Blues* can be played by xylophone mallet accompanied by one-handed clarinet and foot drum.



Graham Billing and friend in Antarctica — capering-comedy relief.

Billing has made an impressive start. This is a memorable novel. The sad contrapuntal clowning strengthens the keen human awareness and discovery, which is the major theme. His conclusion, however, seems to fall somewhere flat of a true tone. It might be supposed that an ecology-oriented scientist such as Forbush would regard as rather old hat a discovery, through scarring and torment, that life's biological cycle leaves room for the individual organism only when it resolutely refuses to regard itself as victim, penguin or man. Billing has said it so quietly in the earlier pages that his concluding restatement comes as a disappointingly self-conscious peroration.

Coming April 16

SR's Annual Survey of Spring Books

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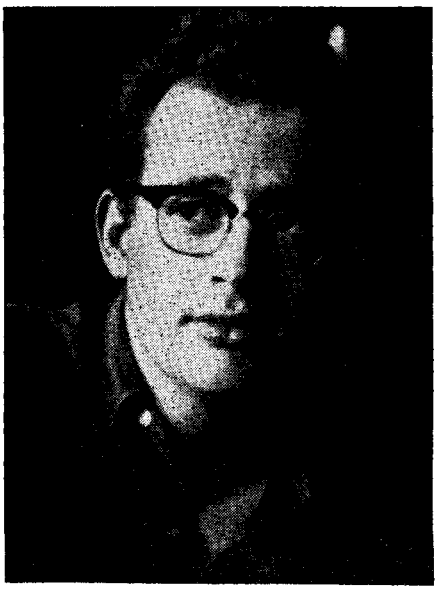
Insights Between Shoe Sales

***The Competitor,** by Thomas Bontly (Scribners. 157 pp. $3.95), explores the structure of futility as exemplified by a day in the life of a defeated shoe salesman. Arthur Edelstein, who teaches English at Hunter College, is East Coast editor of the new quarterly Per Se.*

By ARTHUR EDELSTEIN

IN AN era of literary innovation, Thomas Bontly's *The Competitor* denies our expectations. Its style is conventional, its materials commonplace—and its impact strong. The book, a first novel, reveals a high regard for the craft of fiction. By dexterous use of contrasts, Mr. Bontly gives breadth and meaning to his account of one workday in the life of Marty Hansen, a shoe salesman who at thirty-four is crumbling under the weight of his own inadequacy. In a series of retrospective passages the arc of Hansen's years follows the rise and descent of his day—a day of judgment, a day of muffled wrath. Immediate circumstance is always a parodic reflection of some fled possibility; the promise of the past is the void of the present. It lurks in a first love, in the skies of childhood, in an education cut off too soon. Played against these, setting them off, is the imagery of that cramped day: the unvarying drone of an air conditioner; the endless rows of shoe boxes, measuring out the days like Prufrock's coffee spoons.



Thomas Bontly—"mock-epic touches."

Mock-epic touches play chorus to the action. Over the heads of the frantically competing shoe salesmen the narrative voice sings of arms and the man, defining in its irony the meagerness of the events: ". . . the militant consumers . . . funneled through the opened doors and the salesmen advanced to meet them, overpowered by their onslaught, driven back. . . . " In the arena of the salesroom Hansen's prime antagonist is Renaldo, a slick, fast-talking Latin given to ribbing him cruelly about his age. It is not Renaldo's arrogance that he hates, though Hansen thinks so, but his youth and vitality. While Hansen, a career man, a pro, with eighteen years in the business, toils to fulfill his quota of sales, Renaldo, a beginner, a transient, has begun—effortlessly—to outsell him. While Hansen slides stockings onto plastic legs, his fingers remembering something distant, something lost, Renaldo seduces the cashier back in the stockroom.

Like any other, this novel has faults. Some of the minor characters seem not to fit their roles. And there is perhaps too much insistence at times upon the mortifying details that signal Hansen's afflictions: the lifeless food in a lunchroom, the grease-laden air, the beefy waitresses. Though the observations are never inaccurate, their overabundance—the uninvited presence of the author in his own pages—is an evasion of literary tact.

But no matter. This is unimportant in a book lighted by the tact of its understanding, by its sure insight into the structure of futility. In the end, Hansen's victory is Pyrrhic. Along the way he has suffered a change so slight that to him it is imperceptible—but it has crucially reduced his being. Though nothing, it is everything. And the achievement of Mr. Bontly's novel is that it compels our assent to this paradox.

Born in Boston, Bred for Washington

***No Time for Rest,** by Robert Cutler (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 421 pp. $7.50), the memoirs of a "bouncy Boston banker," portrays the inner circle of the Eisenhower Administration. Biographer and historian Margaret L. Coit of the Fairleigh Dickinson University faculty was reared forty miles "north of Boston."*

By MARGARET L. COIT

ROBERT CUTLER is one of those hardy Proper Bostonians whose idea of play is working seventy hours a week, and of rest is cycling some thirty or forty miles a day. His breed, happily by no means extinct, is characterized by a rueful quip from the late President Kennedy, when both addressed a dinner of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. "Why is it," demanded the then-Senator, "that I am introduced as a politician and my friend Bobby Cutler is referred to as a public servant?"

Cutler's own career provides the answer. A self-described "bouncy Boston banker," General Cutler, as Special Assistant to Secretary of War Henry Stimson, helped fight through the National Service Act and the controversial soldiers' voting bill. George C. Marshall described him as "a rose among cabbages." He returned to Washington during the Truman Administration to assist James Forrestal, but the apex of his career was during the nearly four years when he sat as Eisenhower's Special Assistant on the National Security Council. His final stint was as United States director of the Inter-American Development Bank, which, more than the Alliance for Progress, he sees as evidence of the "sweeping change" in the United States' concept of its responsibilities towards Latin America.

Cutler's pleasantly readable memoir, *No Time for Rest*, chronicles a career and type of public servant Massachusetts has been turning out ever since John Winthrop pronounced the edict that it was "the privilege and duty of the superior classes to rule." Customarily well off, Harvard-educated at a time when social status and bank account determined admission (this not to depreciate Mr. Cutler, a Phi Beta Kappa man there), usually—and devoutly—Protestant, nominally Republican, although occasionally a renegade Peabody or Putnam pops up among them, they have held every type of American public office from the Presidency down and have filled Ambassadorships, Cabinet offices, and all kinds of "Special Assistant" posts with distinction and dedication. Duty has been their credo; they were born and bred to lead. In their

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competitiveness, love of sport, home, and Harvard there is something of the Kennedy story in the five Cutler brothers, whose stalwart father offered them solid cash for each year that they abstained from tobacco.

Robert Cutler was the author of several moderately successful novels in his youth, and he retains the novelist's eye for the significant detail and gift for characterization. In his colorful portrait we see Boston's crusty Cardinal O'Connell, who "waited upon" every President from Taft on, until FDR dismissed him by calling him "Bill"; the legendary James M. Curley, his voice "dripping with . . honey"; Henry L. Stimson, with his Roman haircut and high-laced shoes, his smile fighting "through Presbyterian granite"; John J. McCloy with his "kinetic energy"; the obsessed Forrestal, "alone on the naked shingle of the world"; the "august" Marshall, unwilling to submit himself to Roosevelt's charm, yet holding his complete trust; FDR, himself, "like shining quicksilver"; and, sensitively limned, the slender, eloquent Maurice Tobin, who with Cutler's aid twice bested Curley as mayor of Boston, only to die tragically at age forty-seven while serving in President Truman's Cabinet.

However, Cutler's most unique assignment came when he was approached in 1952 by the "lean and hard" Sherman Adams, who invited him to join the Eisenhower campaign train because "the candidate wants someone to talk to." Although it is fashionable today to denigrate Eisenhower, from the viewpoint of history it is far too early to achieve any real appraisal of either the man who became Cutler's hero and "beau ideal" or his Administration.

Cutler does not try. What he does convey is the "communion," the idealistic fervor aroused by this most beloved of American Presidents: 60,000 clotting the Common in Boston in the "nipping, eager air," the sunburned hero smiling, waving his arms above his head. Cutler exults: "The New Deal and Harry Truman's deal were coming to an end! We were embarking together on a Great Crusade."

For many the stimulation of the New Frontier was found in those early days of the Eisenhower Administration; to Cutler, it was an unmatched experience. He was impressed by Eisenhower's concept of his Presidential role, his "profound sense of order, delegation, and responsibility," his insistence on saving himself for "the Big Decisions." Cutler recalls the President's calm when learning that "Uncle Joe" was dead, Eisenhower's steady hand "on the tiller" during the hours of trial when he was landing the Marines in Lebanon, his fortitude during illness.

This was a Washington where Cabinet meetings began with prayer, where "friends who wore the same yoke" gathered around the White House piano to sing *The Old Rugged Cross*, and where Massachusetts Yankee Sinclair Weeks would take friends for a mule and barge ride down the old Chesapeake and Ohio canal. Cutler's admiration was unwavering for his friend and chief—his humanity, his warmth, "his wholesome honesty and moral purpose." To say, as Cutler says now, that what America needs is "a good man . . . more than she needs anything else" may be a simplification in the Atomic Age, but it is surely illustrative of the hold "Ike" had and still has upon the American people.

This is the major contribution of Mr. Cutler's book. For the average reader there may be too much about Harvard, athletic teams, Boston law firms, and the vagaries of the Cutler digestive tract. But for those who, from a distance, have envied the charmed world of the Proper Bostonian, Cutler's picture of the Hub's suburban life at the turn of the century and of the sacred world of "the clubs," the Porcellian at Harvard and the Tavern in town, will prove fascinating.

Characteristically, of all the honors that have been given him, including the Distinguished Service medal, none meant more to Cutler than the accolade of Charles Francis Adams, grandson and great-grandson of Boston-born Presidents: "By Christ, you are a good man!"

The Celebrity Circuit

The View from the Sixties: Memories of a Spent Life, *by George Oppenheimer (McKay. 263 pp. $5), looks back on the author's experiences and friendships in the theater, film, and publishing worlds. H. Allen Smith's thirtieth book, "Son of Rhubarb," will be published toward the end of this year.*

By H. ALLEN SMITH

GEORGE OPPENHEIMER is drama critic for *Newsday,* way out yonder on Long Island. He has served time as an offbeat college boy, dabbled around Broadway, been involved in the book-publishing dodge, and labored in the oubliettes of Hollywood. ("Oubliette" means "dungeon." I could have said "dungeon," but this is a book review.)

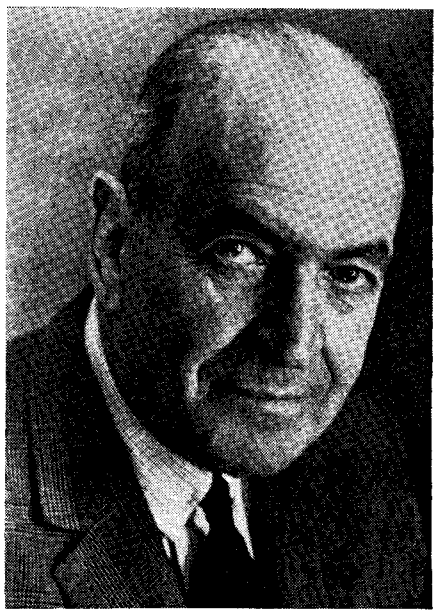
It is my guess that people have been coming to Mr. Oppenheimer and saying, "George dahling, you knew all those gorgeous people at first hand—you tell such chomming stories about them—you simply *owe* it to us to write your autobiography." Damned if the guy hasn't done it.

This is a common and unfortunate error on the part of writers who have brushed shoulders with all those gorgeous people. Silly creatures *do* persuade them to write their autobiographies. It even happened to me.

Mr. Oppenheimer confesses at some length that he has often been called a name-dropper. I hope, therefore, that he doesn't object to my acclaiming him as the champ. He drops names with a steady, unremitting rhythm. There is a rule governing the wholesale dropping of names, and it is surprising that Mr. O. hasn't heard about it. A writer's connection with a celebrity is worth setting down only if there is an adventure, an anecdote, in which the writer and the celebrity are involved together and in which the adventure or the anecdote overshadows the inherent power and glory of the celebrity. It is not cricket to say, "Then I was introduced to Robert Benchley. He is the one who made the famous comical remark . . ." This type of thing pops up too often in Mr. Oppenheimer's book.

There are times, however, when the comical remark is made by the celebrity straight at Mr. Oppenheimer himself, and that makes it legit—provided it is clear. Some of the comical remarks in this book whizzed past me like moon-

(*Continued on page* 86)



—*Newsday photo by Nightingale.*

George Oppenheimer—"no warts show."

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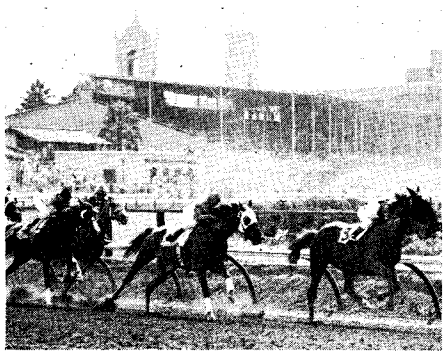
exciting



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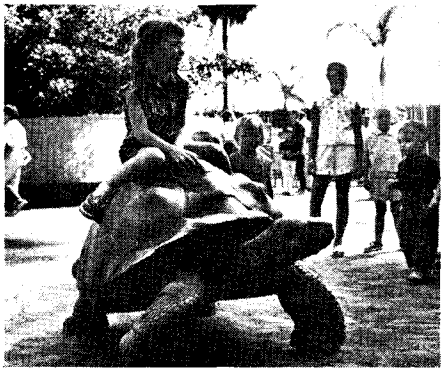

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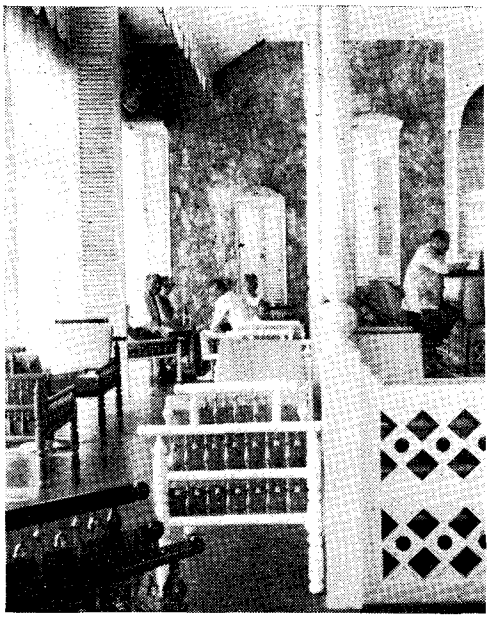
To Fill It In or Not, That's the Question

QUITE SOME YEARS ago, in the course of a journey around the world, I washed up on the island of Singapore for the prime purpose of declaiming from a podium. I am not a speech-maker by design or desire, but I had been asked by the Pacific Area Travel Association, whose delegates were in convention, to address them on the subject of travel barriers. Jets were just coming in that year and I elected to follow the existing jet trails as they wound around the world, a routing that took me across the Atlantic from New York and then from Paris to Moscow and from Moscow down through Soviet Central Asia to India and so through the Far East and across the Pacific.

By the time I got to the hall in Singapore I had put in over a decade breaching the barriers of the world's nations; on this trip I had, not always without difficulty, entered and departed from France, the Soviet Union, and India, and had invaded the host city in which I was staying. In my talk on the impediments to free tourist travel I compared the ease of entering and leaving the Soviet Union with the difficulties I had faced trying to be a tourist in free India, which then entangled the tourist in a hopeless web of restrictions and regulations. This obviously evil comparison, I was later to find out from accomplices down front, was to inspire some down-the-nose looks from the audience, and here and there a



At the Oberoi International Hotel, after the forms are all filled out.

Beware the Transit Passenger: This human being, who minds his own business, bears the world no ill. All he asks is to be left in peace during the forty-five-minute groundstop when his aircraft, due to reasons beyond his control, has to refuel, disgorge terminating passengers, mail, and cargo, and uplift other passengers, mail, and cargo.

He is a silent spectator. A bird of passage. He has no time for or interest in the joys or vexations of the country he transits. If he can find a comfortable lounge in which to spend his forty-five minutes, a few shops—maybe an attractive bar—he asks for naught else. In fact, he's prepared to spend his foreign exchange, if the local authorities have the mental wherewithal to realize that he's a customer with no designs on anything they possess.

Then why, in the name of reason, do so many countries harass, pressure, persecute, and vex this lamb of travel, whose only crime is that he has to spend the better part of an hour on soil not of his choosing.

In several countries he can be arrested and deported because he has no transit visa for your land. In others, he's dragged out of his plane in the small hours of the morning to have his health certificates perused, his passport scrutinized, as though the officials were reading the meatier portions of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

Why should a transit passenger not have the right to stay on board his aircraft at a transit stop? Why should you, bound for Sydney or Fiji, be forced to leave your airplane at Perth for a thorough going-over? And Australia's a long way from being the only country that harasses in this manner. There should be a law that says: Suffer the transit passenger to sit in peace; he does not have the pox, does not covet your wife, and is too dog-tired to take over your government!

—Bobby Kooka, to the delegates of the PATA Convention, New Delhi, 1966.

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whisper of "Who is this Communist?"

Recollections of those days came flooding back to me when I found myself in New Delhi recently where the delegates of the Pacific and Asian nations had gathered once again, and were this time enjoying the blandishments of Mr. Bobby Kooka, the commercial director of Air India. An immensely talented and urbane individual equipped with a sharply honed sense of humor, Mr. Kooka spoke with no little incisiveness on the matter of "Facilitation," the seven-dollar word for what we used to call "travel barriers." Drawing from his own experience and from the reports he had requested from Air India offices all over the world, Mr. Kooka let fly. It began like this:

> Ladies and Gentlemen, a few years ago we were starry-eyed at the thought of vast planeloads of passengers moving at 600 m.p.h. And today, when you fly ten miles a minute, it's bad arithmetic to spend the equivalent of 600 miles on the ground, and far worse to spend 600 miles on arrival at the airport of your destination, answering inane questions asked by weary men in tired uniforms, who don't speak your language, who appear to dislike your face, who scrutinize your passport and health documents with a curiosity that would kill all the cats of Siam. And why? Because you chose to come 10,000 miles to spend your hard-earned money looking at their country.
>
> And remember that in a few years the airlines of the world will be operating the stretched jet—elongated, subsonic aircraft carrying twice the number of passengers—and more—than on today's large Boeings and Douglases. This is no figment of the imagination. Planeloads of 300 to 500 passengers will have to clear formalities, outgoing and incoming, in the space of thirty minutes. If the governments of the world carry on as they are doing today, the prospects are pretty miserable.
>
> One hundred and ninety countries are pledged to cooperate and coordinate at government level, to honor and obey the provisions and resolutions of Annexure 9 of ICAO [International Civil Aviation Organization], their Facilitation offspring. Annex 9 is the father and mother of Facilitation. But when you gaze on the happenings in a number of PATA countries, you get the impression that these good folk never got around to getting married!
>
> IATA [International Air Transport Association] may be all right and PATA no less so—but how can a foreigner, an alien, know what the local problems are. *Laissez-faire* is something you practice in another's country. Your troubles are peculiar to you and unknown to the outside world. And so another nail is dug in the coffin of old Annex 9, in case freedom raises its ugly head.
>
> If you're an African, a Bulgarian, a Chinese from the People's Republic, a

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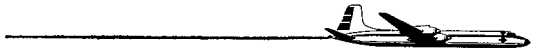

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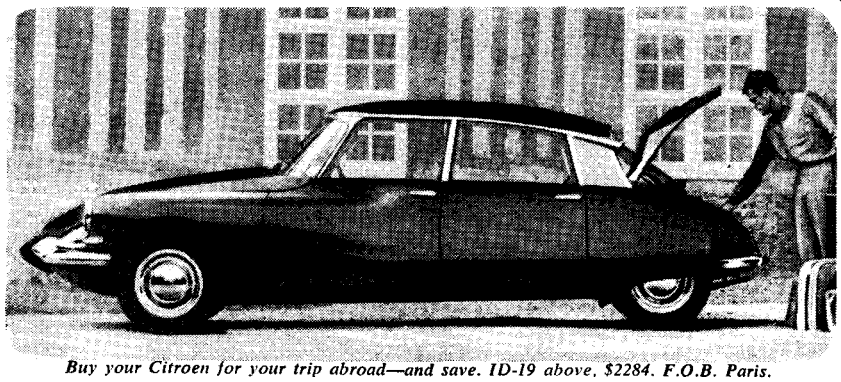

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On the other side of the political curtain, it's significant to note that Eastern European countries and the USSR are only interested in the color of your money, not in the color of your political thinking. Your foreign exchange is what they want; they couldn't care less about your wife's Christian name and the street where she lives. Customs, immigration, and health checkpoints are simple and civilized.

Even the cigarettes and liquor you bring in are duty-free. Eastern Europe has done away with the baggage declaration form, and this should be a pointer to countries that are proud of their democratic thinking.

Today, a round-the-world traveler with nineteen countries on his itinerary will have to supply answers to as many as 752 questions and fill out forty-nine pieces of paper.

It all sounded somewhat like a similar comparison, perhaps equally odious to the delegates, which I had delivered so long before, and not nearly so engagingly, in Singapore. Almost a decade had passed and the delegates were still nibbling away at the same old problem. Mr. Kooka, for his part, drove his point home even further. He commenced a roll call of nations and discussed what had been done in each country since the matter of "Facilitation" had been discussed at the 1962 meeting of the Pacific Area Travel Association that took place in Hong Kong. The first to feel his shaft was Australia, a sitting duck if there ever was one, and then New Zealand, which, with the opening at last of its new jet airport and the emergence of Air New Zealand, was now making a major bid for visitors. Of the dark ways pursued Down Under, Mr. Kooka had this to say:

> Australia must be singled out for great advance since Facilitation was last discussed at PATA Hong Kong in 1962. It's heartening to realize that the manufacturers of government stationery in Australia are sensitive men, their antennae picking up the slightest sign of criticism from the outside world.
>
> And so I announce with pleasure that whereas a few years ago Australia had a king-size baggage declaration form, the authorities have shown commendable good sense in reducing the size of the document by half, and reducing the size of the type by the

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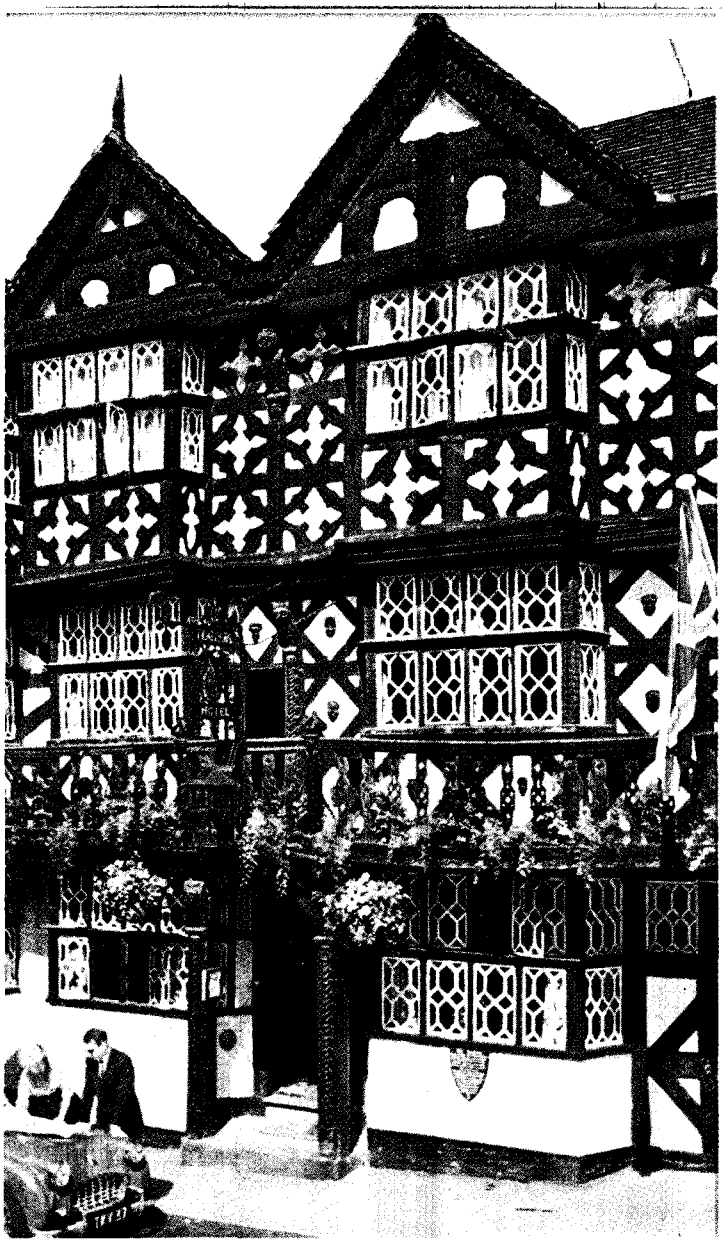
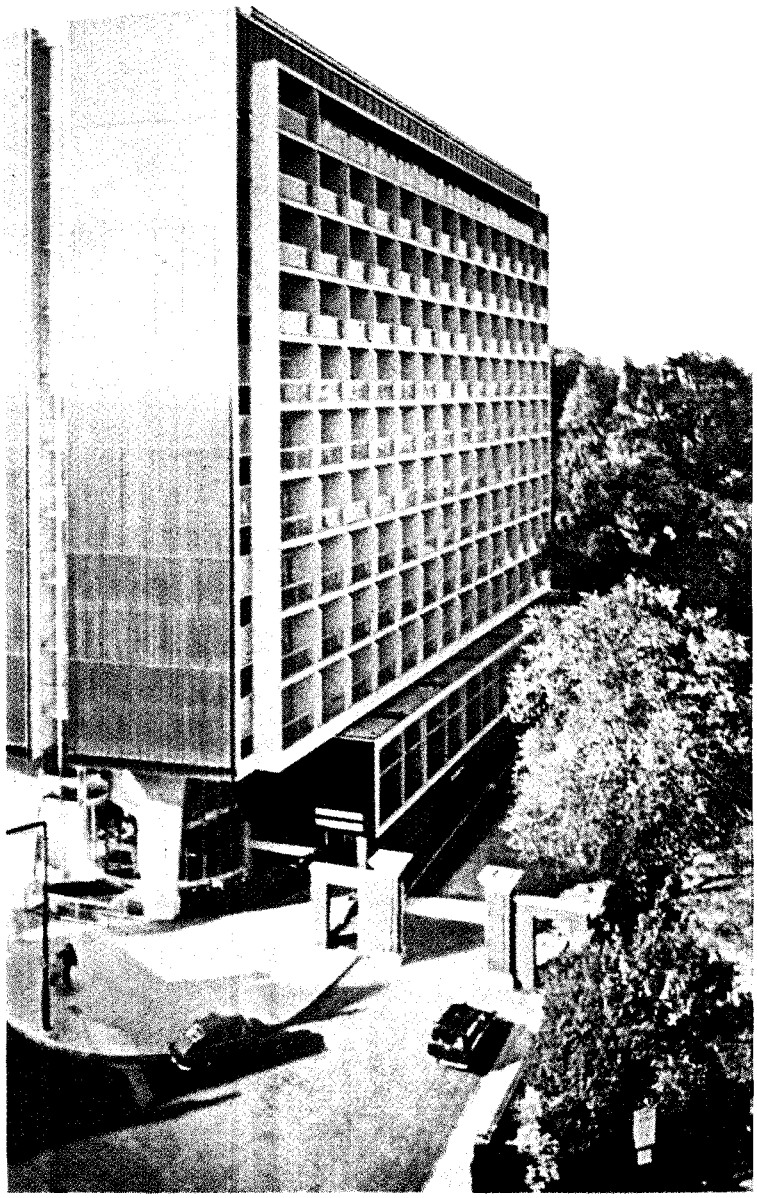


We've had great inns for centuries . . .



including the 20th century.

Come to Britain—ancient & mod

You'll see how the good cheer of our traditional inns has been preserved in our newest hotels; how the lovely past and the lively present make a new kind of excitement in today's Britain.

Start with the past, the way we did.

Drive through drowsy Shropshire and stop at The Feathers in hilly Ludlow town. It's known for the 400-year-old half-timbering you see in the picture, and for the taproom, where A. E. Housman wrote poems about "pints and quarts of Ludlow beer."

When you're back in London from these "shires where the girls are fonder, towns where the pots hold more," check in at a modern hostelry like the brand-new Royal Garden, overlooking Kensington Palace.

You'll find that the charm of the past has come along with you, all the way into the 20th century.

For a free 52-page color book about all this, send the coupon or see your travel agent.

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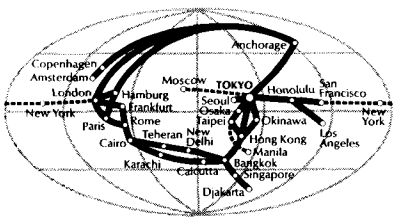

JAPAN AIR LINES

the worldwide airline of Japan

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identical quantum, thereby retaining the wealth of the written matter—in its entirety! And to prove their desire to be helpful, the following words are inscribed at the bottom of Page 2: "If space insufficient, continue on back of form."

In that baggage declaration form the search for truth continues. Apart from common or garden firearms, the authorities are eager to know whether you're carrying air pistols, spearheaded knives, daggers, coshes, knuckle-dusters (which, for the uninitiated, is not an item for my lady's boudoir table), and of course swordsticks.

The next line warns you that if you're accompanied by sausages and salami, you'll be in trouble.

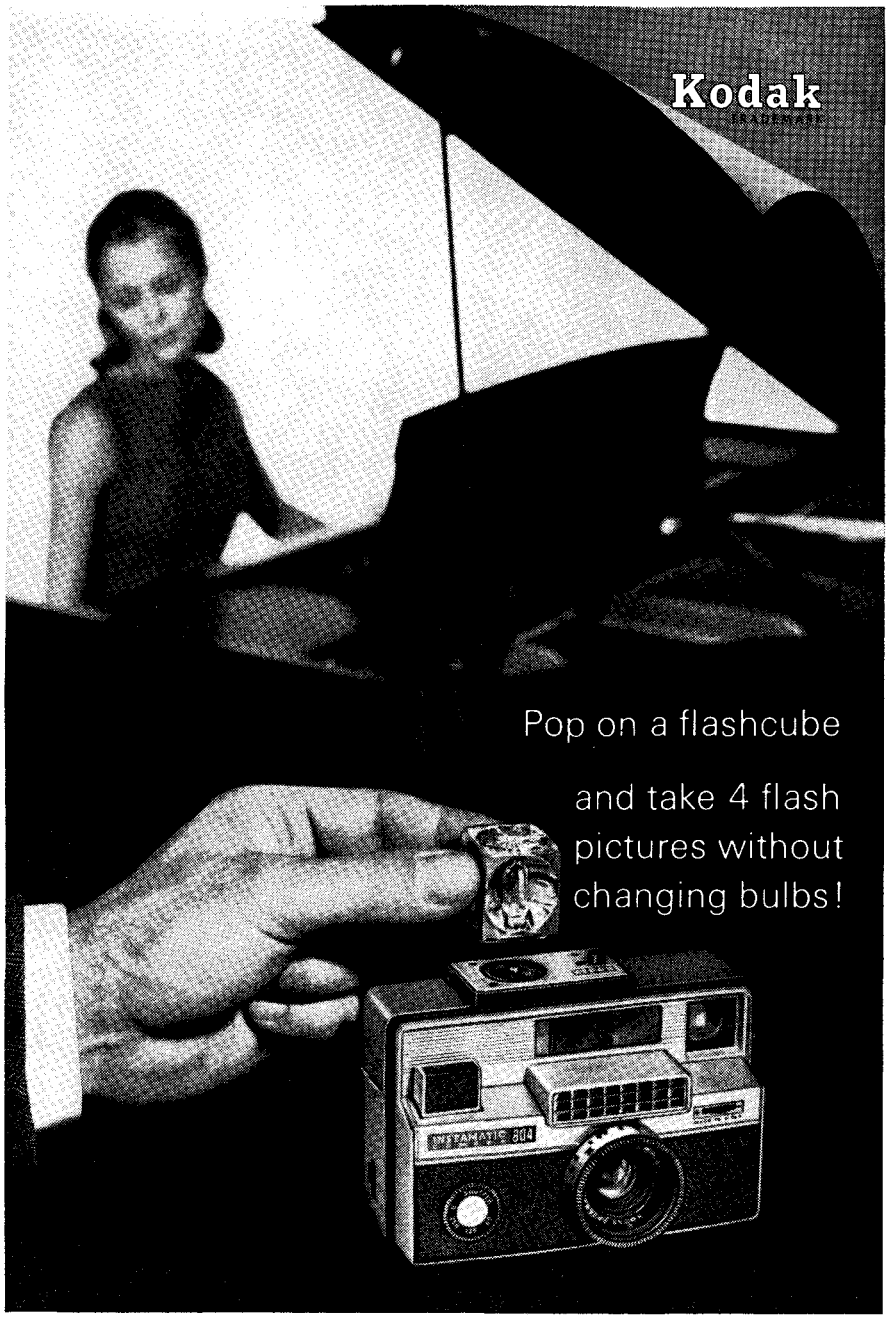
The ensuing queries are of a more personal nature: Have you in your baggage insects in any stage of development? And how are you fixed for animal hairs? The final line wants to know if you or any of your family live on a farm, have visited a farm in the last three months, or whether you've visited an abbatoir or a meat packing joint during these ninety days.

The men who devised New Zealand's baggage declaration form appear to be related to those who thought up Australia's document. For instance, are you bringing into New Zealand viruses or bacteria? Mounted fish? A used saddle-horse rug? Are you bringing in any footwear or clothes worn by you in any slaughterhouse? Have you any wheeled toys with you? (This one is obviously not as innocent as it sounds.)

New Zealand also wants to have a list of the countries you've visited during the past three months. And for good measure, the following is inscribed on the front page: "Any person who makes any declaration under the Customs Act which is erroneous in any particular, shall be liable to a penalty of £120 (Section 211, Customs Act 1913)."

This is proof, if proof were needed, that New Zealand does not let a single year slip by without modifying and bringing up to date its passenger baggage declaration form.

When he came to his own country, Mr. Kooka was understandably in a cramped political position. He said India had come a long way since "we used to work a flit pump over a planeload of passengers to prove how happy we were to welcome them." He hit hard at the Indian questionnaire, which asks passengers where they have spent the last nine nights. And he criticized his country's dilapidated airport buildings, but in the matter of facilitation he didn't go nearly far enough. India's entry requirements are still among the world's most tiresome. Among nations actively out to entice visitors, its formalities are probably the most tiresome. One needs a visa and to get a tourist visa one must answer fourteen questions, supply three photographs, and pay $2.10, plus seventy



Now the most automatic of cameras does even more for you.

This camera makes it so much easier for you to take the indoor pictures you've always wanted. The new instant-loading KODAK INSTAMATIC 804 Camera does practically everything for you automatically. It even gives you automatic flash advance with the new rotating flashcube! It automatically adjusts for film speed... automatically advances the film for you after each shot... automatically adjusts the fast f2.8 lens for correct daylight exposure... automatically warns you when you need to use flash... automatically switches to flash speed when you pop on a flashcube... automatically sets itself for correct flash exposure as you focus... automatically indicates by rangefinder when focus is correct... and more, much more! Yet this most helpful of precision cameras costs less than $125.

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KODAK INSTAMATIC 804 Camera

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—HORACE SUTTON, *Saturday Review*

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cents if the passport is to be mailed. In describing the object of the journey, full particulars must be given, attaching a separate sheet if necessary. If full particulars are not given, the visa may be delayed or refused.

The night I arrived in New Delhi from Bangkok, all delegates to the meeting of the Pacific Area Travel Association were separated from rank-and-file passengers and welcomed with garlands of flowers threaded with strands of silver. But the courtesy of the port, as it used to be called, ended right there. We filled out a disembarkation card with nine questions. Then came the "Personal Declaration of Origin and Health" asking the questions about the nine prior nights. (Nobody was interested in looking at an immunization record.) Then came a form thirteen and a half inches long and eight inches wide, asking arriving passengers to describe the make and brand, the cost and number of years used, of their cameras, binoculars, tape recorders, "portable wireless receiving sets," portable typewriters, firearms, personal jewelry and "additional items, if any."

For a clincher, a dour, harried clerk shoved on us a "Currency Declaration Form," which required one to stand there in the open terminal, open his billfold, and count his money for heavens knows what mountebank to see. Thereafter one was supposed to keep this form on his person and have it officially

stamped whenever changing money at the official exchange.

It was a long and tedious process that would have wilted a welcome or a flower, and succeeded in doing both. Happier days had to be ahead, for India is an immensely interesting and fascinating country. We drove off at last to the splendor of the new Oberoi Intercontinental Hotel and entered its marble halls. The greeting at the desk was warm and genuine. And then the clerk said, "Would you mind filling out this form?"

—HORACE SUTTON.

By the way . . .
What would you say is the most fascinating vacation spot in the world?

It's Surinam (used to be called Dutch Guiana) in South America.
Only a few jet hours away.

Relax in spacious air-conditioned luxury at the new Surinam-Torarica Hotel, with its enormous pool, tropical gardens, elegant gaming casino, and French chefs serving the finest continental cuisine. It's in Paramaribo, the tropical Dutch city (full of Javanese batikwork, Hindustani filigree, hand wrought gold jewelry, primitive art works). A unique mixture of cultures. Visit Moslem mosques, Hindustani minarets, East Indian bazaars, ancient Dutch buildings and a 217 year old synagogue.

You will be on the edge of the primeval jungle. Visit primitive Amerindian and Bush Negro Villages virtually untouched by civilization. See exotic fish, dugout canoes, parrots, native fire dances. Set aside a day (or two, or three) to go upriver in the jungle with native guides.

Send in this coupon and find out how you can make your next vacation a fascinating experience you'll be talking about for years. Or call (212) CO 5-1783. Or ask your Travel Agent.

Yes, I want to make my next vacation an unforgettable adventure. Send me more information about fascinating Surinam. And how I can get there for a special budget price. SR

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Another fine Executive House Hotel

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Laugh. Burst into song. Bust a bunch of balloons. Have a ball. Greece.

We won't mind.

In fact, we'll do everything to encourage you to be happy. And gay. And to squeeze every ounce of enjoyment out of life.

We wouldn't be Greek if we didn't.

Example: An American tourist just landed in Athens for the first time. He asked the cab driver if he would put some of that "Never-on-Sunday-kind-of-bouzouki music" on his radio.

"Bouzouki, bouzouki," laughed the driver as he slammed on the brakes, dashed back to the trunk, returned with a pile of bouzouki records, slipped one in his cab's record player, turned up the volume, turned down the windows, and burst into a haunting, romantic, lyrical song.

It's like that everywhere you go in our sunny, fun-loving country.

Picture yourself in a quaint vine-covered taverna in the Plaka. (The old, old city of Athens: a sort of Greek Montmartre.)

You're sipping your first glass of delicate retsina wine, and are about to dig into a batch of juicy charcoal-broiled lamb chops.

A bunch of balloons pop; people start laughing; the table next to you bursts into song; and the whole taverna is caught up in a swinging happy exuberant mood.

You will be, too.

Though be sure to partake of our lovely 3-hour afternoon siesta; it'll give you a lot more zip and pep for the evening's festivities.

Especially in Athens, where dinner starts at 9, and every night is Saturday night.

Even on Sunday.

See your travel agent. Or clip this ad for free maps, romantic island lure, colorful travel folders.

And don't be surprised if you find yourself laughing, singing, dancing, and tossing a couple of cups and saucers into the air.

Even before you land.

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Down on the Reservation

How to Keep 'Em Wondering While You're Wandering

By LINCOLN HAYNES

EVERYBODY SAYS Americans are a flabby bunch these days—too much fat on the moral fiber. Everybody has a cure. Here's mine: Abolish the travel reservation.

A reader wrote to a magazine recently about his sorry safari: In planning his trip abroad he found that hotel and airline accommodations were snapped up a year in advance by the big cruise crews, leaving the wayfaring stranger "to trust to last-minute luck to work things out."

What in the world has happened to our pioneer spirit? Did the patriots reserve a table before throwing the Boston Tea Party? Did the frontier woman make sure of a firm booking around the next campfire before she crossed the wide prairies? Did Columbus have a reservation at the Hispaniola Hilton?

A few Americans still push themselves through harsh, savage ordeals to prove they're tough—climbing Everest, running the bulls at Pamplona, tooling up the Amazon without a paddle. Well, I went around the world without a reservation—because it was *there*. (At last report.)

The first lap was easy. I drove a rental car to Seattle, turned it in at the travel agency and handed the man the keys. He asked if I was going to do much sightseeing around town.

"Might take in a movie," I said, "but then I have to go around the world. I'm catching a plane for Tokyo."

"What flight are you booked on, sir?"

"I'm not."

"Well, when are you leaving?"

"I don't know. When's the next plane?"

He chuckled. "Have your little joke, sir. Now here's a new luxury service starting next month with kimono-clad pilots, a kabuki play in the aisles and—"

"I want the next flight out."

"Tonight?"

"Tonight."

The fellow gritted his teeth as if cracking some kind of nut. "Just like that?"

"Well, like I said, I might catch a movie first."

"And you have no reservation?"

"I need one for the movie?"

"The flight to Tokyo, sir, is a 5,000-mile international trip. It takes a passport, visa, shot record. . . ."

I had them all. I pulled them out, opened them up, and spread them at his feet. Then I pulled out my book of travelers' checks, flicked his pen from his pocket and pressed the trigger.

"Shall I start signing? Or do I take my business down the street to the Trans-Siberian Railroad?"

He sighed and produced an Official Airline Guide. "I think we just may have a seat left on tonight's flight."

Well, it was the lonesomest ride since Lady Godiva's. As far as Anchorage I had a pleasant drink or two with an executive of a chain of California swimming-pool builders, on his way to sell some Alaskan franchises, but after that the crowd thinned down to a couple of Japanese playing Go—and explaining karate defense to the stewardess.

The only trouble was that when we landed in Tokyo, seven hours later, it was the same night—and also the next night, depending on how you figure. I was still sleepy, so I headed for what looked like a Mayan ruin but turned out to be the Imperial Hotel. To prove I was wise to the ways of travel I took off my shoes at the door, as they do in the Japanese movies, and carried them to the front desk.

The clerk told me I was in a Western-style hotel and could feel free to wear my shoes. Then he asked my name and began thumbing through sheaves of documents covered with stamps and seals and cryptograms. I thought he was inscrutably checking me in, but I was wrong. He checked me out.

"I do not find your reservation, sir." He sucked in his breath and shook his head apologetically.

"Don't have one. I'm playing it by ear."

He sucked in his breath and shook his head some more, thumbed his documents again and began to talk wistfully about the unique beauty of the cherry blossoms that week. I told him I was looking forward to seeing them on the morrow. He told me that so were a lot of other travelers who had come to Japan for that purpose. I finally got his message, though he was too polite to say it: There wasn't a vacant hotel room in Tokyo.

There were, however, plenty of Turk-

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ish baths. I had a *kamikaze* cab driver zero in on one. I was happy to get a private room by the hour.

Well, that's the way it went as I pushed around the world—fiercely independent, and hang the timetable. True, there was a hitch here and there—I had to wait half an hour for a camel at the Great Pyramid. And the next train over the Alps—the long-awaited scenic ride of my life—turned out to be at night, so I saw nothing but my sheepish reflection in the window. But on the whole it was mad, improvised fun. Even London.

That was my last stop, and that's where I found that the summer tourist season had caught up with me and the hotels. It was like Tokyo, left-hand driving and all—give or take a few cherry blossoms. I had to hitchhike fifteen miles out of town and bunk with a friend at the U.S. air base.

Next day I canvassed the hotels again. After getting lost on the Underground to Cockfosters and taxiing halfway to Scotland and back, I finally found a cell up under the eaves of a rambling old rat maze in Russell Square. The price included breakfast in the buttery, and the BBC was piped into every room, but I'd hate to be caught atop those corkscrew stairs in a fire, or even a vice raid.

I was still asleep at ten the next morning when they interrupted the BBC to page me on the public address system. It seems I was being evicted by a bloc of Australian delegates to a morris dancers' hootenanny.

Pity. I had wanted to catch a particularly racy new West End comedy, but decided to heck with it: I'd take the next flight to New York, skip dinner for a month, and see the Broadway rerun.

But on my way to Heathrow Airport they rolled out the fog, and by noon they were announcing a three-hour delay and leading me out of the waiting room for a free lunch of stones and scones. Then they canceled the flight till next day and said I could check into one of London's best hotels as the BOAC's guest.

I checked into just that, then wondered if I should go up to my room and listen to the BBC. But I decided instead that it might be fun to walk through a London fog. It was past the pea-soup stage and going on cream of mushroom by the time I hit the Haymarket, however, and I realized that any second I might hit something harder. I started groping for the only cluster of lights in sight.

It was the theater showing the racy comedy I'd wanted to catch. There were plenty of tickets, since the fog had kept all but the raciest patrons at home, so I bought one and relaxed till they rolled the stuff up again.

Best show I ever saw—without reservation.

When you do Venice, do it justice.

But do it.

Centuries ago Venice was built smack on the water as a fortress against outsiders.

But the plans went wrong.

Perhaps it was the sun, or all those reflections, or that Venetian moon dancing around those candy spires.

At any rate, people today say it's so beautiful they just can't stay away.

Time has seasoned all that architecture, those romantic canals, and the descendants of those ancient gondoliers.

Weathered and worldly, the city possesses an all-pervading enchantment.

So if you're going to see Venice, don't you think you should give it time to work its charms?

Sure, you can do the little lace shops, eye the handiwork of the legendary glassblowers, spin through the casino on the Lido, loll on the famous beaches or stroll the labyrinthine passageways... all in pretty good time.

But some insiders say Venice is best at dawn, when the last of the party-goers are floating home.

And others... no, let's stop. These discoveries are yours to make. And we certainly want to do you justice.

VENICE

Complete information and travel plans are available through your Travel Agent or any Alitalia Airlines Ticket Office. (Alitalia—first and fastest way to Venice, and to all of Italy.) Write for literature to: Italian State Tourist Office, 626 Fifth Avenue, New York; Ente Provinciale per il Turismo; or Azienda Autonoma Soggiorno e Turismo, Venice, Italy.

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Alexander Graham Bell Would Be Amazed at All the Changes

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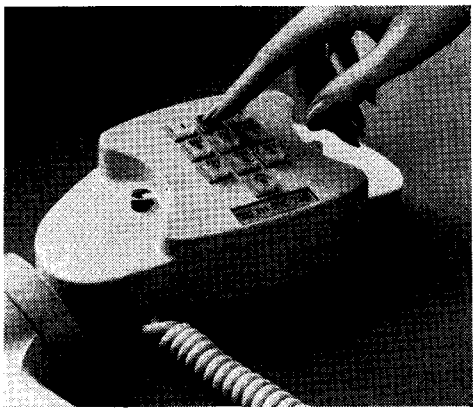

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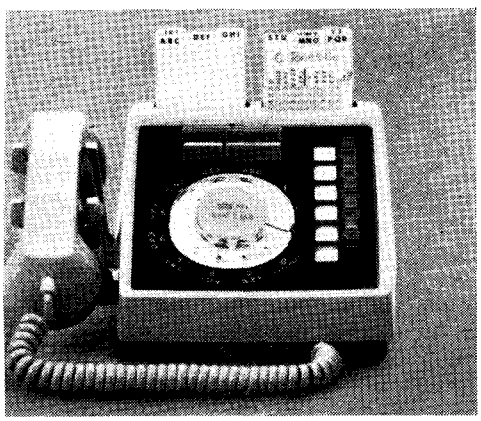

Card Dialer telephone. Just pop a card in a slot and press a button for automatic dialing.

THE STORY of the Bell System is the story of more and more service for more and more people. The all-important word is Service and it is constantly in our thoughts and acts.

As more and more information is handled over electrical communications, our overall duty to society is bound to increase. Hence the obligation that rests upon us to provide dependable, accurate systems and service is greater than ever before.

Much has already been done to meet the nation's needs.

Greater Reach and Value

The number of telephones has increased about three and a third times in the last twenty years. Conversations have gone from 40 billion a year to 130 billion. A wide variety of new services and instruments has been introduced.

The overall value of the telephone has thus been increased. You can call more people and more people can call you. Local calling areas are larger. A third of the calls we used to handle as Long Distance now go through as local.

At the same time, Long Distance has grown in value. The service is clearer, faster and more convenient. Direct Distance Dialing has been extended so that four out of five users can now dial across the country.

20 Reductions in Long Distance Rates

There have been more than twenty reductions in Long Distance interstate rates in the past thirty years. The last was just a year ago and saved $100,000,000 for telephone users.

Whatever the need or the hour, the telephone and telephone people are on hand to serve you.

For the telephone never sleeps and never takes a day off. If it's an emergency for you, it's an emergency for us.

Services for the Handicapped

An important part of our endeavors is to provide services to help the handicapped.

There are some thirty of these, including the artificial larynx and "Seeing Aid" equipment that enables blind people to secure jobs as private switchboard operators.

Thousands of shut-ins are able to go to school from home or hospital with the help of Bell System School-to-Home telephone service.

Call Director® telephone has as many as 30 buttons for intercommunicating.

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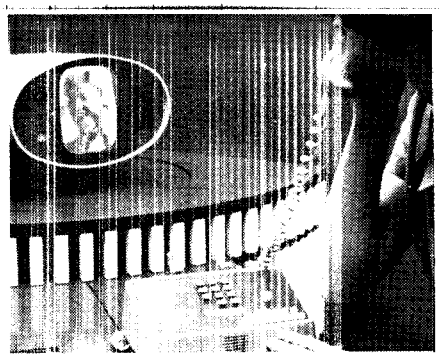

Picturephone® service will let you see as well as talk. Now operating in three cities to test future feasibility.

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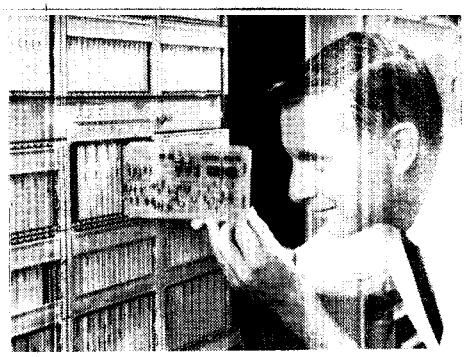

Electronic Switching System is the big thing for the future. Its logic, command and memory features will provide new services.

Dependability and Survivability

We think you would like to know that we have laid out our facilities to provide the greatest assurance of the dependability and survivability of essential communications.

In addition to the blast-resistant underground coaxial cable from coast to coast, we have built alternate routes around critical target areas and added express routes that bypass such areas entirely. There is standby power in countless telephone exchanges to handle local and state emergencies.

The blast-resistant cable has hundreds of repeater stations buried in concrete. Also, far underground at strategic locations, are a number of manned test centers with emergency stocks of food and water.

Bringing the World Closer

Deep down in the seas, telephone cables now make conversations between continents as clear as talking across the street. Up in space, the Bell System's Telstar® satellite led the way in showing that satellites could be used for worldwide communications.

Data-Phone® service transmits business data swiftly, economically.

®Service mark of the Bell System

Progress in Space Communications

Other activities in space are also tied closely to telephone progress. Communication systems link launch pads, control centers, astronauts and computers.

Circuits made possible by the transistor and other devices born of telephone research help guide space capsules and satellites into orbit.

The widespread progress of communications in this country could not have been accomplished or undertaken without the time-proved setup of the Bell System. Money and size alone could not do it.

You could have all the separate parts of the Bell System—the Bell Telephone Laboratories, the Western Electric Company, and the local Bell Telephone companies—and not have the benefits of all those parts fitted together in a nationwide whole.

Teamwork Gets Things Done

Research, manufacturing and operations are combined in one organization with this primary purpose . . . to give you the best possible communication services, in ever-increasing measure, at fair cost.

The record is good. But much more will be required to meet the needs of a fast-moving, fast-growing nation.

It will take, in addition to all else, the financial strength that comes from adequate earnings. And the latitude, under regulation, that provides the freedom to innovate and grow.

A Promise for Tomorrow

Given the means and the opportunity, we are confident that tomorrow will bring a wholly new scope and usefulness to communication services, beyond anything you have ever known before.

TRADITION OF SERVICE

We describe it in homely, time-honored, deeply felt words—"The Spirit of Service."

But this is not something just to talk about. It is something we live by.

It becomes more visible under stress or disaster—hurricane or fire, earthquake or flood—but in order to show at those times it must be deep in people at all times. This quality in human effort is what great goals are made of.

Chairman of the Board
American Telephone & Telegraph Company

Bell System
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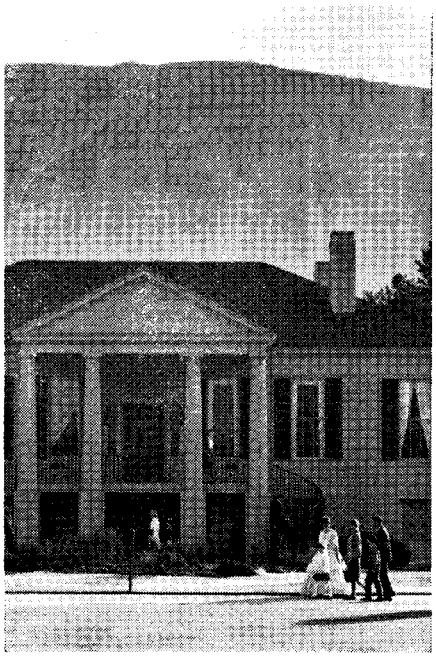

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Theater of the Ear

TWO SHORT PLAYS presented recently by WRVR, the FM station of Riverside Church in New York City, suggest that a new generation of playwrights could be writing fresh, compelling radio drama if there were a radio theater for which they could write. *Icarus* and *4-H Club* are the work of Sam Shepard, a twenty-two-year-old off-off-Broadway playwright whose plays have been produced in churches and café theaters. Puzzling, bizarre, pedestrian, yet touched with ominous overtones of violence and horror, they require of the listener that he enter into a guessing game with the author, trying to decipher the symbolism that one suspects is latent under the deceptive simplicity of the apparent content.

Listeners to WRVR in the past two years have had recurrent opportunities to compare old and new styles in radio drama. The station, under the imaginative leadership of Jack D. Summerfield as general manager, has been seeking "to rekindle an interest in radio as a basic medium for drama, and to provide a forum for some of the newest and most energetic forces in the American theater today." The station picked up a three-hour discussion recently, which began at midnight on the stage of an off-Broadway theater, in which producers, critics, and actors spoke with eloquence and passion of the *Marat/Sade* "total theater" play—a dialogue that developed into a probing examination of the state of the theater in the world today. WRVR presented classical and modern versions of *Hamlet* in 1963. In 1964, listeners heard performances of *As You Like It* and Bernard Shaw's *Man of Destiny*. Last Christmas, there was a "free adaptation of the medieval miracle plays," presented with charm and simple dignity, as well as Stephen Vincent Bénet's *Into Egypt*. A week later, Samuel Beckett's latest work for radio, *Cascando*, "a piece for music and voice," had its American premiere over WRVR, and in March, the two Sam Shepard plays launched the station's Riverside Radio Theater.

A group of three programs from the BBC by Barry Bermange called "Inventions for Radio" have been presented more recently. No actors are used in them, only voices from real life skillfully edited and formally arranged in patterns of silence and pure electronic sounds, expressing feelings about dreams, the afterlife, and God.

But *Icarus* and *4-H Club* are representatives of original, contemporary American radio drama (electronic music was composed especially for their radio presentation, yet they remain essentially stage pieces performed in another medium). *Icarus* is set near a beach. Three young men and two girls, their picnic ended, await a display of fireworks. A jet plane flies erratically above them, two of the men send smoke signals to the plane, the third man and the girls go for walks on the beach, the plane writes $E=mc^2$ in the sky and crashes in the sea amid bursts of explosive emotion from the cast as a crowd quickly gathers to gape at the catastrophe. *4-H Club* is set in a kitchen containing three young men. Coffee is brewed, but there are no cups. One man crunches an apple, while another recalls mowing lawns for extra money. Desultory conversation explodes into violent fantasy as they pretend they are showering people in the street below with apples.

ONE man grows petulant for fear of mice in the garbage can, and his friends again erupt in a make-believe, atavistic destruction of the mice. Delicate sensibilities would find it difficult to take, yet there is a crude honesty in these abstract, impersonal beings who have only the vaguest, most tenuous relation to each other. If there is no meaning hidden here, the author is a skillful illusionist indeed.

Samuel Beckett's *Cascando* is also a difficult work; it needs more than one listening; but in its conciseness and compression, exploring the problem of human identity in two voices (one who speaks and one who knows), its impact resonates in the listener's mind. Beckett, of course, writes for radio because, in England, they pay well for radio drama: there is a market and an audience. Sam Shepard, who shares Beckett's world of abstraction, could undoubtedly contribute much to American radio drama, but he needs a market and an audience. His generation grew up without radio and is unaware of its power. Roger L. Stevens, the President's Special Assistant for the Arts, spoke seriously in a recent discussion of funding of creative radio experimentation. Now that some federal aid is beginning to flow to the arts, a grant to Riverside Radio Theater might be considered (it has earned it), in order to make it possible for contemporary young playwrights to explore in depth the fascinating dimensions radio offers their generation's unique approach to theater.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Strike Four

THE FOURTH and final production of the first Lincoln Center Repertory Theater season at the Beaumont Theater seems a jumpy and joyless labor for both cast and audience. Taking a cut version of Bertolt Brecht's long parable, *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, director Jules Irving has manufactured something far less effective than did Brecht at the Berliner Ensemble (1954), Alan Schneider at Washington, D.C.'s Arena Stage (1961), or Edward Payson Call at Minneapolis's Guthrie Theater (1965). Oddly enough, it is also well beneath what Carl M. Weber achieved with some of the same actors at San Francisco's Actor's Workshop in 1964.

The New York premiere abounds with mistakes that work to the detriment of the play. To begin with, the agrarian argument of the prologue is played on an apron stage in front of a curved curtain with a corrugated iron façade that suggests the remains of a burned-out warehouse. Undoubtedly designer James Stearns wanted to emphasize the fact that the play takes place in an atmosphere of postwar desolation, for when this iron curtain lifts we see a fragment of a bombed building standing in the center of a raised revolving stage. This anchors a half-stage curtain on each side of it. When these are open we glimpse the Caucasian mountains low in the vast, empty void behind. As in the Broadway production of *The Devils*, this void is distracting. And matters are made worse by another void, the apron stage, which remains forbidding and unused during the entire first and second acts.

The actors seem reconciled to their losing skirmishes with their physical environment and the acceleration demanded both by the cuts and the direction. Halfheartedly the prologue's goatherds oppose the building of a dam in their valley. Then a storyteller appears to sing, with robust mellifluity but with no great insight, the introduction and significance of the old fairy tale about Grusha, the peasant girl who risked everything to save an aristocratic child abandoned during a people's rebellion.

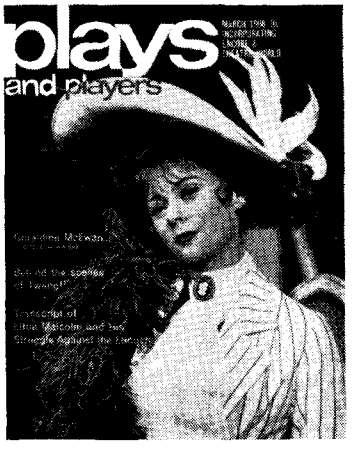
Amazingly, Elizabeth Huddle, whose simplicity, warmth, and directness made her a radiant Grusha in the San Francisco production, now seems rushed and unsure. Deprived of the time to engender a genuine response to the soldier Simon's awkward attempts at a proposal, her practical but eager "My answer is yes" reduces one of the play's most foolproof dramatic moments to a detail of exposition. Furthermore, when, a little later, we see Grusha striding breathlessly against the counter-motion of the fast-turning revolving stage and heaving a sigh of relief at its cessation, the audience laughs more in sympathy with the actress than with the character.

Another disappointment is the scene in which Grusha must carry the baby across a swaying mountain bridge. The use of a realistic and tricked-up bridge serves to push the event into cheap melodrama. At this point one cannot help recalling that not only was Brecht a poet strongly opposed to the introduction of "stage business," but also that he cared so little for suspense and exposition that he very often told his audience in advance exactly what was going to happen, thereby liberating the actor from that menial function, and permitting a fuller concentration on a deeper and more poetic expression of emotion.

To say that the proceedings are somewhat redeemed in the final act may only mean that after what has preceded, mere competence is set off to advantage. As if they had just noticed its availability, the actors now begin to use the forestage. As Azdak, the unorthodox judge, Robert Symonds seems to understand what he is saying and, beyond that, seems supremely confident that he can surmount any of the production's shortcomings. While he misses some of the mystery and ambiguity of the character, to emerge as more opportunistic than philosophic, and indulges himself a bit too much in the sort of quaintness that we remember as Lionel Barrymore's latter-day trademark, he does fulfil the function of his role. This helps the others, too, so that the final scene, in which Grusha and the child's blood-mother must vie for possession, is more satisfactory throughout—although it comes too late to save the evening.

We are left to hope that next season will be better. But a reluctant suspicion persists that this company, which has here performed so consistently below the promising level it reached in San Francisco, may be unwilling or unable to learn from its own mistakes or to make use of the wealth of experienced professional talent available in New York City. Even Brecht couldn't flourish like that.

—HENRY HEWES.



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On Filming a Legend

DESPITE a certain conventionality of script, Melville Shavelson's *Cast a Giant Shadow* manages to convey considerably more of the complexities and crosscurrents attendant upon the birth of Israel some twenty years ago than do most conventional histories or the even more conventional historical novels on the subject. The conventionality, I'm afraid, stems from a Hollywood-bred necessity to gloss stern fact with romantic fiction—in a word, to introduce a personal love story that can play against the larger background of actual events. I suspect in Mr. Shavelson's case, since he has been a successful scriptwriter in Hollywood for a good quarter of a century, the decision to provide the real Mickey Marcus with an invented Israeli girl friend was purely pragmatic, the sort of thing calculated to win a top-level star, such as Kirk Douglas, and top-level financing, such as the Mirisch Corporation. That it reduces the potentially epic stature of the film is almost beside the point. Without this compromise, the picture would probably never have been made.

Soit! Many a compromised film has sallied onto the screen that left one wishing either the compromise or the picture —or both—had not been attempted. Such is not the case with *Shadow*. Clearly, for Shavelson, its making was a labor of love, an effort to state dramatically and affectingly a moment in history that meant a great deal to him, a moment that he wanted to share with the rest of the world. No less obviously (and this is perhaps his film's greatest flaw), the story of Mickey Marcus was secondary to him, little more than a device through which Israel's struggle to statehood could be presented. Marcus was a West Pointer, an American officer who distinguished himself in World War II and became Israel's first general in its war for independence. There was a further irony in his story: He was shot by one of his own men only hours before that independence was achieved.

Fortunately, the film is considerably more than the legend-building saga of a bold, indomitable, and somewhat synthetic leader. Its merit lies in the patient research that enabled Shavelson to make crystal-clear the numerous antagonisms among the Jews themselves that made the emergence of Israel virtually a miracle. No less clear are the conflicting interests among the Arab states, which weakened them when solidarity was essential. (The film's best performance is by the Israeli actor Haym Topol, as a Bedouin chief won over to the Jewish side.) And most remarkable of all in a picture of this kind is its constant, and fascinating, explication of military tactics, so that the deployment of men, guns, and tanks is never merely pictorial, but part of the working out of a grand strategy whose logic and necessity have already been grasped. As a consequence, when one element fails in its objective, the audience understands at once that the entire offensive has been lost.

While these are all virtues of script, Shavelson has also distinguished himself as a director. His big action scenes have not only scope, but focus; one is never at a loss to understand what is going on. Even better, however, is the restraint of his vignettes. In a flashback, for example, to the liberation of a concentration camp in World War II, he neatly avoids the cliché close-ups of battered and starving inmates; instead, he shows the mounting horror and indignation in the face of an American general, well played by John Wayne. The inevitable night landing of illegal immigrants on the coast of Palestine leads to a dramatic, and quite moving, confrontation with British troops, in which the camera dwells upon the officers' doubts and misgivings about their inhuman role. A climactic sequence in which a road to Jerusalem is flung across a mountainside becomes vivid and immediate because two U.N. officials are on hand to observe the final victory as the food-laden trucks thunder through. There is even humor as Frank Sinatra, in for one of those "cameo" performances without which no major film today would be complete, pelts Egyptian tanks with seltzer bottles from the air, the only ammunition that the hard-pressed Israelis can muster for their one-man air force.

In all these actions, Kirk Douglas, as Marcus, is far more than a passive observer. But somehow their sweep is so great that the question of whether he should divorce Angie Dickinson in order to settle in with Senta Berger becomes irrelevant. Marcus was a great leader caught up in events far greater than he, the stuff that legends are made of. All too clearly, however, it is the events that have stirred Shavelson—not the people, not the legend.

Dear John, a recent Swedish import, on the other hand, is altogether concerned with people and their relationships. A barge captain has an affair with a waitress, then falls in love with her and

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her child. Despite writer-director Lars Magnus Lindgren's efforts to make his theme appear portentous through *Marienbad*-like mix-ups of time and place, the essential honesty of his characters shines through to make the film at once bold, daring, and altogether human.

—Arthur Knight.

Can $90,000,000 Be Wrong?

THE FACT that the combined returns from *Goldfinger* and *Thunderball* will shower some $90,000,000 into the coffers of United Artists should be sufficient to explain why Columbia has embarked on a series of Matt Helm thrillers starring Dean Martin, the first of which is *The Silencers*. My reading lately has not included the Donald Hamilton novels on which the series is based, so I can't say how closely the movie adheres to the content and style of the original, but I can say that Oscar Saul, the screenwriter, and Phil Karlson, the director, have studied the James Bond films with considerable care. A similar formula of girls, fantasy, violence, and zany implements for self-defense has been employed, and, to a degree, it all works again. *The Silencers* is not consistently entertaining, but the formula appears to have some life left in it.

The events themselves are by now transparent and feeble. There's the usual evil genius who wants to make Red China into the dominant world power, and if Matt Helm doesn't foil him and his organization in time we'll all be treated to a deathly radioactive spray. One wonders why a screenwriter is necessary at all, for a computer could come up with more interesting variations. As for Dean Martin's playing of Matt Helm, he risks his neck, embraces his girls, and drinks his Scotch with the same easy-going good nature. Nothing too revolutionary there. The best new wrinkle in the film is the playing by Stella Stevens of a girl who is monumentally clumsy, and since Miss Stevens is one of the best-looking of Hollywood's new galaxy of sexpots, the incongruity works just fine.

Yet for all its breeziness and pop-art modishness, I found a French thriller, *The Sleeping Car Murder*, refreshing by contrast, even though it belongs to an older genre, the *roman policier*. Here we have straight mystification: an attractive woman is found murdered in a berth of a second-class *wagon-lit*, and naturally the other occupants of the compartment (mixed in sex, by the way) are under suspicion. But one by one those occupants are polished off in various quarters of Paris, until there are but two left, and those two are also menaced. The plot is clever, but the film gets a special flavor from the quality of the performances. Yves Montand is a police inspector, Simone Signoret is an actress occupant of the compartment, Jean-Louis Trintignant is Miss Signoret's young lover, and they are polished performers, all of them. More than that, the direction by a young Greek, Costa Gavras, is brisk and keenly aware of the needs of movie suspense. He keeps us guessing.

I was late in getting to another French film—actually a French-Israeli co-production—but I'm glad I made it. *Impossible on Saturday* has to do with an eighty-three-year-old world-famous conductor who wants to get into heaven. He is Jewish, now lives in Jerusalem, and has been exceedingly neglectful of his six children, only one of whom is legitimate. I'll skip over the several whimsical details of the situation and concentrate on the performances—the majority of them by one actor, Robert Hirsch, of the Comédie Française. Hirsch not only plays the aged conductor, but all of his six children, one of whom is a woman who is half Jewish, half German. This is what provides the fun, and delightful fun it is. The word "classic" is necessary to describe the way in which Hirsch plays a woman who in turn attempts to masquerade as a man. Thus we have a scene in which Hirsch, male, is seen as a woman dressed in male attire and who attempts a walk in which she-he attempts to hide his-her female characteristics. This complex feat is performed with absolute and uproarious perfection, and no words can possibly do it justice.

Another unusual film is *Shakespeare Wallah*, made in India by James Ivory and Ismail Merchant (director and producer, respectively) and, though it moves with the same, and at times too deliberate, pace of a Satyajit Ray film, it has many rewards. It tells of an English acting troupe that travels around India giving performances of Shakespeare. Times have changed, they have become hard, and the dedication of the troupe isn't enough to overcome its obstacles. The founders and chief players have a daughter who falls in love with a handsome Indian; he, in turn, has a cousin who is an Indian movie star. The scenes in which these three meet and collide are gently humorous, and also poignant. The main problem of the film is that the troupe plays too much Shakespeare. After all, it's not as important how well or badly the stock company does with its repertoire as are the relationships that develop through their situation.

Note: Inadvertently, in my review of *The Group* [SR, Mar. 26] Joanna Tettet was identified as Kay Strong—an unfortunate slip since Miss Tettet's performance deserved special mention.

—Hollis Alpert.

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Ezra Pound

Continued from page 22

but at the same time they remain, as we should also expect, miscellaneous: good and bad, lively and dull, important and unimportant. We need a Selected Cantos, just as we have selected editions of the works of other famous poets, eliminating their less interesting productions. As a matter of fact, Pound himself has made such a selection, which will be published in due course if all goes well, and no doubt eventually other editors will make other selections. Whether any of these, including Pound's, will be good or bad remains to be seen; but in principle nothing prevents them from being at least useful, or possibly much more. Meanwhile we have the *Cantos*, numbered 1 to 109, plus a few later fragments that have appeared in magazines. They are an epic, yes; but only in the sense that any man's lifework is epical.

Can they be finished? A friend of mine who is also a good friend of Pound's was visiting him once not long ago when Pound suddenly opened a drawer, took out a sheet of paper, and thrust it into my friend's hands. "There, that's the ending"—to be tacked on wherever the main text ultimately stops. Then the paper was snatched back, and my friend's memory of it remains naturally somewhat vague. But I shall be surprised if, when the ending is finally given to us all, it turns out to be the precise, climactic statement that Pound's admirers expect, and I even hope it will not be: I cannot believe that any brief passage could sustain Pound's entire vision of light. In one sense the *Cantos* were finished some years ago, perhaps at the end of the Pisan section, when the main areas of feeling and substance had been distinguished and exploited, though one would never agree to the suppression of the more forceful and beautiful parts in the succeeding twenty cantos. Pound himself, in fact, has suggested that the paradisal elements occurring after Canto 90 may be unavoidably weak or insecure: "It is difficult to write a paradiso when all the superficial indications are that you ought to write an apocalypse." In another sense, of course, the *Cantos* will never be finished. And their unfinishability is, like that of a few other momentous human works, an intrinsic part of their meaning.

It is a question of style, then; but this, too, has been muddled. There are styles and there is Style. Styles are objectified artistic embodiments of personality, elaborations of manner—style is the man, as somebody, I think Rémy de Gourmont, has said. Among Pound's famous contemporaries we have many such styles, transmitting to us their authors' various selfhoods, to which we respond variously. I can read Wallace Stevens and William Carlos Williams with pleasure, T. S. Eliot with a certain reluctant sympathy, and Marianne Moore in utter coldness; but I believe my responses have less to do with the merits of their writing than with the equations of temperament existing between these poets and myself. Even Yeats, who wrote poems that affect me with a kind of crippling delight, remains a stylist only in this smaller, personal sense. Pound alone in our time has created Style—the huge, concrete, multiform artifice that transmits to us the impersonal light beyond art, and from which the artist himself drops away. Pound's best poetry attracts every literate sensibility without reference to temperament or sympathy; it transcends taste. The *Iliad* was written by a man who is a myth, *Hamlet* by a man so uncertain that people spend lifetimes arguing about who and what he was. So with Pound; he is evanescent, and his work—*Personae*, the *Cantos*, the translations—stands as fully self-sustaining. If parts of it are boring, is that the unforgivable sin some critics have averred? Of course not. We forgive, gladly, Homer his catalogues and his endlessly repeated epithets, Shakespeare his *Henry VIII* and *Merry Wives*.

Pound well understands the difference between himself and his contemporaries (though his relationship with Williams is more complex than the others). For him it was the difference between Symbolism and Realism, and he chose the latter. Where Yeats and Eliot had looked for an "objective correlative," an image upon which to impress their partial feelings, Pound insisted that the observed detail must stand by itself, an image in the concreteness of its own meaning. Hence his poetry is detailed, and set out in beautifully exact language, for exactness is the key to his sense of beauty (see box).

Pound said once, speaking less than half in jest, that if he had the means he would build a temple to Demeter in Fleet Street. That is primary: the goddess sought through so many incarnations: Isis, Cythera ("crystalline"), Dione, Sophia, Eleanor, and all the others. The good: meaning proportion, plenty, the spirit of earth at work in man's heart. "Nothing matters but the quality of the affection"—so he has written. Homer began it and Pound—what shall we say? Has he ended it? This only, I think, is the question to which critics and poets must address themselves now. What meaning has Homer or Ezra Pound in an age of inverting values? What role is left for the goddess of fertility when fertility has become a nuisance? How shall our children live in a world from which first the spirit, then history, and finally nature have fled, leaving only the mindless mechanics of process and chance? Will any place exist for a humane art in a society from which the last trace of reverence—any reverence—has been rubbed out? As a matter of fact I believe a place will exist, will be made; but it won't be easy. Revolutions of sensibility have occurred before in the world, overturning whole libraries of masterpieces, though none so swift as ours.

To create beauty from sterility, value from meaninglessness, this is the work to be done, and less the philosopher's than the artist's. One way to begin is by investigating Style. But although our studies of how Style works, how it recurs and is transformed, inevitably become abstruse and absorbing, they must not be permitted to obscure the fact that it does work—the reality of Style in our lives. The great Style, the Vision of Light. In this respect Ezra Pound's poetry is certain to be more and more important to us as time goes on.

The Image as Style

For Ezra Pound, Detail Was the Thing

The water-bug's mittens
petal the rock beneath,
The natrix glides sapphire into the rock-pool . . .

From the long boats they have set lights in the water,
The sea's claw gathers them outward;
Scilla's dogs snarl at the cliff's base,
The white teeth gnaw in under the crag,
But in the pale night the small lamps float seaward . . .

Cassandra, your eyes are like tigers',
with no word written in them
You also I have carried to nowhere
to an ill house and there is
no end to the journey . . .

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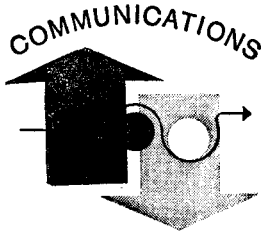

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The Star System and TV News

DAVID BRINKLEY of NBC gave the Elmer Davis memorial lecture at Columbia University recently and, in the course of some thinking out loud about the star system indigenous to present-day TV news, he said several things worth quoting. One went something like this:

"The star system, as applied to the reporting of news, takes the form of one man, or two men, appearing every day in the role of the all-wise, all-informed, all-knowing journalistic supermen, and it is absurd. Journalism, well-practiced, requires time for reading, thought, reflection, and study. It requires time to get about, to see, to listen, to talk to people, and then to reflect on what has been seen and heard. It cannot successfully be combined with the time-consuming, taxing, and fatiguing trappings of the star system. If anyone hopes to keep up with and understand even the most important one-fourth of every day's events, he cannot or should not find the time for much else, and he certainly cannot take the time for all the demands made on him because he is, or people think he is, some kind of celebrity."

The lecturer then wondered what Elmer Davis would have thought and said if he had been asked in the course of one month, as Brinkley had, to do the following things: Ride a horse in a parade, appear for two days at an outdoor fishing and hunting show, judge a beauty contest, cut a ribbon opening a bridge, contribute a recipe to a celebrities' cookbook, donate twenty-seven neckties or other personal items to twenty-seven so-called auctions, make a speech on the frontsteps of a new post office, make a speech on a flatbed truck at the opening of a shopping center, cut the ribbon at the opening of an all-night Laundromat. The TV newscaster had the feeling of being some sort of vaudeville act, something Elmer Davis never would have known because in Mr. Davis's day it was radio only; people listened to what was said and how it was said, and there was little of the personal recognition or identification that goes now with appearing every night on television. In short, TV news created a temporary, superficial, and heavily commercialized celebrity in its newscaster.

TV's ancestor, the movies, promoted the star system because it helped sell the product—adventure, romance, and sex. TV keeps to the star system for the same reason; yet TV news is not, or should not, be selling any of that. The newspaper, by comparison, is a tested and settled form, a printed daily journal of what the publisher-editors think is news plus more or less thoughtful comment on it, plus entertainment and advertisements, all put together in a neat little package usually costing a dime. One newspaper is essentially pretty much like another except for size and quality, and even this latter item varies less nowadays because of the continuing trend toward a monopoly press in the United States. Television news, on the other hand, is to Brinkley "fish and fowl, sheep and goat, wheat and God knows it is chaff."

Television was born illegitimately from a union of newsreels, radio, and motion pictures. Since TV is fundamentally movies with radio added, plus one new dimension—the ability to transmit live pictures immediately and directly from the spot of the event—TV news is not as yet a settled or tested form and it can vary greatly in wild swings from the best to the worst in

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journalism. This ability to transmit pictures simultaneously with the event is a dimension nobody as yet knows exactly what to do with, Brinkley feels: "From its dubious parentage, television has inherited both the dominant and recessive genes of such movie and radio ancestors as Sam Goldwyn and the A&P Gypsies. Of Clark Gable and Amos 'n' Andy. Of Cecil B. de Mille and Fitch Bandwagon. Of Fox Movietone newsreels covering beauty contests and radio commentary by such diverse personalities as Raymond Swing and Fulton Lewis, Ed Murrow and Gabriel Heatter, Elmer Davis and Father Coughlin."

TV's schizophrenia is by no means confined to news, of course. Network programing can go from sublime to ridiculous between station breaks and little or no common-sense pattern appears to be employed by those who juxtapose the half-hours and hours or, for that matter, the commercial interruptions. Little wonder that the gorillas in the Bronx Zoo have grown bored with television and have gone back to entertaining one another. Last year the zoo tried to tranquilize its cranky great apes with a TV set and for a while the inmates watched Westerns and teen-age rock-'n'-roll sessions or anything that put a lot of action on the screen. But the apes get far less bored with their own company, it seems, quickly finding TV dull or, more likely, uneven.

It is the unevenness of television, especially TV news, that Brinkley is talking about. Ten years hence this will be less so than it is now, especially if there is by that time what many predict: a fourth network whose target is something above

the low common denominator and whose aim is higher than a mass Nielsen rating. Our friend and neighbor Goodman Ace said it for all of us in these pages the other day: "Won't it be spooky when they discover that the 1,100 people who watch television for Nielsen are the only ones watching?"

In sum, the star system is as obsolete as the ratings system and will, of course, eventually change, if not in the major networks then in those stations with the wit to become WQXRs of television. TV newsmen of intelligence like David Brinkley and Walter Cronkite must have "time for reading, thought, reflection, and study . . . time to get about, to see, to listen, to talk to people, and then to reflect on what has been seen and heard . . ." and this cannot be successfully combined, as Brinkley correctly tells us, with the taxing and fatiguing trappings of the star system. Elmer Davis would have understood—and applauded. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

News Is Where You Read It

MANY THANKS for the generous references to *Editor & Publisher* in your lead editorial "News Is Where You Find It" in the March 12 communications section. We agree with you that broadcast news whets the public's appetite for more detail obtainable only in newspapers.

The point of the February 5 *E&P* editorial which you quoted, however, was not only that television's claim to news dominance was based on 1,500 Roper interviews but that radio's claim to the same dominance was based on 928 Trendex interviews in *only three cities*—Boston, Chicago, and Los Angeles. We realize that television program "ratings" are based on a sample of approximately 1,000 to determine how many people have a set turned on to a specific program. We question the propriety of using a sample of that size—especially one taken in only three cities—to project a *nationwide* public attitude.

As I stated in a more recent *E&P* column February 26: "Even if it is acknowledged that the sampling method might be acceptable for determining a physical maneuver such as the number of dials turned, we question the acceptability of using 1,499 interviews as a determination of the reading or viewing preferences of 60,000,000 daily newspaper buyers, 90-odd million newspaper readers, or the same millions of television viewers, in 3,000 counties and 1,500 cities and towns."

As your editorial stated: "Truth needs to be recognized with quick candor."

ROBERT U. BROWN,
President,
Editor & Publisher.
New York, N.Y.

SAMPLING STATISTICS is a branch of mathematical science. One point in this area which is well established, though it certainly is not self-evident, is that if a sample is properly drawn and administered, its accuracy does *not* depend on the fraction of the population sampled. Its accuracy *does* depend on the size of the sample. A probability sample of 1,500 drawn from a population of 100,000 has the same margin of error as a probability sample of 1,500 drawn from a population of a hundred million.

In your lead editorial in the March 12 issue, you propagate *Editor & Publisher's* slip by associating yourself with a criticism of a survey because the sample is "two-and-one-half-thousandths of 1 per cent" of the population sampled. This is irrelevant. Surveys certainly should be subject to rigorous scrutiny and criticism. Findings from samples drawn from three cities, for example, cannot be legitimately generalized to the national population. Poor questions seldom produce good answers. But if criticism is to perform a constructive function, those who are criticized have a right to expect the critic to start with a knowledge of what the relevant facts of the case are.

GERHART D. WIEBE, Dean,
School of Public Communication.
Boston University,
Boston, Mass.

SOMEHOW I managed to find R.L.T.'s March 12 editorial in spite of all the mishmash about travel, and it was worth the hunt. I so agree with your reaction to overly sensitive industry watchdogs that I had to write this note of applause.

JOHN MACK CARTER,
Editor,
Ladies' Home Journal.
New York, N.Y.

Pre-Parton Heritage

INTERESTING AS IT WAS, I found John Tebbel's article on bookselling by mail [*SR*, Feb. 12] quite misleading in one respect. It described James Parton as starting *American Heritage* "from scratch" in 1954, out of the amateur efforts of "two historical societies." Actually, all the principal ideas of *American Heritage* were developed between 1948 and 1954 by a hard-working group (of which I was the junior member) assembled by Allan Nevins and my father, Henry Seidel Canby, under the aegis of the Society of American Historians. The second society did little more than contribute the name of its organ, *American Heritage*, to the Parton project.

Our group certainly started out in an amateur way, but by 1953, with the help of our consultant, Richardson Wood, formerly of *Fortune*, we had developed the boldly professional publishing plan that became *American Heritage*. Its basis was the hard cover (Dick Wood's idea), which was strictly a device for supporting the magazine without advertising revenue. By selling the magazine through the mails as a "book," we could charge more and thus live on subscription income alone. Our magazine, called *History*, was, like *American Heritage*, to be heavily illustrated, but its subject was world history rather than the Americana formula of its successor. Highly successful tests with a mailing piece by the Book-of-the-Month Club people proved the plan's potential, which we further spelled out with detailed budgets and convincing projections of circulation income. Our money came from a glittering list of notables, including Eisenhower, Stevenson, Luce, Judge Learned Hand, and, many others.

Thus we had everything we needed—except the courage to publish when the time was ripe. Eventually our welcome ran out, and so did our money. Jim Parton took over, using our plan, our names, our budgets, our mailing piece. Where we had

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failed, he succeeded, though not without struggles. And so the credit is all his.

COURTLANDT CANBY.

Ossining, N.Y.

IN HER LETTER published March 12, Judith M. Bradow laments that she is unable to buy much but best-sellers at her bookseller's, fifty miles from Manhattan. Later on in her letter, she says that her "hardcover purchases are already made by mail through book clubs." The second statement explains the first. She expects her book dealer to stock a wide variety of hardcover books, but the only support she is willing to give him is to ask for some mass-market paperbacks and short-discount technical books. No wonder he doesn't have the selection she would like.

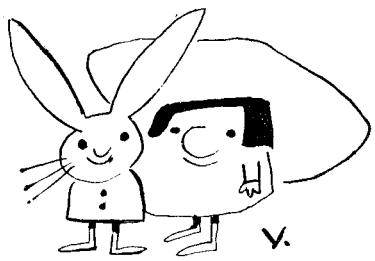
DARRELL BURKHARDT,
Studio Book Shop.

Binghamton, N.Y.

From a Mexican Prison

THE ARTICLE "Can I Have One?" by Cathey and Edward Pinckney [*SR*, Feb. 12], presents a real problem for those who publish books of special interest or value for the millions who read book reviews and for those of us who seek to obtain free copies of such books. I sympathize with the author and as a member of the "Can I Have?" clan offer some comments on one aspect of the issue.

Having been incarcerated in this Mexican state prison for the past ten years, I have entered into a paradoxical situation. Like most inmates, I passed a few years in semi-vegetation and self-pity. Then one day I tried to encounter myself and a God that would be comprehensible for one raised in



social and religious indifference. Early to rebel, early to steal and to adopt a pseudo-hedonistic way of life, I had nonetheless suffered a few violent convulsions due to my status as a parasite.

Thus I began a search for meaning and self. The only logical way was to seek books and to engage in a self-study program. I then became a "Can I Have One?" seeking texts in classical literature. From literature I was led to philosophy and obtained texts from the Philosophy Department of UCLA. This adventure brought me to encounter religion and step by step I was led to theology. From individual professors and departments of the University of Chicago, Harvard, Yale, Andover Newton, Union Theological Seminary, MIT, the Pacific School of Religion, as well as from the Unitarian-Universalist Association, the National Council of the Churches of Christ—professors, ministers, priests, and rabbis have all responded to my need and desire to find myself. They gave me their books, their time, their encouragement, and their love and prayers, the obligation thus required that I do my very best to rehabilitate myself under circumstances far from conducive for such a program.

To date my experience has brought me a liberal education and the ideals of the classical philosophers and theologians. New Testament Greek, German, French, as well as the world of religious ideas and morals and, last but not least, a new concept of justice and man.

I have obtained 120 textbooks, some new, some used, many with retail value of seven or eight dollars. Each is a sort of investment in my future and a very real testament to the ideals that the authors represent. Thus my incarceration has become a blessing! My future is assured in that I have found myself, and peace. I am no longer separated from mankind as before. I believe that I may be a responsible and contributing member of society due to the interest and devotion to ideals that have been imparted to me by the authors of these books that have brought me maturity and a true sense of my involvement with mankind.

May this letter serve as a testament of the kindness and humanitarian interests of those who, aside from their professional life, are authors who have responded warmly and generously to the need of one of the lesser members of the society of man. A word here and there, an idea, a guide to philosophic thought, and above all the personal example of these authors have given me a new life. If there is any credit for my efforts to educate and rehabilitate myself it must go to them and by extension to all authors who seek to give us a message and open to us a new and thrilling way of life.

JOSEPH P. O'BRIEN,
Penitenciaria del Estade.

Ciudad Victoria, Tamaulipas, Mexico.

Gossage on Samstag

I HAVE STOOD BY, thinking surely that some advertising man of ordinary wit would venture forth with other than the usual 49-cent economy-size morality, but no. Very well.

The "half-truth" Mr. Samstag speaks of [*SR*, Jan. 8] is endemic to all of advertising. Is it possible that there is an advertising man who has never written a claim, realized he couldn't say *that*, and then fished around for a way to imply it?

Nor can I see why an advertising man would bother to deny that this half-truth exists. It is the stuff he must pick his way through if he is to make an advertisement. Which is to say that even before he starts he is stuck with half-truths born of prudence, propriety, and the profit motive; though not necessarily in that order.

It is something like a relay race, except that the runners are coming from opposite directions. The baton is passed, and the second man, the ad maker, starts back toward the line of objective truth, which, after all, is only a line, therefore unrealizable; you either undershoot it or overshoot it. If you undershoot you are still in the area of half-truth. If you overshoot you are beyond fact and into imagery. A good example of the first is "We try harder"; a perfect example of the second is "Modess Because . . ."

I think where Mr. Samstag's critics go astray is in assuming that there is another half-truth which, if put with the first, would tell the whole truth. This is a sweet thought, but it is not advertising. The aim of an advertisement is not to tell the truth, but to *be* the truth—what Samstag calls a "seduction," and what could be truer than that? Any seduction, if it is worth a damn, lets the seducee in on the act. Otherwise it is not a seduction at all, but something else; acquiescence out of boredom usually.

What interests me mostly about the type of correspondence that arises at such times as these is that the man who made the statement that prompted the indignation is usually one who does interesting ads. The ones who are offended either do very dull ads, or no ads at all. What do such people know about seduction? Or about any other fancy sin, as far as that goes?

HOWARD LUCK GOSSAGE,
Freeman & Gossage, Inc.

San Francisco, Calif.

AFTER READING some of the answers to Mr. Samstag, I finally got around to reading the book preview that you published. I was somewhat amused. I have been observing these human phenomena for half a century from behind a drawing board. Perhaps Mr. Samstag has forgotten that, since Adam, humanity has been imperfect, some people more than others. Anyone can pick flaws in his neighbor (or his wife or child). All he has done is add his own wriggles to the general wriggle. He puts forth no answer. And I wonder whether he knows where to look for answers.

CHESTER B. NORRIS.

Phoenix, Ariz.

"AD"-OLESCENT Nicholas Samstag has beautifully bamboozled himself!

If he had separated the ad boys from the ad men, he would have found the latter far outnumbered the former.

His old-hat title sounds like something right out of a tired, turn-of-the-century medicine man's hat!

If some sick souls fall for it, they are to be more pitied than scorned but should be protected against themselves.

I arise in defense of and doff my hat to the men and women in my profession, of which I am justifiably proud.

The defense rests its case.

RUTH C. KLEES,
Advertising Copywriter.

Oak Park, Ill.

Size of Audience

ON THE BASIS of a three-year, $150,000 research study by NBC Radio, it is now claimed that 75.1% of all adults, or about 92.1 million people, listen to radio during a single day. This compares with 66% who watch television in a day. Don't forget that Nielsen survey made by the Bureau of Advertising, ANPA, two years ago which showed 95 million people, or 81% of all adults, read a newspaper on an average day.

—From *Editor & Publisher.*

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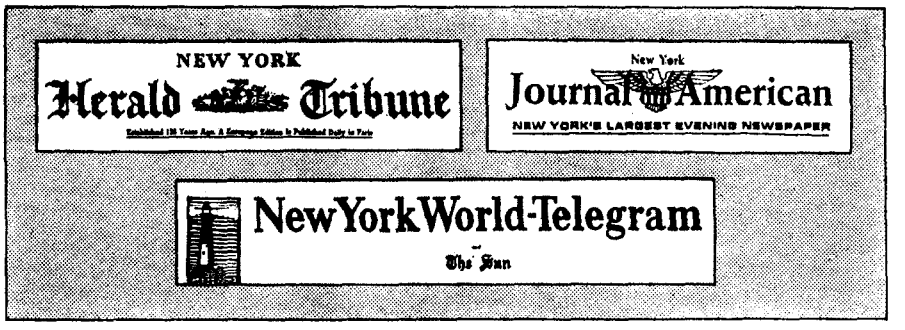
DYNASTIC JOURNALISM DIES IN NEW YORK



By A. H. RASKIN

FRANK MUNSEY, most cannibalistic of newspaper consolidators, is forty years dead, but in the end it is his spirit that seems on the way to triumph in New York. The decision of three of the city's major newspapers—the *Herald Tribune*, the *Journal-American*, and the *World-Telegram and Sun*—to fuse into a single corporation marks the longest step yet taken anywhere toward extinguishing the dynastic tradition in American journalism.

The ghost of a half-dozen great press lords, individualists all, will be picketing the board meetings at which overall policies are made for the one morning, one afternoon, and one Sunday paper to be published by the new enterprise. Joseph Pulitzer, William Randolph Hearst, Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, E. W. Scripps, Charles A. Dana, Whitelaw Reid and Roy W. Howard—each a man of convictions as distinctive as they were stubbornly held—initiated the traditions that will go into the Mixmaster of joint decision-making in a company equally owned by the Hearst chain, Scripps-Howard, and John Hay Whitney.

The matchmakers in this improbable marriage were rising costs, the wasting effect of strikes and primordial labor-management relations, obsolete printing facilities, the increasingly fierce competition of television, newsmagazines, and suburban dailies, and the inability of any of the three dailies to carve out for itself a sufficiently secure and sizable segment of the reading public in the city that is America's communications capital. Pocketbook considerations dictated the merger, but the economic squeeze might have been less acute had there been more crusading vigor in the editorial policies, more bite in the news and features, more readers more interested in what they were reading.

When Munsey sat in his throne room in the Flatiron Building buying and selling newspapers like potatoes, he was for varying periods owner of three of the building blocks of the current consolidation—the *Herald*, the *Telegram*, and the *Sun*. He kept insisting, right up to his death in 1925, that there were "too many papers" in New York and he killed several in keeping with his motto, "I never stick with a loser." The architects of the new merger have a similar desire to eliminate red ink—an estimated $10,000,000 a year in losses—but their goal is a new creative force in metropolitan journalism, with a sounder financial base, and a higher potential for survival.

With the amalgamation removing one afternoon and one Sunday paper from the stands, New Yorkers will have a choice among five papers during the week and three on Sundays. That will still leave them a lot wider range than is open to readers in the rest of the country. Boston and Washington are the only other cities with more than two competing ownerships in the newspaper field. Sixty-five cities have two separate publishers theoretically vying for circulation and advertising, but in most of the biggest of these—notably Detroit, Cleveland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Miami, and Houston—the competition is nominal, with one owner alone in the morning field and the other unchallenged in the afternoon. In a score of cities the "rival" publishers operate out of the same plant and often share circulation and advertising facilities. Everywhere else monopoly is in full command.

It would be a mistake, however, to conclude from this tabulation that the bulk of the American press is ripe for the undertaker. The total number of dailies for the nation has stood virtually unchanged at 1,750 since the end of World War II. Every consolidation or liquidation in the cities has been matched by the creation of a brand-new paper in the suburbs. Circulation is at an all-time peak of better than 60,000,000 a day, despite higher newspaper prices; and advertising revenue this year is expected to go well above $4.5 billion, another record.

For New York, the country's journalistic showcase, a variety of special factors has helped in recent years to heighten the danger of press mortalities.

The only substantial money-makers have been the two dominant morning papers—the *Times*, flourishing exemplar of the Ochs-Sulzberger tradition, and the *Daily News*, robust offspring of the Chicago *Tribune*. The *Herald Tribune* has tried incessantly to establish itself as a dynamic competitive force since Whitney, winding up his duties as United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James, acquired control from the Reid family in 1958. A dizzying succession of formats and writing styles has been experimented with, in the thus far unrealized hope of finding a profitable niche for the *Tribune* somewhere between the *Times*, with its comprehensiveness and authority, and the tabloid *News*, titillating the subway rider with sex and scandal.

All three of the city's afternoon papers have fewer readers and less advertising than they had a decade ago. However, Mrs. Dorothy Schiff's *Post*, which combines a breezy tabloid news lilt with a liberal-left editorial tilt, generally winds up in the black and has done particularly well in the last three years. Hearst's *Journal-American* is off nearly 3,000,000 lines in annual advertising since 1955 and its circulation of 535,000 compares with 653,000 ten years ago. For the Scripps-Howard chain's *World-Telegram* the circulation loss was even heavier—from 570,000 to 389,000.

A background element in all the problems of lost circulation and advertising has been the steady shift of upper- and middle-income families to the suburbs, coupled with a heavy influx of Negroes and Puerto Ricans into the five boroughs. *Newsday*, a sprightly Long Island paper, prospered. So did dailies in Westchester County and nearby sections of New Jersey. Spanish-language newspapers boomed in the city's slum districts. The metropolitan dailies found themselves under pressure at both ends of the income scale.

The 114-day printers' strike that blacked out the city in 1962-63 caused

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a permanent erosion in both circulation and advertising. The *Daily Mirror,* a Hearst tabloid that had lost $11,000,000 over an eight-year period, gave up for good six months after the tie-up ended. Things did not go much more happily when the next round of contract negotiations with the ten newspaper unions rolled around last year.

The publishers' ranks were hopelessly fragmented by internal differences (see "The Great Manhattan Newspaper Duel," *SR,* May 8, 1965). The result was a series of negotiating blunders that gave the printers' union a veto over composing-room automation, pushed the cost of settlement to an unnecessarily high level, and engendered animosities that seemed certain to erupt in more union conflict. This expectation proved accurate last fall when the New York Newspaper Guild, representing editorial, clerical, and maintenance employees, called a strike against the *Times.*

Under the collective-defense policy of the Publishers Association of New York City, all the other papers shut down along with the *Times.* The sole exception was the *Post,* whose publisher, Mrs. Schiff, had quit the association and resumed publication a month before the 114-day shutdown ended. Ten days after the *Times* strike began, the association lost another member. The *Tribune* contended that the real time for the publishers to have made a fight was in the bargaining over automation.

Union relations are still a morass. Announcement of the merger plan brought warnings from all ten unions that the new company could "never get airborne" unless it worked out acceptable arrangements with them on protection for displaced workers. Some unionists predicted that these negotiations could take many weeks; others expressed fear of another costly strike.

Even if the immediate hurdle is cleared without a work stoppage, the veto the publishers gave the printers over automation could prove a fatal impediment to the new corporation's plans for an ultra-modern plant, the first in New York. The *Times* and the *News* now have the most advanced printing equipment in the city, but even they are extremely remote from the ultimate in a period when new technology is erasing old craft lines and revolutionizing the art of printing. The lag in modernization is especially acute in the composing rooms.

A major part of the economies contemplated through amalgamation depends on using a single plant on a day-and-night basis. At the start the old *World-Telegram* plant on Manhattan's lower West Side will be used for the bulk of the operation, but the significant savings will not come until a bright new facility can be built and union clearance obtained for utilizing it to maximum advantage. The unions all insist they have no desire to throw roadblocks in the way of greater efficiency, but their price will be high.

On top of these specific labor pains attending the birth of World Journal Tribune, Inc., all the publishers will be confronted in a few months with the necessity of devising strategy for their 1967 union negotiations. The master contracts expire next March; the question at this point is whether there will be an association that can speak with anything like a united voice for the owners. The continued boycott of the employers' group by the *Post* means that at least one paper will be in a position to publish even if the others do stand together against the unions. But conflicts over the new corporation's initial labor pacts may make all that academic. The tensions among the publishers are such that the entire association may fly apart long before next year's bargaining.

The question of unity may also arise inside the infant corporation. In labor relations the three who are now to be one had a habit of traveling quite separate paths. The Scripps-Howard representatives in the association generally stood with the "doves" when it came to disputes over whether to resist union demands or give in. The Hearst spokesmen were with the "hawks."

Does this indicate a possible touch of schizophrenia in the content of the two dailies and the Sunday paper to be published by these partners? At least one safeguard is being provided against split personality—and also against total homogenization of the triumvirate's divergent antecedents: Each of the owners will retain its individual editorial voice in the editorial pages of the three papers.

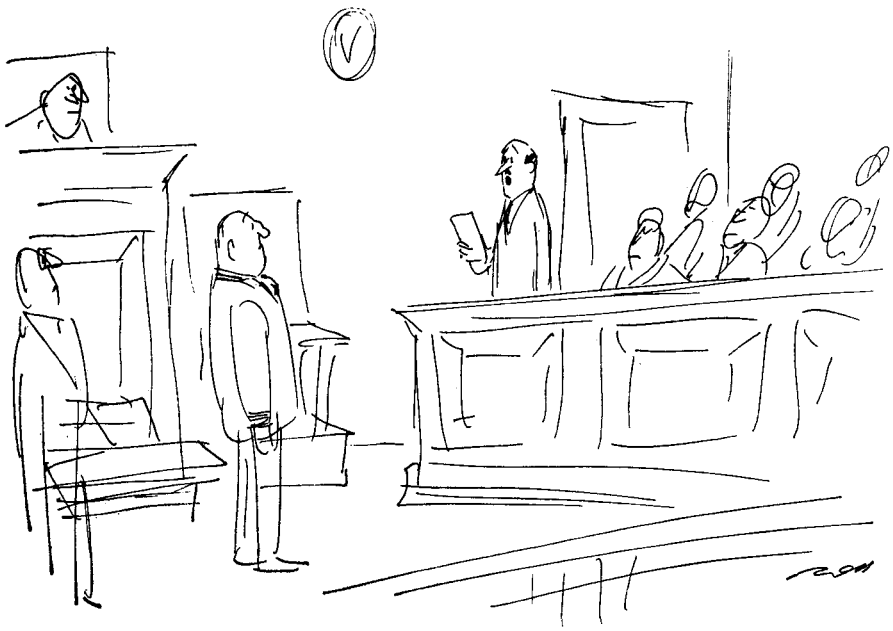
Just who will control which editorial page has not been made clear. Presumably Whitney's voice, speaking in tones of moderate Republicanism, will be heard through the morning paper. This will carry its old name of *Herald Tribune* and will be beefed up with some new features and services. It is also likely to acquire some new typographical wrinkles as a result of the shift to the *World-Telegram* plant.

EDITORIAL direction of the afternoon paper, to be called the *World Journal,* will reportedly be in the hands of two Hearst stalwarts—Frank Conniff as editor and Paul Schoenstein as managing editor. Scripps-Howard would thus have as its sole editorial outlet a once-a-week voice in the Sunday *World Journal* and *Tribune.* Who will go and who will stay among the army of columnists, comics, and other standbys of the present papers has not even been hinted at. One who won't be anywhere in the amalgam is Murray Kempton. He decided everybody would be happier if he took his column back to the *Post,* where he started. Two *Tribune* innovations will be included in the Sunday paper—*Book Week* and the magazine *New York.*

One unresolved worry is whether—assuming the merger runs the gamut of federal antitrust review and union clearance—the end result will be to assure the solvency of the *Herald Tribune.* In telling his department heads about the plan at a conference a few minutes before the public announcement, Whitney said that in the interest of the paper's future he felt he should no longer "subsidize" it.

"In the event of my death," he explained, "these subsidies would cease. . . .

(*Continued on page* 79)



"Before I read the verdict, I'd like the prisoner to know that there's nothing personal in this."

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THE BIG PACKAGE FLAP

By ROUL TUNLEY

NOT LONG AGO a man stepped into a Chicago drugstore and asked for a brand of toothpaste, small size. The clerk handed him one. It was marked Large. The customer said he'd like to have the small size.

"That *is* the small size," said the clerk.

"What's the large size called?" asked the man.

"That's Giant."

"Is that the biggest?"

"Oh, no. Next is King. Then Economy, and then the biggest of all—Family!"

The man pocketed the Large size, which was just as small as Small used to be. He went off, shaking his head.

This scene, played with variations, points up one of the biggest consumer controversies in years; *i.e.*, whether or not there is great and growing confusion in the marketplace. Specifically, the charge is that the American shopper is being mesmerized, misled, conned, cajoled, and bamboozled in glittering supermarket palaces that, as one housewife said, "are really the greatest exercise in planned confusion since the bazaars of Samarkand."

This charge is hotly denied by many manufacturers, retailers, and distributors who insist that the American family is getting the best shopping deal in the whole history of mankind. Whatever the promotional or semantic devices used to spur competition, they say, one fact is clear: people are living better and paying less for it than ever before. Paul S. Willis, president of the Grocery Manufacturers of America says, for example: "In 1947, a factory worker had to work sixty-one hours to buy a month's supply of food. Today he has to work only thirty-eight hours to do the same thing."

The storm center of this controversy has been mostly in Washington, where the matter has been under constant investigation by Congress for more than four years. Scores of witnesses have had their say in this biggest of package flaps, and at least a million words of testimony have been carefully taken down. Senator Philip A. Hart of Michigan, who has been presiding over the investigating committee, has become so convinced that today's shopper must run a gantlet of what he calls "psychological traps, successive confusions, and outright deceptions in the marketplace" that he has introduced a much-disputed measure known as the "truth-in-packaging" bill. The whole thing promises to come to a head this year when the bill will be voted on by members of Congress.

At the moment, only one thing is certain: the issue has immediate importance for every consumer in the United States. Concerned in the Hart bill (which Representative Emanuel Celler is sponsoring in the House) is a giant $62 billion industry. This includes all the packaged foods, soaps, drugs, paper, and various "kitchen and bathroom" items sold in groceries and supermarkets. In terms of the average family, it represents about a fifth of their disposable income. The backers of the bill like to point out that, if passed, it could save all of us an estimated 7 to 11 per cent on present grocery tabs.

In checking into the situation, however, a reporter soon finds that in order to understand what is going on at the moment, it's necessary to take a look at what has happened in the marketplace in the last few years. This absorbing chapter in American history might be called "The Disappearance of the Live Salesman." Jerry Cohen, counsel for the Hart committee, describes it this way:

"Not long ago, people went to a grocery store and asked for a pound of lard or a quart of peas. The grocer weighed it out, occasionally laying a heavy thumb on the scales, and the customer took it home. Today, most shopping is done in supermarkets where everything is prepackaged. The live salesman has been replaced by a package that must do the selling for him.

"Since the package has suddenly become so important, it has been given a lot of attention. Psychologists, researchers, designers, and other experts have been consulted on its appearance and shape. It must leap from the shelves and cry 'Buy ME!' Inevitably, it has become bigger and louder and more aggressive since it must compete with other big, loud, and aggressive packages for the shopper's eye."

All this growth has made packaging alone a $20 billion industry. As Mrs. Helen Nelson, consumer counsel to Governor Edmund G. Brown of California, says: "Packages add up to $190 a year for the average family. That's $16 a

"Don't you think it's probably fate, our being of the opposite sex?"

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They said nothing useful could grow on these abandoned cotton fields

Then Weyerhaeuser turned them into thriving pine forests

Mourning doves on a Weyerhaeuser southern pine tree farm.

Years ago cotton farmers gave up on lands like these and let the brush take over. For decades such areas lay idle and unproductive.

Foresters knew if the stubborn brush could be licked, the land would grow valuable pine forests for pulp and plywood.

Finally, a revolutionary brush-killing spray technique was developed. As the brush died off, life-giving sunlight came through. Then we went to work planting seedlings—55 million so far.

Today thousands of acres in Mississippi and Alabama have been put back to work growing trees. When these fast-growing pines are harvested, we'll start over with another planting. Again and again.

This is only one way Weyerhaeuser combines science, ingenuity and muscle to make sure America will have green and growing forests tomorrow—and still have the wood products we need today. Write for our free booklet, "Tree Farm to You," Box A-22, Tacoma, Washington 98401.

Where the future grows... **Weyerhaeuser**

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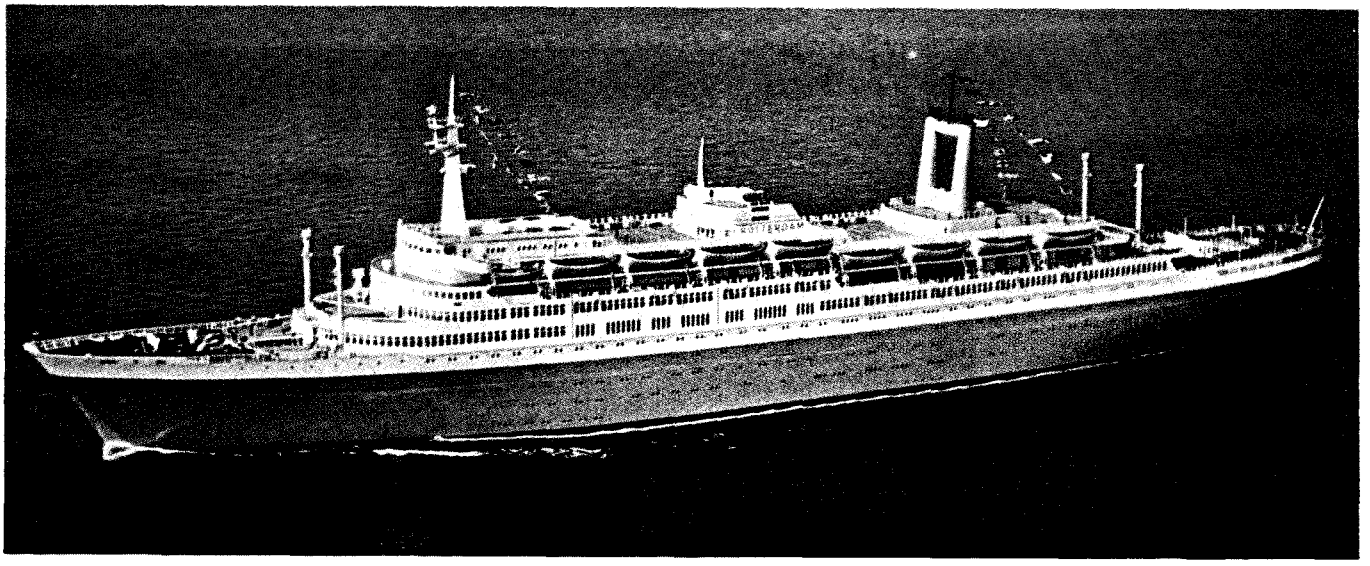
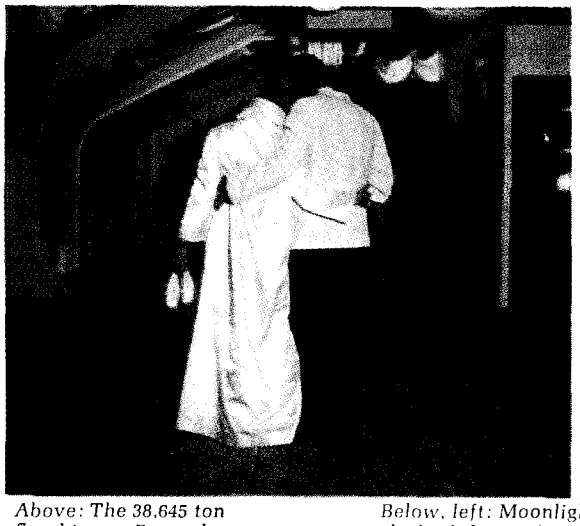




Above: The 38,645 ton flagship s.s. Rotterdam

Below, left: Moonlight strolling on the promenade deck of the s.s. Nieuw Amsterdam, 36,982 tons

Below, right: Dinner in one of the s.s. Rotterdam's luxurious dining salons

For simple luxury, sail First Class to Europe on Holland-America Line.

At Holland-America Line, we believe if you're going to spend your good money on a First Class trip to Europe you ought to get absolutely luxurious treatment all the way.

And with us, you get it.

But our idea of luxury is maybe a little different from what you might expect of one of the largest steamship lines in the world, like Holland-America.

It's *simple* luxury.

Our cuisine, for example, is as good as the finest European restaurants. But we translate our menus so you can understand them.

Our service is prompt, and very, very efficient. But *friendly.*

Our cabin attendants will run when you ring. And stay away when you don't.

Our orchestras know all the latest discotheque tunes. But their favorites are the *old* favorites.

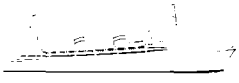
And while you're welcome to dress for dinner, the service will be just as good if you don't.

If our kind of luxury makes sense to you, then why not find out more about us?

Ask a travel agent about our frequent sailings from New York to England, France and other European ports.

Choose from the "Big Three": the Rotterdam, Nieuw Amsterdam, or the Statendam. They're all luxurious.

Simply luxurious, of course.

Sail a Happy Ship  Holland-America Line

Write Dept. C-102, Pier 40, North River, New York, N.Y. 10014

All ships under Netherlands registry.

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month the average family spends for containers that can't be eaten, drunk, used to clean or wash with—can't be used for anything, in fact, except to stuff the garbage can. It's more than the average home-owning family in California pays for property taxes, for example."

But although Mrs. Nelson's figures are substantial, producers point out that there is another side to the coin. They say that it is precisely *because* of this enormous growth of prepackaging that supermarkets and other retailers have been able to put the grocery business on an efficient, self-service basis. This results, they insist, in a big, overall saving in bringing food and other items to the consumer.

Some idea of the explosion that has occurred in packaging can be grasped when we realize that right after World War II the average supermarket handled 1,500 items. Today there are 8,000. In another decade, it is estimated, there will be 20,000.

In this relatively new, fierce struggle of the silent salesman—the package—to sell itself in the marketplace, it is inevitable, say manufacturers, that some turmoil would result. One of those manufacturers, Richard Gelb, the president of Clairol, puts it this way: "When you have a rapid buildup of new methods of merchandising, there's bound to be some confusion until things settle down."

Admitting that the man trying to buy a "small size" of toothpaste in a Chicago drugstore might have had some temporary difficulty, Gelb nevertheless says: "The stultification that would result from a law decreeing a standardization of product sizes and shapes would represent a cure far worse than the disease. In my opinion it's necessary to provide the freewheeling climate in which new products and packages are born. If we'd had standardization of packaging over the last fifteen years, who knows whether the aerosol can or the plastic container would have reached the counter."

To this, Senator Hart insists that he does not want to inhibit competition or invention. He merely wants to eliminate unfair competition "by agreeing on some ground rules to prevent chaos." In general, he would like to crack down on:

► The "jungle of terms" like Jumbo, Giant, King and Super. "These are generally meaningless," says Hart.

► The practice of using large-size containers to package less merchandise. Example: a roll-on deodorant, labeled "Giant 1⅛ oz.", which is packed in a box twice the necessary size.

► Redundant phrases such as "a full quart" or "faster than instant," which tend to exaggerate the size or properties of the product. "How can a quart be fuller than a quart?" asked one witness at the hearings.

► "Cents Off" campaigns, except when introducing a new or radically different product. "One brand of instant coffee has been sold for years on only this basis," said another witness. "One wonders what the cents are off."

► Luscious pictures on containers whose insides don't match the outside. "A mixed-nuts can I just bought had a mouth-watering picture of expensive pecans, cashews, filberts, and brazils on the outside," wrote a person in Oregon to the Hart committee, "but when I opened it, I found it had 85 per cent peanuts."

► A situation where the larger size is not cheaper. Says E. E. Callahan, Chicago weights and measures official: "We found that a regular-size scouring powder sells at 16½ cents a pound whereas its 'economical giant size' sells at 18½ cents a pound."

► The use of fractional ounces, making it difficult for shoppers to compute comparative costs. Example: there are sixty-nine different sizes of potato chips under three pounds, many in fractional ounces.

► The lack of agreement as to what a "serving" is. "My husband eats twice what the 'serving' on the package is," writes a housewife.

To meet such situations, the proposed bill requires not only a statement of net quantity on the label, but a certain type face as well. It also prohibits qualifying words as to quantity, "cents off" on packages except by retailers, and deceptive pictorial material.

In addition, it authorizes but does not require the government to do the following: establish weights and measures in which a product may be sold, prevent the use of packages that might deceive the customer as to content, designate what size packages may be called Small, Medium, Large, or Super, establish "servings" standards, set up units of measurement for things where weight is not meaningful, and see that adequate information regarding the ingredients is printed prominently on the package.

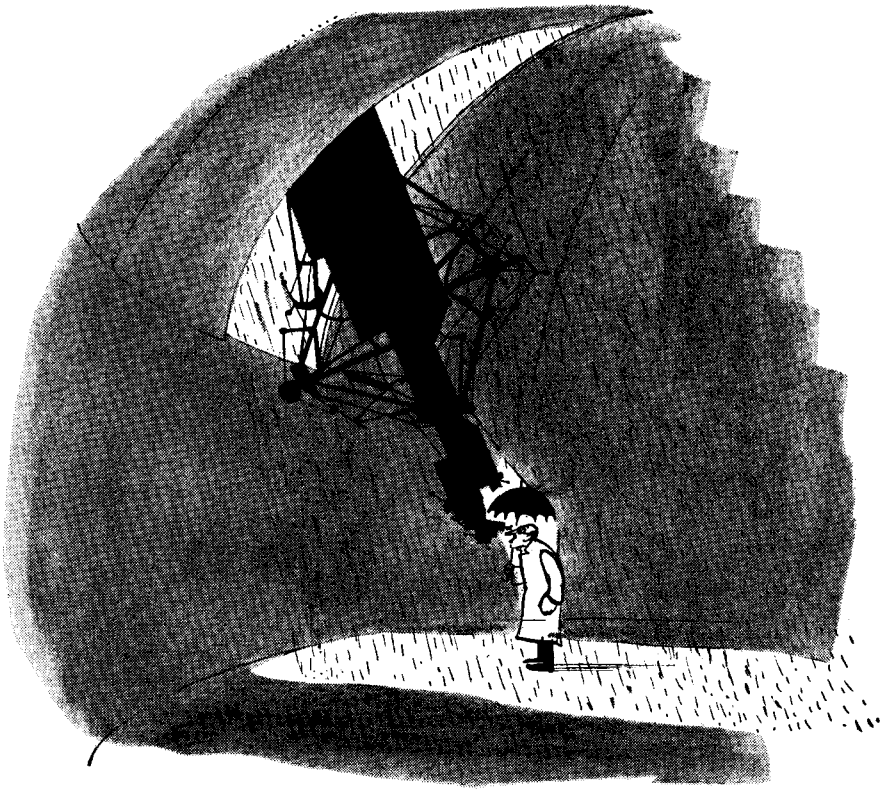
To emphasize how much she felt such regulations were needed, Mrs. Nelson testified about a survey she made in California:

"Five college-trained housewives were sent to the same supermarket to buy fourteen standard, specified items," she said. "They were told to buy solely on the basis of the largest amount for the least money. We wanted to see if they could identify the lowest-priced package."

THE women, reported Mrs. Nelson, failed miserably. "In only one category were all of them able to identify the lowest-priced item (cheddar cheese) despite the fact that they took twice as long as the average shopper," said Mrs. Nelson. "With two of the products, every shopper was baffled. One of these was rice, a staple food in almost every home, and one that should be easy to pack in standard sizes. There were many fractional sizes, but none came in a one-pound package."

Another witness, Mrs. Esther Peterson,

(*Continued on page* 82)



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WHY I WENT WEST—AND STAYED THERE

By LOUIS SELTZER

AS A YOUNG midwestern city editor I faced East, for there was the Mecca of American journalism. Fledglings like myself had been nurtured on New York's newspapers; for generations New York journalism had been both our pride and joy. There was an omniscient quality about it. Both the power and strength of American journalism seemed to be there, the catalysts and innovators, the setters-up and breakers-down of precedents.

For most of us it was, as recently as four decades ago, indisputably the most volatile, vital, vigorous, and venerated peak of our beloved profession. To be sure, there was stardust sprinkled over the whole American landscape, but only stardust, pockets of brilliance that only served to accentuate the extraordinary concentration in the Mecca itself.

There were found those of great courage and journalistic hardihood, those who knew the people, their problems, and acutely discerned the forward thrust of their own city, their changing country, their unpredictable nineteenth- and twentieth-century world. For them, to the admiration of us all, no obstacle appeared too great, no demand upon accomplishment too severe. No advance in the profession, either in scope or audacity or adequacy, seemed beyond Mecca's skill, courage, or resources. It was the parade marshal. It set the pace, improvised the pageantry and all the trappings.

From all over the land they came, from the hills, the plains, the mountains, both the Rockies and the Appalachians; from the South and from the West Coast, from hamlets and cities they came, the restive, the adventuresome, the seekers after journalism's Holy Grail; they came responding to that eternal characteristic that seeks proximity to the excitement and stimulation of breaking new frontiers of the mind and the spirit and the creative impulse, or the climbing of perilous ramparts of the future while looking down at the desolation of a receding past. They came to be blended into Mecca's dynamism, its great journalistic cauldron, its open-ended opportunities, its legends, its mixture of the apocryphal and the genuine, its scoundrels and its immortals. Nor did they pay heed to the counsel of Horace Greeley to go west.

Louis Seltzer recently retired as editor of the Cleveland *Press*.

—*UPI.*

Louis Seltzer—"There is no real Mecca today."

To begin the day by reading a New York newspaper was a literal "must" in all journalism west of the Hudson. It rated top priority. Which of the New York newspapers was read became simply a matter of professional taste. Most were respected and admired; all were sought after.

WHEN it happened, the fall of Mecca, no one can tell for sure. In researching this piece I read the record extensively, set up contact with those still living who in one way or another were parts of Mecca when it was in bloom, and otherwise attempted, and I might freely acknowledge unsuccessfully, to obtain one clear, sharply defined, irrefutable reason for the fall of Mecca.

Perhaps it was because of insufficient diligence on my part. In any event I was unable, at least to my own satisfaction, to find a reason—*the* reason. Rather than a reason, it was perhaps more a process that accounted for it. A process of deterioration or disintegration. Even the running out of Bennetts, or Pulitzers, or Reids, or Hearsts, or the infinite number of others of equal or greater stature, who, early or late, and in one way or another, blessed by both the times, the place, and the circumstances, fashioned the remarkable journalistic pattern that for generations persisted unchallenged in New York, does not fully explain the fall.

It could have been, too, simply the end of a great epoch that unexpectedly came upon change so wrenching and overwhelming that New York collapsed of its own set ways. Whatever the true reason, the one unanimously agreed-upon fact is that the momentum generated during this remarkable period by these remarkable journalists ultimately came to a dead stop.

Now conditions have been reversed and the journalistic shoe is on the other foot. Mecca has dispersed; the journalistic center of gravity has been shifted; there is no real Mecca today.

THERE IS, in its place, a tremendous journalistic research laboratory, an experimental station of incredible proportions encompassing virtually every newspaper published in America, from the *New York Times* to the latest suburban weekly. Every newspaper is watching every other newspaper. Every new process is examined. Every idea is instantly plagiarized. Barry Bingham's wide-set columns and proportionately enhanced typography in Louisville are covetously observed. The beauty, speed, and clarity of Jack Knight's vivid color in his daily and Sunday Miami *Herald* excite admiration. The pushing vitality and heightened all-out visibility of Norman Chandler's Los Angeles *Times*, accomplished largely by his protégé son, Otis, commands careful attention.

Newspapers, it is true, are confronted with discouraging barriers, obstacles, and not infrequently outright roadblocks in their earnest effort to modernize, expedite, accelerate, reduce monumentally expanding overhead costs, and get themselves untracked from antiquated methods, machinery, and practices. Yet, all of the anguish, travail, and extended concern, the activity, push, and closing of ranks among the daily newspapers has been good for them. It has been a blessing in disguise, for under the enormous competitive pressures, the newspapers are getting better, look better, and are striving prodigiously to improve themselves.

Much has been said of the high mortality rate among newspapers. No one denies its existence. But neither can anyone deny that more newspapers are being read in America than ever before. And this in spite of production, distribution, and other costs—and in spite of the problems of an unprecedentedly mobile population whose majority in any one publishing location no longer is indigenous to the soil thereof—to say nothing of the extreme difficulties of threading through indescribable traf-

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fic conditions from the point of publication to the place of ultimate delivery of that all-important single copy to an individual awaiting it.

Now, however, what I fear most about the newspapers of America, after a lifetime in the trade, is a repetition of the same thing that induced the fall of Mecca, the utter collapse of a brilliant epoch in New York journalism. It may, in fact, be happening right now. For it is altogether possible, and in my judgment highly probable, that in that earlier demise the eyes of Mecca's geniuses were at some point deflected from the people and focused upon one another. They became so inordinately consumed in observing one another, so engrossed in matching competitive thrusts and parrying counterthrusts, that they did not observe that the world had changed, that the parade they had skilfully grand-marshaled for so long had abruptly changed its own route.

Out of the Middle West, however, at precisely this time, there appeared men who did see, who did understand, who were aware of the fact that one civilization in their relatively young and dynamic country was coming to an end, and that another, faster, more intricate, and infinitely more bewildering to the people, was upon it, bringing material, cultural, industrial, financial, educational, governmental, and international realignments, accompanied by moral and religious modifications deep and wide and perplexing.

One of those silhouetted against this new horizon was Edward W. Scripps, who, with a few hundred dollars of painfully borrowed money and a preposterous notion of putting out a people's paper, set himself up in a vacant storeroom on a downtown side street in Cleveland. The magic touch that had elevated New York to the Mecca of American journalism was now being transferred to a new breed of master strategists in journalism, even though neither they nor the country at the time were aware of it. Thus the shift of journalistic gravity, already in its uncertain spin, crossed westward over the Hudson, and over the Appalachians, and made its way persistently to the West. E. W. Scripps made *The Penny Press* in Cleveland a people's paper. In contradistinction to those who rose and fell, he never took his eye off the people, and never turned it toward his competitors. He edited and published his paper for those who bought it. He was not concerned about what his competitors did or said. Throughout his spectacularly successful lifetime he never deviated so much as one column width from his original premise, his primary target: a paper, or papers, of, for, and by the people. He continuously and rigidly compelled both himself and those upon whom he depended to adhere to this concept as his great journalistic empire bloomed and widened—with the significant help of Roy W. Howard's incredible organizing genius—until it literally covered the earth, in newspapers, in worldwide news-gathering agencies, in science services, in picture and feature subsidiaries, and in a multitude of collateral and prophetically fashioned enterprises.

When E. W. Scripps invaded Cleveland the already existing newspapers brushed him aside as a bothersome mosquito that would, of course, wither and pass away—an attitude largely assumed because of their own affinity with and devotion to their New York colleagues, whose artistry and genius they deified, and whose brand of deteriorating journalism they were practicing and to which they tenaciously clung.

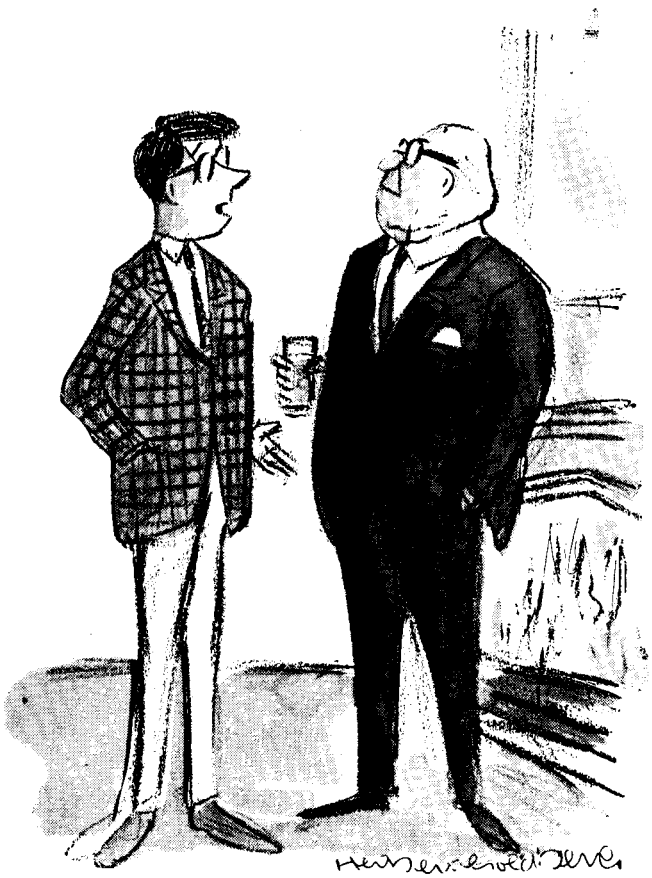
I only cite E. W. Scripps and *The Penny Press* because it is my own journalistic ball diamond. Yet what happened in Cleveland spread widely across the American landscape at approximately the same time, underscoring and reinforcing the conclusion that this was when the flight of journalism began and steadily accelerated in the half-century that followed, until with explosive suddenness the country changed, while the great journalistic geniuses of Mecca were busy looking at one another's handiwork instead of at the people's requirements.

That, however, is not the whole story. There is much yet to be told. What about the future? The future, in fact, holds most of the story. The future—and when I say future I mean roughly the next thirty-five years—will tell where the daily newspapers of America will be, how many there will be, the form they may take, whether they will be stronger and better and faster in reaching the people for whom they are edited and published.

The future will of course encompass the wide-ranging effects of an irresistibly expanding cybernetic age into which we have only tentatively moved. The mercurial nature of our times very likely will create surprising areas of quicksand into which, without being aware, the journalistically insulated might stumble to disaster, as some of their predecessors had.

I have said that newspapers, under the stresses of an infinitely enlarged and diverse competition, and under the urgent compulsions of tailoring papers to so spectacularly changing a world, are getting better. I believe that. But not enough better. They are too much engrossed in the mechanical and production problems, in the exercise of circulation and promotional gimmicks and monetary seductions, in the froth and

(*Continued on page* 81)



"But Dad, I'm not having any fun as a conservative."

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THE PARADOX OF PUBLIC PERSUASION

By WILLIAM D. PATTERSON

THE MOST UBIQUITOUS form of public persuasion in this country is advertising. For advertisers are public, not hidden persuaders, and they are more pervasive in our society than politicians, pundits, professors, or preachers.

Advertising has been defined as public persuasion for profit. Last year U.S. business spent $14.9 billion on this unique method of persuasion. It is safe to assume that this powerful force, delivering 1,600 messages a day for each potential consumer, managed to communicate at one time or another with virtually every child and adult in America. It undoubtedly comprised the greatest barrage of sight and sound, word and picture in human experience.

The American economy, the largest in the world with a gross national product of $675 billion last year, could not function without advertising. The communication media could not exist without it. The modern corporation could not survive without it.

Yet there is a curious imbalance in the division of advertising effort, an imbalance that intrigues many thoughtful students of this communications force. One is public opinion analyst Elmo Roper, who has expressed the view that major corporations cannot survive in our economic democracy without public understanding any more than a national administration can remain in power in Washington without voter support. Roper, in a discussion of advertising in the 1970s, said, "There will be more advertising devoted to the transmission of ideas rather than simply the selling of products. There will, in other words, be more corporate advertising, more advertising concerned with improving public relations. We exist in a society where public relations—human relations—are increasingly important, and there will be increasing awareness that the ideas and feelings and attitudes that form the substance of these relations are as crucial to the well-being of many corporations as the movement of products."

This concept of the potent role of corporate advertising in the vast flux of communications in our economic and political democracy has interested not only Elmo Roper and other students of the power of public opinion in this country, but also the editors of *Saturday Review*.

It was fourteen years ago that *SR*'s editors, motivated by their own keen concern with the complex communications pattern through which public attitudes and actions are influenced in this country, inaugurated *SR*'s annual awards for advertising in the public interest.

This year's award-winning campaigns are as distinguished in their awareness of the public interest responsibilities of business as any of those cited in the past. They provide an impressive range and display of enlightened corporate stewardship.

But there seems to be a paradox in advertising's current practice of public persuasion that *SR* believes should be commented on. Business spent perhaps $225,000,000 on "idea" advertising last year, a formidable sum, yet barely 1.5 per cent of industry's total advertising bill: $14.9 billion.

There also seems to be a circumscribed ability to practice the subtle art of corporate advertising in the public interest. Apparently only a few advertisers and agencies are capable of creating outstanding campaigns in the field of "idea" advertising.

Out of more than 300 public interest campaigns that appear in general magazines week after week in the United States, 108 contenders wound up in the final balloting this year. They were reviewed by the 1966 awards committee of twenty-one judges, including educators, public officials, editors, researchers, and leaders of business, advertising, and communications. They brought their knowledge and experience to bear in judging the communications quality and efficacy of current corporate advertising.

From among the finalists the judges then selected twenty-four campaigns to receive *SR*'s 1966 awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest. In addition, three public service campaigns of the Advertising Council, the nonprofit arm of the business and advertising communities, one campaign of the American Cancer Society, and the Easter Seal campaign were cited for superior contributions to the public interest.

Because of the close voting of the judges in considering these campaigns, there were eleven runners-up separated only by a single vote.

It is at this point that *SR* observed that out of 1965's list of twenty-six

1966 Awards Committee

Joseph H. Allen, *President, McGraw-Hill Publications*
Sidney R. Bernstein, *President and Publisher, Advertising Age*
Curtis Berrien, *Executive Vice President, Creative Services, Needham, Harper & Steers, Inc.*
Norman E. Cash, *President, Television Bureau of Advertising, Inc.*
Norton Clapp, *President, Weyerhaeuser Company*
Alvin C. Eurich, *President, Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies*
John R. Everett, *President, New School for Social Research*
Lamar M. Fearing, *Vice Chairman, International Paper Company*
John Foster, *Professor, Graduate School of Journalism, Columbia University*
Joseph Kaselow, *Advertising News Columnist, New York Herald Tribune*
Chester Kerr, *Director, Yale University Press*
George Lazarus, *Advertising News Columnist, Chicago Daily News*
James J. McCaffrey, *Chairman of the Board, LaRoche, McCaffrey and McCall, Inc.*
A. Edward Miller, *President, Alfred Politz Research, Inc.*
Rosemary Park, *President, Barnard College*
Theodore Repplier, *President, the Advertising Council, Inc.*
Elmo Roper, *Senior Partner, Elmo Roper and Associates*
Roger Stevens, *Chairman, National Council on the Arts*
Norman Strouse, *Chairman of the Board, J. Walter Thompson Company*
Stanley F. Teele, *Treasurer, Amherst College*
Willis J. Winn, *Dean, Wharton School of Finance and Commerce*

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winners and nine runners-up – a total of thirty-five outstanding campaigns – twenty repeated this year and fifteen lost out, while there were eight newcomers among 1966's award winners and seven among the runners-up.

These twenty repeaters, many of which have also been featured in previous awards, come from a small cluster of advertising agencies, even as the fifteen newcomers do, even as the fifteen vanished campaigns did. Similarly, a tight nucleus of corporations, apparently committed to public interest advertising in its various manifestations, are represented in both years.

Research has shown that many agencies and advertisers neither believe in nor understand the special values and techniques of corporate advertising. They prefer and practice only direct-sell, often hard-sell advertising.

Selling, it is true, is the primary function of advertising, but *SR* suggests that more companies and more agencies might be well advised to study and master what Elmo Roper describes as the "survival" power of corporate advertising. The spectrum of corporate practitioners of "idea" advertising should not be as narrow as it seems to be, for the use of this specialized instrument of public information is too important to enlightened management of our economic democracy.

Stockholders, employees, suppliers, investors, customers, public officials, unions, and communicators are among the many vital publics with which major corporations should maintain informative contact through "idea" advertising. Public attitudes toward a corporation's policies, standards of innovation, research and development, leadership, and sense of public responsibility and service can decisively influence the public's approval and acceptance of the corporation's products or services, its stocks and its position in its industry.

The synergistic action of these basic facets of our national economy—public information, public approval, public action—can be the difference between success and failure, survival and disintegration for the modern corporation.

Thus the 1966 award-winning campaigns, the agencies that created them, and the advertisers that sponsored them are worthy of careful study not only by the public but by the business and communications communities in particular.

The powerful role of television and radio in the U.S. communications complex, it must be emphasized, was not overlooked by *SR*'s judges. Six programs were cited for distinguished achievement in serving the public interest with taste, imagination, courage, and responsibility. In addition, there were two runners-up.

For the first time all the winners and runners-up came from television. Although there were a number of radio programs on the final ballot, none were cited.

The seven print campaigns that received the most votes among the twenty-four winners of public interest awards are listed below in the order of their selection by the judges. Only four votes separated them in the close voting that characterized the wide support that most of the finalist campaigns received among the judges.

For the first time in four years—and for only the third time in the fourteen-year history of the awards—two campaigns ended up in a tie for the honor of being judged the No. 1 public interest advertisement of the year. This honor was shared by the International Paper Company, last year's sole winner, and the Shell Oil Company. Here is the ranking of the top seven campaigns:

1) International Paper Company and Shell Oil Company (Public Service) (tie)
3) Caterpillar Tractor Company and

Fourteenth Annual *SR* Awards: There follow in alphabetical order the names of the twenty-four campaigns that won *Saturday Review*'s Fourteenth Annual Awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest, along with the names of the agencies that prepared the winning advertisements:

Company	Agency
Bell System (Public Relations)	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Bell System Long Lines	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Berlitz School of Languages	*Gilbert Advertising Agency, Inc.*
Better Vision Institute	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
Borg-Warner Corporation	*LaRoche, McCaffrey and McCall, Inc.*
Caterpillar Tractor Company	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Commonwealth of Puerto Rico	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
Container Corporation of America	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Eastern Airlines	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Ford Motor Company (Public Relations)	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
International Business Machines	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
International Paper Company	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
International Telephone & Telegraph Corp.	*Needham, Harper & Steers, Inc.*
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Morgan Guaranty Trust Company	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
New York Stock Exchange	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
Pharmaceutical Industry Advertising Program	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Radio Corporation of America	*J. Walter Thompson Company*
St. Regis Paper Company	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*
Sears, Roebuck & Company	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
Shell Oil Company (Corporate Image)	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Shell Oil Company (Public Service)	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
E. R. Squibb & Sons	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
Weyerhaeuser Company	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*

Special Mention

The Advertising Council:	
Aid to Higher Education	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
National Safety Council	*Needham, Harper & Steers, Inc.*
Radio Free Europe	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
The American Cancer Society:	
Public Education Series	*Reach, McClinton & Co., Inc.*
The Easter Seal Society:	
Easter Seal Fund Appeal	*Leo Burnett Co., Inc.*

Because of the closeness of voting in the Committee of Judges, eleven runners-up for awards are also listed here in alphabetical order:

Company	Agency
American Dairy Association	*Campbell-Mithun, Inc.*
Bell System (Corporate Image)	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Boise Cascade Corporation	*Dancer-Fitzgerald-Sample, Inc.*
Calgon Corporation	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*
General Electric Company	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Great Northern Paper Company	*Gaynor & Ducas, Inc.*
Irish Tourist Board	*de Garmo Inc.*
McGraw-Hill, Inc.	*McGraw-Hill, Inc.*
Newsweek	*Richard Kerr*
Owens-Illinois Glass Company	*Meldrum and Fewsmith, Inc.*
Western Electric Company	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*

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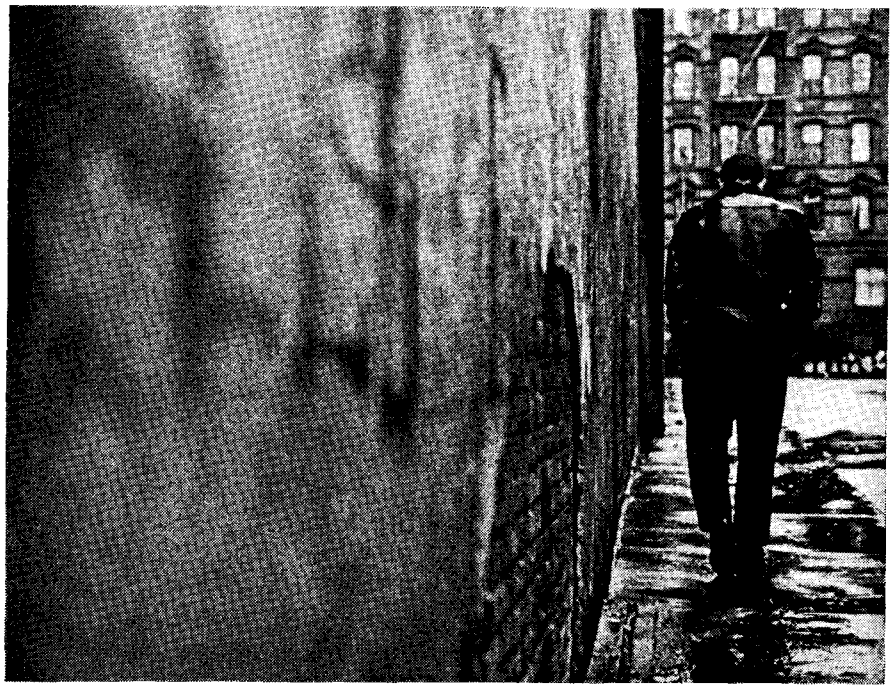

Top Ads of the Year: Reproduced to the left and right are examples of two campaigns that were named by *SR*'s Fourteenth Annual Advertising Awards Committee as the outstanding public interest advertising of the year. It was the first time in four years—and only the third time in the entire history of the awards—that two campaigns had tied for first place. The advertisement on the left is from International Paper Company's notable campaign to aid communities in developing programs to help backward readers, to reduce the national waste of more than 1,000,000 youngsters who drop out of school every year for lack of adequate reading skills. On the right is an example of a campaign by the Shell Oil Company to teach drivers the skills and physical fitness required to drive safely on modern, high-speed highways and to test their capacity for such driving. This campaign was a dramatic contribution by Shell to safer driving for the general public.

I AM SCHOOL DROPOUT. I CANT READ GOOD.
I CANT GET A JOB. HELP ME PLEASE

He's seventeen. Scared. Broke. No job. No hope. Why did he quit school?
His biggest problem was reading. Because he couldn't read well, he couldn't keep up in *any* of his classes.

The average dropout is *at least* two years behind in reading when he quits.

Is the boy in our picture an isolated case? No. Reading problems are the main reason *a million kids a year* quit school.

Reading problems are the main reason one third of *this year's* freshmen will leave high school before they graduate. It happens in rural areas and cities alike.

What can *you* do to help? Many communities now have programs to help backward readers. A few years ago, 20 volunteers in *New York* started such a program. Last year, this group had grown big enough to help over 20,000 children with reading difficulties.

Find out if there's a group working where you live. If not, talk to your high school principal. Start a program of your own.

It's a selfish cause. The future of your country is at stake.

FOR FREE REPRINTS of this advertisement, write to: Box 400B, International Paper, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017.

INTERNATIONAL PAPER

"Send me a man who reads!"

A series by International Paper

International Paper makes more paper products than any company in the world. Paper bags, frozen-food packages, computer cards, corrugated cartons, plastic-coated milk cartons, printing papers.

I.P believes the most important thing that's ever done with paper is *putting words on it*. This advertising series is International Paper's contribution to the cause of *reading*.

"Send me a man who reads" are marks of International Paper Company.
©International Paper Company 1966

the Pharmaceutical Industry Advertising Program (tie)

5) Bell Telephone System

6) St. Regis Paper Company and the Weyerhaeuser Company (tie)

The criteria for evaluating the various campaigns, as set forth on the ballot used by the judges, follow:

> As a number of the judges in the past have raised thoughtful questions, or made constructive suggestions, about the criteria to be used in judging these campaigns, some definitions and criteria are hereby offered on this ballot for the guidance of the judges in your appraisal of these campaigns. The purpose is to help provide a greater consensus of judgment, even though it should be recognized that many judgments of something as complex and subtle as modern advertising must be subjective as well as objective. That is why the following bench marks are offered only for guidance, not as fixed rules.
>
> Definitions: The following campaigns all lie within the broad definition of public interest advertising because they provide information about a company, an industry, or some aspect of life or thought in the U.S. which it is useful for the public to know or be made freshly aware of.
>
> Within the broad, general framework of this definition, there are three more specific categories of public interest advertising. They are: 1) corporate advertising, which explains the continuing research, the engineering or management efforts a company makes to improve its product or services; 2) public relations advertising, through which a company or industry discusses the problems, policies, social philosophy, or economic goals of the company or industry, or illuminates some aspect of the American scene or background, or discusses the basic principles of American enterprise in a way to shed light for the reader on the economy or society in which he lives; and 3) public service, which is advertising designed to promote voluntary individual actions to solve national problems, usually problems which have been certified by the Advertising Council, such as supporting our servicemen, better schools, traffic safety, religion in American life, the buying of U.S. savings bonds, and other worthwhile causes.
>
> The dividing line between these categories, while significant, is quite thin, and often elusive of precise definition. Some campaigns may conceivably fall into two or even three of these categories. At other times the category of the campaign is quite clear.
>
> Criteria: The following factors should be considered in evaluating the effectiveness of the campaign as a form of idea communication in the public interest: 1) Theme: the extent to which it enlarged the reader's knowledge of our American social, cultural, or economic institutions, traditions or problems. (The judges may or may not agree with the point of view of the theme, but may agree that it is useful to have the point of view stated); 2) Text: especially style, readability, impact, objectivity, clarity, precision, and pointedness; 3) Layout: typography, artwork, and general design; 4) Over-all originality: taste, freshness and imaginativeness of conception, execution, and creative vision within the strict bounds of honesty of presentation.

In something as complex and often debatable as modern advertising, as the ballot itself noted, *SR*'s judges recognized that the above criteria were more bench marks than rigid rules for judgment. They also acknowledged that individual judgments would in many cases be subjective reactions as well as objective opinions.

In general the winning campaigns embody *SR*'s conviction that business cannot ultimately prosper in America without the approval of responsible, informed public opinion. The winning campaigns, by and large, have been effective because they have recognized and served, openly and legitimately, the proper private interest of the corpora-

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1. How good is your depth perception? Depth perception helps you judge the distance to other cars. *To test,* tie long strings to the front and rear of a toy car. (Or you can use any two objects that are the same size and shape.) Pass one string over the rear edge of a table, so you can pull the car back and forth. Place a second toy car of the same size on the table. Then, with your eyes at tabletop level, pull back and forth on the strings from 6 feet away. Try to "park" your car directly alongside the second car. Try it several times. If the cars are consistently out of alignment, your depth perception is probably off. Keep more distance than you think you need between yourself and the car ahead.

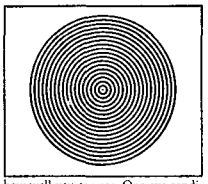
Another service from the Shell dealers of the West

A 5-minute driver's "physical" you can take in your own home tonight!

GOOD VISION and fast reaction are among the most important physical requirements for safe driving.

Shell dealers present these quick tests to give you some obvious clues to your driving fitness.

(But remember, no self-test of vision can take the place of a professional eye examination by a qualified doctor.)



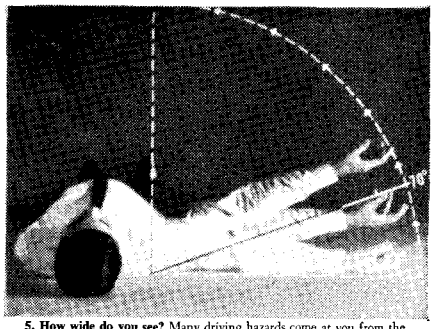
2. How well do you see? The eye chart with the letters of the alphabet on it measures what doctors call visual acuity. It's the most common measure of how well you can see. One eye condition that affects your visual acuity is astigmatism – a distortion of the eye lens which results in a blurred, imperfect image. *To test,* hold this page at reading distance and look at the circles with one eye closed. Now try the other eye. If you see pie-shaped sections that seem sharper and blacker than others, you may have astigmatism. As a result, you may not be seeing all you should when driving your car. Clear vision is even more important when you're driving on high-speed freeways and turnpikes.

DRIVER'S "PHYSICAL" (cont.)

3. How do you react to glare? How quickly your eyes recover from the glare of blinding light – such as headlights – is a measure of what eye doctors call glare resistance. *To test,* dim the light in the room until you can just read these words. Roll a newspaper the long way to form a tube. Turn on a 100-watt light bulb, and have someone time you as you look directly at the bare bulb for just *five* seconds. Then, turn off the light bulb and immediately try to read this page through the tube. Within seven seconds you should be able to see clearly enough to read these words. If you can't, take special pains to avoid direct glare. Look down the right side of the road when cars approach at night.

4. How fast do you react? If your reaction time is normal, at 30 miles an hour you'll travel 33 feet before you can even get your foot on the brake. If your reaction time is just ¼ second slower, you'll travel another 11 feet.

To test, take a crisp new dollar bill and fold it lengthwise, as tightly as you can. Have a friend hold the bill vertically, while you place your hand about 1½ inches above the bill. Prepare to *react.* He drops the bill without warning; you try to hit it with *one* sweeping motion. If you do, your reaction time is normal. If you don't, you'd better allow yourself extra time to react when on the road – by driving a little slower, being extra alert, and keeping well back of other cars.



5. How wide do you see? Many driving hazards come at you from the side. Your ability to see them coming is a measure of your "peripheral vision." *To test,* stand against a wall and extend your arms at shoulder level. Focus your eyes on a point 20 feet straight ahead and wiggle your fingers. If you see wiggling fingers, you're normal. If not, bring your arms slowly forward. As soon as you see wiggling fingers, estimate the angle of your arms. 70° is good enough. Anything less means you have "tunnel vision." Keep your head moving when driving, looking to both sides.

6. How's your "binocular vision?" Because the lenses of your eyes are about 2½ inches apart, you see from two points of view. This is called "binocular vision." It gives you the ability to "see around" objects. It's what makes a pencil look round and thick. And it *has a lot to do* with your depth perception and judgment of distances.

To test, place a pencil on the table with the point jutting out over the edge. Cover one eye, step forward, and try to touch the point – head on – with the tip of your finger, in one swift motion. Hard to do? It should be. Now try to touch the point of the pencil again, *using both eyes.* If it's still hard to do, your eyes may not be working together. Have them checked.

Note from Shell. Bad brakes can be more dangerous than slow reaction time. Defective windshield wipers can seriously limit vision in rainy weather. Shell dealers help you keep your car in top running condition. For example, with every Shellubrication® we test brakes and inspect windshield wipers, tires and other "trouble spots" *automatically.* It's part of the service where you see the sign of the Shell. Stop in.

Get a free Shell Route Kit made to order for your trip

Shell will prepare for you a free personalized route kit for a trip anywhere in the U.S., Mexico, or Canada. Kit includes maps giving *your choice* of the most scenic or the most direct route, a new, valuable 24-page Touring Guide and a handy expense record. Stop at any Shell station and order one. Remember, at Shell stations, *Service is our Business.*

SHELL

SEE AMERICA BEST... BY CAR

tion along with the larger public interest of the nation. They have dramatized and celebrated the mutual purpose that binds the best interest of private enterprise to the best interest of our economic democracy and the American people.

This bond of mutual interest was underscored by Secretary of Commerce John T. Connor when he joined last year with Vice President Humphrey and Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz to inaugurate an exhibit in the Department of Commerce entitled "Fair Employment Is Good Business."

In addressing an audience of business and labor representatives as well as public officials, Secretary Connor said:

"Business, labor, and government together are totally committed to the proposition that every person shall have equal opportunity in the basic right of earning a livelihood.

"But to fully use this country's human resources, the legacies of the past have to be overcome. . . .

"Forty years ago it was remarked in this city that 'the business of America is business.'

"This was a neat phrase, but as a philosophy it led to 1929.

"Today we see things differently. The business of American business is America. This philosophy . . . is leading us not to another 1929, but to a better and more prosperous America for everybody."

The Secretary thus succinctly summarized the philosophy of *SR*'s award-winning campaigns this year: "the business of American business is America."

Or as Dr. Courtney C. Brown, dean of the Graduate School of Business, Columbia University, stated in a scholarly treatise on the conceptual foundations of modern business, "In factual terms, managers of our major corporations began to think of themselves some decades ago as the representatives of all the parties at interest, sometimes called management's several publics. These attitudes have not evolved because of a growing sense of altruism. They have evolved because of a growing awareness that the interests of any one group, including investors, will be best served by serving the mutual interests of all. . . . The concepts that underlie a society of voluntaristic institutions can be preserved only if business managers, by their policies and their actions, are able to convince all of those associated in the corporation that the several group interests, including the interests of the stockholders, will be best served when the mutual interest predominates. This is the great challenge to business management in the years ahead. In essence, it puts the responsibility on business managers to preserve by their actions the basic concepts of a free society."

Dr. Brown gave a learned underpinning to the philosophy and practice of corporate advertising: the pre-eminence of the mutual interest, public and private, not only in the survival of the corporation but in the preservation of the "basic concepts of a free society."

The two campaigns that tied for the honor as the No. 1 public interest selection of *SR*'s awards committees both personify a harmonious partnership of purpose between the private interest of the sponsors and the public interest of their audiences.

The campaign of the International Paper Company was dedicated to counseling and assisting communities in developing programs to help backward readers, to reduce the national waste of more than 1,000,000 youngsters who drop out of school every year for lack of adequate reading skills. Research has shown that reading difficulties develop at a very early age and if uncorrected cripple the capacity of an individual throughout an entire lifetime to make full use of his abilities. The child who learns to read easily and intelligently at an early age is much more likely to mature into a productive adult. It is to this end that International Paper's corporate

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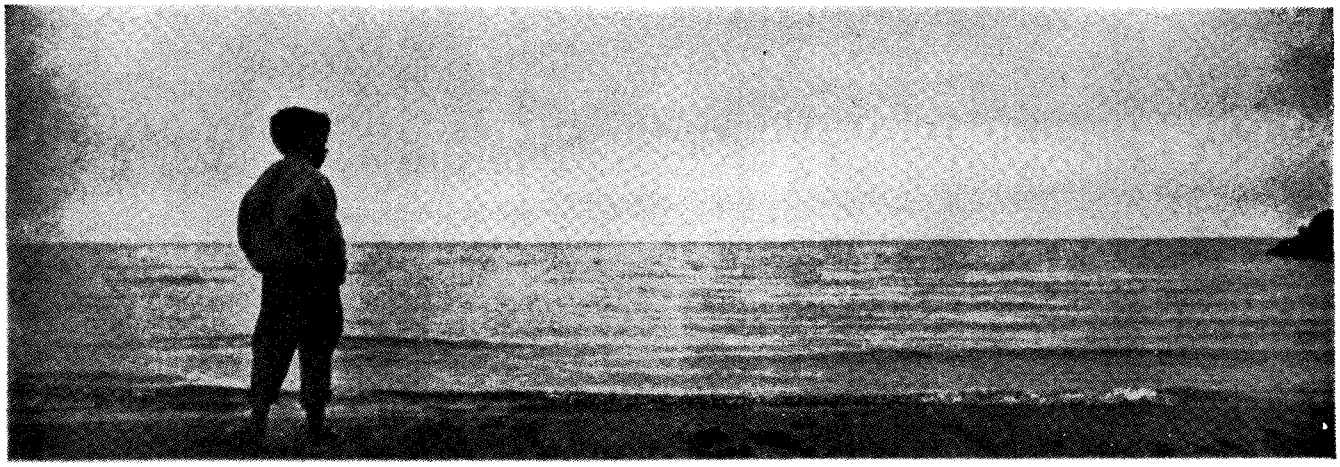

All this fresh water—yet taps were running dry in suburban Rochester

Spring brought only apprehension to Monroe County, New York, in 1963. Many families were already without water several hours each day. Summer loomed threateningly ahead.

What happened that summer makes thought-provoking reading for anyone who thinks water is his birthright.

People took water for granted in Monroe County. It was there all around them in natural abundance. No one ever thought of it as a manufactured product.

But manufactured, water is. It must be pumped, piped, treated, stored, then transported to the point of use. And this costs money.

Spend more money? For water? Not likely, when Lake Ontario, one of the largest bodies of fresh water in the world, is at your doorstep.

Ancient facilities

So the towns surrounding Rochester lived with their ancient facilities, some dating back to 1900. And they had no water problems.

But then came the postwar years, and Rochester exploded. The country towns became bedroom communities, part of a vast metropolitan complex.

In the late '40s the crisis became apparent to a few local leaders. Suburban Rochester was growing fast. It would soon die of thirst if steps weren't taken to provide a modern water system serving the needs of the entire county.

Complexities were staggering

Nineteen towns surround Rochester in Monroe County. Each controls water distribution to its residents. Each had its own idea of what was or was not needed.

The situation seemed hopeless, until a few county and city leaders proposed the idea of a water authority.

Nonpolitical, and without taxing power, it would be a public-benefit corporation. Operating funds would be derived solely from the sale of water.

Would the concept work?

The State of New York was willing to find out. In 1950, the legislature passed enabling legislation.

Years slipped by . . . years spent organizing, planning, raising capital, purchasing facilities. When the Monroe County Water Authority finally got into business in 1959, the situation was critical.

An engineering study showed that by 1963—just 4 years!—water demand would rise to 5 million gallons a day more than existing facilities could supply.

Crash expansion

Immediately, MCWA began a $17 million building program. A new treatment plant. Hundreds of miles of new transmission mains. New booster stations, feeder lines. Construction seldom slowed even during the bitter winter months.

The job was immense. But the goal was met. For, on June 24, 1963, 50 million additional gallons of life-giving water flowed to the parched Rochester suburbs. The foresight of a few men saved thousands from disaster.

Some, however, were not so lucky. They were too far away to be reached by MCWA. For them, the water truck became a daily visitor—$7 for 100 gallons of water.

For just 4¢ a day

Present MCWA facilities and expansion programs under way will assure Monroe County of abundant water past the year 2000, when population is expected to reach 1.3 million—double that of today.

Cost to the average family? An increase of just 4¢ a day.

MCWA's fine planning has meant much to Monroe County. It has enabled suburbanization to continue at a record rate. It has also brought a surge of new industry to the area.

Unexpected benefits

Twenty years ago, Henrietta was a rural community. Today, it boasts an industrial complex producing millions of dollars' worth of goods each year.

Graflex settled in Pittsford because of abundant water. Perinton was the choice of two new plastics manufacturers. Not to mention Gerber's, the world's largest producer of baby food. Their sprawling new kitchen uses 1½ million gallons of water a day.

Improved water distribution, too, has brought dramatic results in other ways. When MCWA extended its big 20" feeder mains into Perinton, for instance, fire insurance rates dropped 40%!

Problem not unusual

Shortages exist in many areas where water is plentiful. People take their supply for granted—ignore it in considering their needs for the future.

Usually, solutions come only because of the foresight and initiative of a few individuals. People like those in Rochester who recognize the signs and act before it is too late.

The time to act is now

Answers to water management problems do not come overnight. It takes years before the results of poor water planning can be corrected. Yet by 1980—just 15 years—our nation will need facilities to supply twice the water we use today.

Isn't it time you took a hand?

For more information about our nation's water problems—what needs to be done and how you can get action started in your community—write for the informative booklet, "WATER CRISIS, U.S.A.," Dept. P-45, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

New water facilities have brought unexpected benefits to suburban Rochester. New industry produces millions of dollars' worth of goods each year.

MACHINES THAT BUILD FOR A GROWING AMERICA **CATERPILLAR**

Leading Public Service Ad: The water shortages plaguing and crippling many communities are the subject of a dramatic, informative advertisement by the Caterpillar Tractor Company. By recounting the foresight and cooperative action with which Monroe County, New York State, addressed itself to the complex, costly problem of providing water for a rapidly growing population the advertiser not only stirred other communities to study their situations anew but offered detailed guidance and suggestions for solutions. Such case histories were featured throughout the campaign.

campaign is directed, in an effort to stir community awareness and action in solving this public problem. It is also supported by the corporation with guidance-action kits for community groups prepared to address themselves to this national blight.

Similarly, the Shell Oil Company recognized it had a direct interest in highway safety and safe driving. In the campaign that tied for top place in the awards voting, Shell Oil presented a series of lessons and tests to teach drivers the physical skills and fitness required to drive safely on today's high speed thoroughfares.

Thus a paper company with a private stake in the widest use of printed materials and an oil company with a proper interest in the safety of its customers and the good-will as well as safety of prospective customers successfully and creatively blended their private interest with the public interest to the profit of all concerned.

It is this sense of mutuality of interest, as both Secretary Connor and Dr. Brown noted, that is essential to the public image of a corporation and the success of its public interest advertising in effectively serving its private interest.

A fine example of this partnership is found in the campaign of the Caterpillar Tractor Company. This campaign, part of a program the company has conducted for sixteen years, was designed to alert public opinion to public problems—and ways to solve them. The current campaign concentrates on water management, a nationwide problem whose solutions must be achieved on a local or regional level. The advertisements present "before-and-after" case histories of successful water management projects with emphasis on how local people analyzed a problem and brought about its solution. The purpose is to stimulate local action.

The nature of the problems and of the solutions varies from one part of the country to another, and different kinds of facilities have to be constructed as part of any regional solution, but all involve earth-moving equipment of the kind manufactured by Caterpillar.

THUS as more people are concerned about water and its proper management as a result of the Caterpillar campaign, so it is likely public action will be taken that will require Caterpillar products. The mutual interest is clear. It probably is no accident or mere coincidence that Caterpillar is one of the fastest-growing and most profitable industrial companies in the United States.

The Bell System over the years has favored public interest advertising be-

Public Service Campaigns: In the balloting for the over-all awards for public service advertising, the judges also voted for the various campaigns in three special categories to add precision to their votes. This box lists in alphabetical order the winners in the public service category. In two boxes on the following pages winners are also listed in the other two special categories, public relations and corporate.

Company	Agency
Better Vision Institute	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
Caterpillar Tractor Company	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
International Paper Company	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
McGraw-Hill, Inc.	*McGraw-Hill, Inc.*
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Shell Oil Company (Public Service)	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*

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cause its management has believed and practiced the philosophy that good public relations are "90 per cent doing the right thing and 10 per cent letting the people know about it." It has been necessary to humanize this vast enterprise, especially since it is a publicly regulated monopoly, and also to promote the widest public understanding of the major contribution the system through its various subsidiaries has made to national defense, space exploration, the general expansion of scientific knowledge, and to the comfort, convenience, efficiency and well-being of the nation.

Recent surveys indicate that its award-winning campaigns have made a significant contribution to the progress of the company: 90 per cent of the American people approve the way the Bell System is run; 90 per cent rate its reputation excellent or good; and 92.5 per cent believe it is sincerely interested in providing good service.

It is interesting to note that three of the 1966 public interest awards went to leading paper and forest products companies, Weyerhaeuser, St. Regis, and International Paper, and that two other such companies, Great Northern and Boise Cascade were runners-up.

Both Weyerhaeuser and St. Regis, for example, were concerned in their campaigns with public understanding of the conservation and management of timberlands and with public appreciation of the complex community of living things besides trees that actually make a forest. Both campaigns feature outstanding art and dramatize the role of the companies in nurturing as well as utilizing our forests and in making fine products from these precious natural resources.

IT is regrettable that space does not permit the reproduction and discussion of each of the twenty-four award-winning campaigns for they are all educational in important areas of the American scene and would reward such study. The public should participate as much as possible in the dialogue initiated and sustained by these campaigns, for it is essential that the thoughtful public, the critics and skeptics of advertising as well as its friends and champions, should better understand the extraordinary talents, resources, and dedication that business and advertising leaders bring to the service of our common public interest through public interest advertising.

In this connection it was gratifying that *SR*'s judges voted a Special Citation to the Advertising Council. In the past very few citations of any kind have been given. Not only were three of the Council's distinguished public service campaigns for print media voted special mentions by the judges, but the following citation was approved for one of the

Suddenly the baby swallowed the pin!

Ten-month-old Larry pulled a large open safety pin from his busy mother's sewing table and swallowed it.

Frantically, his mother grabbed the telephone, dialed "Operator" and gasped out the name of her family doctor.

Mrs. Virginia Klow, the operator who answered, thought fast and asked the agitated mother whether she wanted an ambulance first. "Oh, *Yes!*" she cried.

Even while Mrs. Klow was calling the ambulance, she got the mother's name, address and telephone number. And only seconds after the ambulance started on its way, the distracted woman was connected with her physician.

Later at the hospital, the pin was safely removed. Larry has long since forgotten the whole episode. His grateful mother never will.

* * *

It's a small story, but a true one. Bell System people have been able to contribute to many happy endings. Perhaps sometime you may need help. If you do, just remember to ***dial "Operator."*** *You can be sure we'll do our human best.*

Bell System
American Telephone & Telegraph and Associated Companies

Top Public Relations Ad: The human drama of a baby swallowing an open safety pin and being saved through the swift, cool mobilization of medical assistance by a Bell System telephone operator is a typical example of a campaign to humanize a vast, intricate organization, to make it more personal and less remote for the telephone-using public. It also reinforced the broad public-service image of the Bell System.

Public Relations: An alphabetical list of the winners:

Company	Agency
Bell System (Public Relations)	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Commonwealth of Puerto Rico	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
Ford Motor Company (Public Relations)	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Great Northern Paper Company	*Gaynor & Ducas, Inc.*
New York Stock Exchange	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
Newsweek	*Richard Kerr*
Pharmaceutical Industry Advertising Program	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
St. Regis Paper Company	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*
Weyerhaeuser Company	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*

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What this country needs is a good no-scent cigar.

Or an odor-killing air conditioner in every home.

Most home air conditioning systems can cool, heat, humidify, dehumidify, filter and circulate air. But now the great engineers of Borg-Warner's York Division have come up with one that controls odor, too. Here's how they did it.

FOR YEARS, the engineers of Borg-Warner's York Division dreamed of building a home air conditioning system capable of controlling every phase of environment. Cooling and heating were easy. Regulating humidity wasn't too difficult. They developed filters to screen out dust and pollen. But removing odors from the air was something else again.

At first they tried to trap odors the same way you trap tars in cigarettes—with activated charcoal. Charcoal filters worked pretty well. But they *hold* odors, now and then releasing a strange one, especially on hot or humid days. Then, every so often you have to remove the stored-up odors from the charcoal.

So the great engineers tried a brand-new material that *destroys* odors chemically, by combining them with oxygen. It's called Purafil™ odoroxidant.

Purafil was developed by Borg-Warner's Research Center and is manufactured by Borg-Warner's Marbon Chemical Division. Purafil odoroxidant doesn't store up aff the odors it has taken from the air until it can't hold any more and must release them. It actually *does* destroy most odors.

York's system doesn't kill odors instantly. Cooking cabbage will still smell like cooking cabbage. But by the time dinner is over it *will* have cleaned up the odor in the kitchen. And the same goes for that after-dinner cigar in the dining room. In short, Yorkaire® Purafil filters are a genuine breakthrough toward complete environmental control. Result: custom-made climate for any home.

Breakthroughs like this aren't unusual at York though. For 91 years now the engineers at York have been figuring out new and better ways to keep cucumbers cool, ice cream cold and frozen foods frozen. Chances are, most of the perishable foods in your supermarket reside in air conditioned comfort by York. Meat, too.

York's way with meat, milk and vegetables has made it the largest producer of commercial refrigeration equipment in the world.

Isn't it lucky for us that York likes people too?

AUTOMOTIVE, HOME & BUILDER, CHEMICAL & STEEL AND INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS. ©1965, BORG-WARNER CORPORATION, 200 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL. 60604

BORG WARNER
The great engineers

Leading Corporate Ad: The creative resources of modern industry through research and engineering to improve old products and develop new ones provide the theme of a colorful corporate campaign by Borg-Warner Corporation. The contributions of its various divisions are both highlighted and related to a common Borg-Warner standard of excellence and progress.

Council's public service projects by radio:

"Citation: For the series of radio spot announcements on equal employment opportunites under the general theme of 'Things Are Changing,' for an imaginative effort aimed at the minority community and school dropouts to inspire confidence and understanding among them that jobs are available and that job training is worthwhile; for talking to them in their own language and using national radio in a special effort to reach the unskilled, unemployed minority groups and teenage dropouts in their own terms of idiom and music and persuade them to train themselves for jobs that are available."

The Marschalk Company, Inc., was the volunteer agency for this project.

THIS citation not only gave public recognition to a public service effort typical of the Council's twenty-four years of selfless activity on behalf of mobilizing voluntary efforts to help solve national problems, but it came at the moment when the man who has headed the Council throughout its entire existence, Theodore S. Repplier, decided to step down as president. A gifted advertising man and dedicated public servant, the Council is as much his monument as it is a unique instrument through which, in the words of Charles E. Wilson, the former head of General Electric, one of the country's largest corporations, "American business supports more causes, solves more problems, and serves more people than is possible through any other single institution." This citation is part of a deserved farewell salute to Mr. Repplier.

Probably as much as any single institution the Council mobilized advertising as a public service force and inspired corporations to practice public interest advertising on their own. It personifies the commitment to the good society that is inherent in all public interest advertising. Public interest advertising embodies not only the enlightened philosophy of the Council, but underscores eloquently, as *SR*'s award-winning campaigns demonstrate this year, the words of Commerce Secretary Connor that the "business of American business is America."

Corporate Campaigns: An alphabetical list of the winners:

Company	Agency
Bell System Long Lines	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Berlitz School of Languages	*Gilbert Advertising Agency, Inc.*
Boise Cascade Corporation	*Dancer-Fitzgerald-Sample, Inc.*
Borg-Warner Corporation	*LaRoche, McCaffrey & McCall, Inc.*
Eastern Airlines	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
International Business Machines	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
International Telephone & Telegraph Corp.	*Needham, Harper & Steers, Inc.*
Radio Corporation of America	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
Sears, Roebuck & Company	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
Shell Oil Company (Corporate Image)	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
E. R. Squibb & Sons	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*

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Special Mentions: **Three distinguished campaigns for aid to higher education (top right), national traffic safety (middle right), and for the Easter Seal fund for crippled children (lower right) were among the winners in this special category of public service advertising. The first two on 1) financial aid to our hard-pressed colleges and universities and 2) on safe-driving on the highways were created under the auspices of the Advertising Council. The third was an advertisement for the Easter Seal drive to provide care and therapy for children crippled by a variety of modern untamed ailments from cerebral palsy or muscular dystrophy to multiple sclerosis. These public service campaigns, and many others, are created voluntarily by public-spirited advertising agencies, and then carried to the public without charge by national magazines, newspapers, and radio and television stations. During 1965 media contributed an estimated $265,000,000 in space and time for such messages.**

***SR*'s Television Citations:** There follow the details of the six television programs cited by *SR*'s judges for distinguished achievement in the public interest, plus two runners-up:

International Business Machines
Shell Oil Company — ***CBS News*** — **CBS-TV**

For a lively and innovative year in the field of national and international television news reporting and analysis, including *National Driver's Test, National Citizenship Test,* and *Town Meeting of the World,* in which U.S. leaders answered questions on our foreign policy from students in European and Latin American universities; and for placing such public interest programs in prime time slots.

Hallmark Cards, Inc. — ***Hallmark Hall of Fame*** — **NBC-TV**

For continuing in its fifteenth anniversary season its high standard of television theater with five better than average programs, one of which was truly notable, the excellent, uncompromising presentation of *Inherit the Wind,* starring Melvyn Douglas and Ed Begley as the antagonists in the famous Scopes trial; and for maintaining the great tradition of live television theater.

Chemstrand Corporation — ***My Name Is Barbra*** — **CBS-TV**

For presenting in an exciting television setting the new and vital talent of Miss Barbra Streisand in an hour-long "one-man" program devoted exclusively to her unusual theater gifts.

Eastman Kodak Company
Ford Motor Company
Radio Corporation of America — ***Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color*** — **NBC-TV**

For the sustained, untiring vitality and freshness of a highly talented man to create wonderful worlds that captivate young and old alike; for a fruitful marriage of a talent and a medium that provides unforgettable, enchanting experiences for the entire family and again proves television has resources that can be forged into splendid adult entertainment when there's a will.

Xerox Corporation — ***The Making of the President: 1964*** — **CBS-TV**

To Theodore H. White and David H. Wolper for continuing in an effective manner the incisive and illuminating style of political reporting that has made these documentaries of presidential elections an important television event every four years, providing a memorable and living picture of the democratic process at work.

NBC and CBS Television — **NBC-TV CBS-TV**

For use of prime time, talent, and resources to inform the American people on the critical issues in the Vietnam crisis; for sustained coverage of the war and the events surrounding it; for major special broadcasts and documentaries on the actual conflict and on the great national debate it has inspired.

The runners-up were:
Participating Sponsors — ***Captain Kangaroo*** — **CBS-TV**

For being the only remaining regular network television program for pre-school children marked by intelligence and taste; and for high standards of entertainment value which have gained and earned the loyalty of its audience of children and parents.

Eastern Airlines — ***American White Paper*** — **NBC-TV**

For a total public interest achievement in presenting a three and one-half hour program graphically portraying the development of U.S. foreign policy since the end of World War II; for a serious, thorough, and imaginative attempt to capture in a single broadcast a long term perspective on U.S. foreign policy; for responsible willingness to invest $400,000 and an entire year of creative effort in such a public interest project.

Here he comes... ready or not!

The world beckons and he's on his way—proud and independent.

He will need all the education he can get—college, even graduate school.

But there's a problem. Because enrollments are increasing every year, colleges must meet the expanding costs of providing more teachers and additional facilities.

You can help now.

Give to the college of your choice now to help assure his future . . . to help make sure that college is ready when he is.

College is America's Best Friend

Published as a public service in cooperation with The Advertising Council and the Council for Financial Aid to Education.

Watch Out For The Other Guy

Maybe you're a good driver. Many drivers aren't. So why put yourself at the mercy of some other guy's mistakes? Better to drive defensively. And expect the unexpected. After all, nearly half the drivers in fatal collisions are good drivers, and in the right. But being in the right isn't enough. You could be dead right.

Published in cooperation with The Advertising Council and the National Safety Council.

Hey, Mister!

Lend me a dollar to help me walk and I'll make you feel good all day (P.S. I'll pay you back when I'm rich)

Giving to the Easter Seal Kid, here, besides making you feel good in the mysterious way that giving does, enables him and 250,000 others all over the U.S.A. to keep coming to us for help in overcoming these crippling disorders—accidents, poliomyelitis, cerebral palsy, multiple sclerosis, muscular dystrophy, arthritis, birth deformities, speech defects, and many others.

Easter Seal Fund Appeal

Helping Crippled Children and Adults

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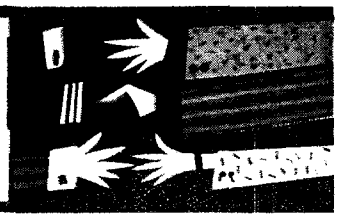
Public Relations



The Sloan Touch

WHEN Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., died two months ago, the obituaries were extensive. They described his career as chief executive of General Motors Corporation for twenty-three years; his contribution to American big business through his methods of decentralization of operations and central control of finance and policy; his immense help to science and education; his central role in building the world's largest industrial empire. But there was an aspect that he himself considered important which the financial and business press omitted: his pioneering in public relations.

In 1931 corporate public relations was an infant field. Very few company heads had any conception of its meaning and many were almost wholly unaware of the effect of public opinion on the health of the corporation. The value of product publicity was recognized, for it helped sell goods, but concern with public attitudes was far from the minds of most business leaders. The stock market crash in the fall of 1929 had resulted in heavy unemployment in 1930. But there was no attack as yet on business; there was no New Deal; there was no problem of union organization. However, Sloan pondered the impact the Depression would have on the nation's thinking, what changes in public opinion might mean to GM and business generally. Above all he wanted to understand what the social changes that were likely to come could mean and how they might alter the economic system.

Other corporate heads thought the Depression would shortly roll away—for prosperity was just around the corner. Then conditions would be as they always had been. Not until they were hit, and hit hard, again and again and again by President Roosevelt, did they even start to worry about the state of the nation's thinking. Sloan was no prophet, but he did see the possibility of deep changes and he wanted to be attuned to the country's mood, adjust to it if necessary, and be able to let the people know what his corporation was doing for the common good.

It was in May of 1931 that Sloan reached out and picked GM's first public relations director, Paul Garrett, who had been the financial editor of the old New York *Evening Post*, which was, in those days, deeply interested in business. Having the right man, Sloan listened to Garrett and between them they built, in the quarter of a century during which Garrett had the direct responsibility, one of the best public relations departments in the country. As Garrett was a true trailblazer in corporate public relations, so Sloan was the rare industrialist of the period, who, in his bones, knew that without public permission there could be no profitable General Motors.

I interviewed Sloan in June 1964 on the origins of GM's public relations department and his choice of Garrett. Though Sloan was eighty-eight years old at the time, his memory was clear and his views were bright on the future of public relations. In fact, they put to shame many young corporate heads today to whom public relations is just a waste of time and money.

"According to my philosophy," Sloan said, "the purpose of public relations is twofold. First, recognizing that most of our economy is in large-scale, privately owned enterprises, I think the first, but perhaps not the foremost, responsibility of public relations is to give full information to the public and to its own shareholders concerning what's going on in the business so far as can properly be disclosed. The second phase is, I think, for public relations to explore the relation of the enterprise to its social responsibility. That's developed tremendously in the last twenty-five years. You should tell what the enterprise does, how it does it in relation to its social responsibility, and especially the importance of maintaining what we call in this country the free enterprise system."

On the future role of public relations Sloan said: "I'm inclined to think that public relations should perhaps put the greatest stress on the relations of the enterprise to the public at large rather than specific relations of the enterprise with its shareholders. I think also it should expose the need of the enterprise to have a more healthy climate in which business can operate. And I think that public relations should move more from the narrow position of exposing the operations of an enterprise to exposing the operations of all enterprises in relation to the economy as a whole."

Sloan was asked, since he is generally considered one of the earliest advocates of corporate aid to education, if he saw any conflict between management's responsibility to the stockholder and its giving of executives' time and company money to the advancement of the public good. He answered: "I don't see any conflict there. I think, on the other hand, there is a responsibility. I think that in the last ten or fifteen years, executives of large enterprises have devoted increasing time to public welfare. They've become directors of foundations. They've engaged in all kinds of things to promote a more satisfactory relationship between enterprise and the public at large. And there's a tremendously increased recognition of the responsibility of corporate management to support higher education. That's selfish, of course, because it's in their interest to have trained people and plenty of them. Also it helps the public relations of the corporation."

At the time Sloan hired Garrett the publicity for GM's products was handled by the agencies that had the advertising accounts for the corporation's divisions. Stockholder relations as we know it today was barely in existence, although Sloan always believed in full disclosure. The annual meeting of stockholders was held in the law library of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company in Wilmington, and, according to Sloan, with "perhaps three or four outside stockholders present." There was no attempt to work with the communities in which the company had plants; nor was any attention paid to schools or to opinion leaders. Employee relations were neglected. GM turned out cars and that was that. As far as anyone can be given credit for the development in General Motors of an awareness of the overriding power of public opinion in our society, it goes first to Sloan and then to the man he elevated to be the first vice president for public relations of any American industrial corporation, Garrett.

Today, when an effective public relations department is considered vital in any well-run corporation, it is fitting to go back thirty-five years to give proper recognition to a businessman who was ahead of his time. —L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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Dynastic Journalism

Continued from page 63

Today's action will make the *Herald Tribune* a partner in a strong new publishing company."

But will it really work out that way? It is far from sure that the new corporation will keep the *Tribune* in the morning field if its circulation does not climb much above its present level of 303,000 and it continues to lose money. The Hearst and Scripps-Howard chains, after many years of certainty that each ought to have a flagship paper to carry its banner in New York, finally decided this was a luxury they could not afford if it meant pocketing substantial losses every year. Both chains have been squeezing out all their losing ventures and they saw no reason for believing that a status symbol in New York was going to help them sell more papers anywhere else.

The same considerations will apply to the *Herald Tribune*, now that Hearst and Scripps-Howard are helping Whitney to foot the bill. Some informed sources report that much of the debate in the months of pre-merger discussion revolved around attempts by the two chains to persuade the *Tribune* that all three dailies should be merged into one. The idea was to make it essentially an afternoon paper, but one that would come out on a dawn-to-dark basis, with comprehensive changes between editions to enable it to compete with the *Times* and *News* as well as the *Post*.

The *Tribune* would not agree to such an obliteration of its independent personality, but the fusion of its Sunday edition with the *Journal's* counterpart already threatens to blur that personality and thus injure the *Tribune's* life expectancy. Putting the *Journal* into the melting pot with the *Tribune* is a sufficiently implausible blend, but the likelihood that the *World-Telegram*, which had no paper in the Sunday field, will act as a sort of mediator-editor in charge of making sense out of the final product carries the whole Sunday venture to the border of incomprehensibility.

The truly odd thing, however, is that so few people outside those whose jobs are directly affected seem to find anything at all bizarre about this matter-of-fact mixture of elements once identified with vibrantly discordant viewpoints. Nor is there any visible sense of sorrow in the community at the imminent evaporation of one newspaper or the possibility that a second may still be in peril.

When the old *World* died thirty-five years ago, the grief over its passing was intensely felt in many parts of the country. The Pulitzer tradition of liberalism still had vitality, even though it was not vital enough to sustain the paper. In the days when Hearst and Arthur Brisbane

Writers Get Under the Soviet Hide

THE imprisonment of Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel for criticizing Russian communism in writings published abroad is a measure of the persisting insecurity of the Soviet rulers.

What Sinyavsky and Daniel have written about Soviet society has been no more damaging in the West than a whole torrent of anti-Communist literature which has been published since the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917.

The two Soviet writers have reminded Western readers what a totalitarian society is like, but the Soviet image was already so tarnished in Western eyes that there was very little luster left for it to lose.

If the men in the Kremlin were more sure of themselves and their society, they would simply have yawned at these critical writings and left the two writers alone.

But Sinyavsky and Daniel have evidently touched sore spots which were already bothering the Soviet leaders. The barbs were too sharp, too relevant, too valid to be ignored.

So Stalin's successors decided to act like Stalin's heirs and brings the writers to trial. They did not—as Stalin would have done—force the writers to confess their guilt, but they kept Western reporters and friends and supporters of the defendants out of the courtroom.

The sum total of their efforts has been to focus international attention on the absence of intellectual freedom in Russia and to make the two writers international figures whose works will be read far more widely than if there had been no prosecution.

THE UNDESIRABLE consequences of prosecuting the writers must have been anticipated in the Kremlin. But the Kremlin's fear of the free utterances of free spirits must have proved more powerful than its sense of discretion.

With no confidence that their society could meet the test of honest criticism, the Soviet rulers felt compelled to crack down on it before other critics were tempted to raise their voices as well.

Sinyavsky, who writes under the name of Abram Tertz in the West, and Daniel, who writes under the name of Nikolai Arzhak, were given extremely severe sentences of seven and five years respectively.

While they toil at hard labor as Soviet prisoners, however, they will continue to embarrass the Soviet state. Their writings will be studied, their case will stir the wrath and compassion of millions abroad, their fate will intensify the spirit of discontent among the intellectuals of the Soviet Union itself.

Along with the prison sentences, the Kremlin may also have handed the two writers immortality. In the long run, the triumph will be theirs.

Reprinted from The Denver Post

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher

THE DENVER POST
one of America's Great Newspapers

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were passionate voices for 200 per cent Americanism, the death of a Hearst paper would have occasioned sharp pain to some and equal pleasure to others—but certainly not indifference. When the *Mirror* died three years ago, the mourning was confined to its City Room and the homes of its employees.

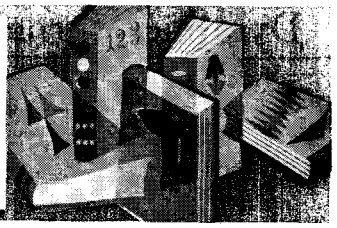
There was a time when the idea that Hearst and Scripps-Howard could pool their conceptions of journalistic purpose in a homogenized hybrid would have given the community—to say nothing of the owners—considerable pause. But now the same columnists and syndicated features can be used anywhere; they are interchangeable parts, carefully selected to span the spectrum from left to right. Editorials in most chain papers—and in a good many outside the chains—already sound as if they were the first element in journalism to have achieved full automation; the only variations are in how stridently they say the predictable.

Interestingly, neither the *Journal-American* nor the *World-Telegram* had any editorial observations to make to their readers about their own impending transmogrification. The *Tribune* alone appeared to feel an obligation to give editorial reassurance that the formulators of the new plan had not been exclusively concerned with their cash boxes. Its editorial hailed the merger as "something new, something different, something vastly promising." Its partners simply stood on the joint communiqué from the three owners.

The worst part of the apparent casualness with which both papers and the community take the whole affair is that one begins to fear the day is not distant when all the press will be deemed expendable. The first time the New York papers were blacked out by the 114-day strike, everyone from President Kennedy down was actively concerned with getting them back on the street. Last year no one in high place seemed to care much whether they ever returned, and the public impatience was equal.

When the current merger was announced, Mayor John V. Lindsay took time out to issue a few decorous words about how "sad" it was to see a paper go. City Council President Frank O'Connor, a Democrat, made it bipartisan by saying the same thing in almost the same words. And that was it. The moral seems to be that, unless newspapers can prove they care about something by getting more imagination, more illumination, and a greater sense of adventure and commitment into their pages, no one is going to care much whether they go or stay. They will have to say something to make people realize they are around and needed; otherwise, the next merger will draw its only official notice from the Unemployment Insurance Division. It is a matter of spirit, not just dollars.

Books in Communications



Keeping an Eye on Washington

FEW CRITICAL enterprises are less taxing than taking potshots at the press's handling of Washington news. Anyone, from the President of the United States on down, can play the game in reasonable assurance of scoring an occasional point, for the Washington newsman's job is so various and so demanding that blunders are all but inevitable. Moreover, from the detection of only a single outright error or questionable interpretation it is an easy step to the confident assertion that something is pervasively rotten in the Capital's press corps. What many critics overlook, however, is the way the news must be gathered in Washington, the unbelievable intricacy of the labyrinth that needs to be negotiated before one gets to the real news, the news behind the unending blizzard of press releases. It is this labyrinth, with the twists and turns unique to the various news media, that is brightly and lucidly described in *The Press in Washington* (Dodd, Mead, $5), a collection of sixteen essays edited by the chairman of the Department of Journalism at the American University in Washington, D.C., Ray Eldon Hiebert.

The sixteen authors—who originally prepared their essays as lectures for a course in advanced journalism at the American University—are all knowledgeable insiders when it comes to Washington news. Among them are Julius Frandsen, Washington manager for United Press International; John L. Steele, chief of the *Time-Life* Washington bureau; Austin Kiplinger, editor of the *Kiplinger Washington Letter* and publisher of *Changing Times*; Ray Scherer of NBC News; Edward P. Morgan of ABC News; Marvin Kalb of CBS News; and Art Buchwald, syndicated columnist for the New York *Herald Tribune*. What is most surprising about *The Press in Washington*, however, is not the authors' expertise—which is here in abundance—but their free-swinging, refreshingly iconoclastic view of their craft. One might expect, from such august members of journalism's establishment, that the cards would be played close to the chest, with a wariness that blocks any real revelation. They aren't, and it adds up to quite a lesson.

Consider, for example, Mr. Kalb's essay, "Covering the State Department." His advice is simple and startling (he attributes it to Edward R. Murrow): "[The reporter] must work with the same degree of skepticism that he used in assessing the enemy. He must take the State Department apart, measure it, hold it up to the light, examine it, and always bring the most profound skepticism to bear on every pronouncement. . . . Cover Washington like Moscow." It hardly seems the kind of observation likely to endear him to his sources.

Or consider Mr. Scherer's soul-searching comment on TV in Washington: "I sometimes think that in our zeal to make news come alive we *over*cover it." He cites the cases of Malcolm X's murder and President Johnson's cold, where the news was reported and reported and reported—even when there was, in fact, not a thing new to report. Moreover, he writes, "In our growing pains we are also guilty of bad manners in interviewing the Washington figure or the political celebrity. If five reporters confront a dignitary, why is it all five feel they have to ask the first question or the most provoking question?"

Not all of *The Press in Washington* is so outspoken, and certainly not all of it will be new even to those on the periphery of the business. But for anyone, newsman or layman, who wants to understand how the Washington news gets into print or onto the TV screen, and why some of it never gets anywhere, this book is a sound and sometimes alarming starting point.

Eavesdropping: Ever wonder what goes on in an adman's mind? An excellent way to find out is to look into a book called *The Compleat Copywriter* (McGraw-Hill, $7.95), a long and revealing tour of the trade under the expert guidance of Hanley Norins of Young & Rubicam. As Norins points out, what he has written is not a rulebook but a casebook, the avowed purpose of which is to cultivate an attitude toward the writing of advertising copy. What attitude? The author suggests his answer when he quotes the counsel of one person when told Norins was writing a book about advertising: "Convince them that it is a proud and skilful and rewarding and enjoyable and demanding and an honorable profession." Whether your purpose is to write advertising or to damn it, you'll find *The Compleat Copywriter* full of useful pointers.

—James F. Fixx.

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Why I Went West

Continued from page 69

fury of supplemental activities, in the organizational and labor problems that beset them, and they take their eyes too much off the main target, the target that others before them lost for a time, to their regret and frequent disaster.

There has never been a time when people are more desperately in need of so many things as they are today. America is a land of paradox. In the presence of unparalleled material abundance there is tension and fear and frustration. There is need of faith and hope, of courage and peace of mind, of standards and ideals by which to live. Above and beyond all other things, these are what the people are looking toward—trying to find in their papers, in their leaders, in those upon whom in a chaotic and changing world they are required by circumstances to depend.

What has this to do with newspapers?

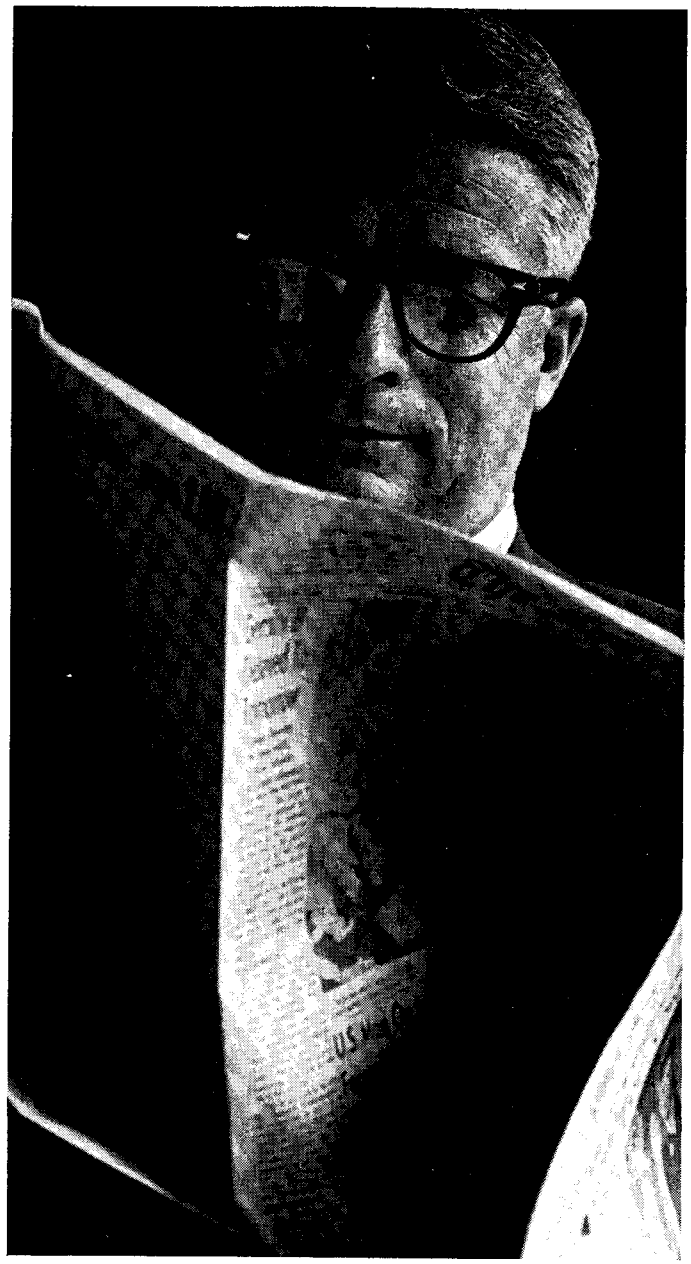
Everything.

What counts most of all is capturing the mood of the people at any given time and somehow, by the alchemy of professional journalistic skill, weaving it into each day's issue of the paper. There is only one way to know what the people are thinking, what they want in their papers, the mood they are in, the interests to which they are at any moment attached, the concerns for which their hearts and minds are beating and thinking.

That is to take time out to talk with them. Most particularly to listen to them. Not through surveys. Not through researchers. Not through rating services. They are good, but they are not nearly so good as doing it yourself, exposing yourself to the very fountain from which the spray itself is felt.

To be sure, the newspapers of today are not going to have fewer problems tomorrow. They will be enormously multiplied, made more difficult by the fact that within a few years approximately half the population in this country will be under the age of twenty-five and thus accustomed from birth to a fast-moving and mercurial world. People have things on their minds, and in their hearts, and tossing around in their spirits. They are not stable people living in the slow-changing world in which New York was the journalism Mecca of the nation.

It is of today we must think, not yesterday. And, even more significantly, of tomorrow. We must be prepared for it by talking and listening and sharing and keeping step with the parade of the people, and making certain that we are moving along the parade route they have fixed for the times in which we are publishing our papers.



16 Copley Newspapers—
Reflecting the views
of 587,139 readers.

"The Ring of Truth" Copley Newspapers

CALIFORNIA: The San Diego Union • Evening Tribune • The Sacramento Union • Alhambra Post-Advocate • Burbank Daily Review • Culver City Evening Star-News & Venice Evening Vanguard • Glendale News-Press • Monrovia News-Post • San Pedro News-Pilot • South Bay Daily Breeze •

ILLINOIS: Illinois State Journal • Illinois State Register • Aurora Beacon-News • Elgin Courier-News • Joliet Herald-News •

REPRESENTED NATIONALLY BY NELSON ROBERTS & ASSOCIATES, INC.

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Big Package Flap

Continued from page 67

President Johnson's Consumer Counsel, testified that because of "oddball sizes, fractional weights, and oversized containers," her daughter insisted on bringing along a slide rule when the two of them went shopping. "How else can you tell the good buys?" her daughter asked.

One of the more controversial practices in the marketplace today is known in the trade as "packaging to price." When costs go up, a manufacturer is faced with two alternatives: raising prices or reducing contents. Increasingly he has chosen to reduce contents. Chester Errico, a grocer in Stockton, New Jersey, explained why.

"If the price of something like baby food goes up two cents, we hear about it in a hurry," he said. "But if the manufacturer keeps the price the same but takes three-fourths of an ounce out of the jar, no one cares. In fact, most people never notice it, especially if the bottle looks the same."

Producers, in general, feel there is nothing evil about packaging to price. "Most dealers want us to produce a candy bar to sell for a nickel or a dime," said James E. Mack, speaking for the National Confectioners Association. "If the price of the ingredients goes up, we have to decrease the size of the bar. Most people understand this and do not object."

One of the persons who disagreed violently with this point of view was the late Mrs. Mildred E. Brady, of Consumers Union, an organization of 800,000 members. "Who cares about the three-quarters of an ounce taken out of a baby food jar?" she asked. "Eight million mothers do, and eight million times three-quarters of an ounce is a lot of baby food. Furthermore, when those ounces are taken deceptively, the consumer can't play his regular role as a market arbiter, and free enterprise is threatened."

Many Washington witnesses have insisted, however, that although the housewife may not be good at mathematics, she has a built-in computer when it comes to smelling out a bargain. Says an editorial in the Detroit *Free Press*: "The housewife may not know that a quart has thirty-two ounces, but she knows that a giant half-quart is the same as a midget pint, and that Giant, Economy, and Family mean Small, Medium, and Large. She knows that 'serves eight' means 'serves four with a little left over for lunch.'"

Nonetheless, this sort of thing is alarming from a long-range point of view, according to one of the hearings' scholarly witnesses, Dr. Carroll Quigley, professor of history at Georgetown University. An advocate of the bill, Dr. Quigley links the rise and fall of civilizations to the amount of "trust and reality" that exists in the marketplace.

"For 5,000 years, the truthfulness of written labels has been a fair indication of the moral health of any society," he said. "No society can survive which is not firmly anchored in reality." Citing George Orwell's famous book, *1984*, he said: "One of its purposes was to show how, under a dictatorial state, one of the chief activities of government is to reverse or modify or distort the meaning of words. . . . Such confusion and corruption of speech leads to confusion and corruption of thought."

CERTAINLY the most amusing moment during the long hearings came when a soap manufacturer insisted that, although detergents may be packaged in fractional ounces, any housewife can figure out the cost per ounce if she really wants to. The exact dialogue, which concerned a 12¾-ounce box priced at 34 cents, follows:

Senator Hart: "What is it [the cost] really?"

Manufacturer: "I don't have my cost sheets before me."

Senator Hart: "Neither does she."

Manufacturer: "If she wanted to know she would be smart enough to figure it out in her head or with a pencil."

Senator Hart: ". . . Tell me how much it is per ounce."

Manufacturer: "Would I be out of order if I suggested we return to this point later?"

Senator Hart: "I am just trying to establish why this committee is completely reasonable in suggesting this is of enormous difficulty to the consumer."

Manufacturer: "I think . . . we would grant that arithmetical calculations such as are involved here may . . . be time-consuming."

Senator Hart: "So far it has been three minutes and forty seconds. . . . My point is, wouldn't it be a lot easier for everybody if it had been twelve or thirteen ounces instead of twelve and three-fourths?"

Manufacturer: "I agree that the arithmetic would have been easier, but there are other complications . . . which might have resulted in the consumer getting less value."

Despite the amusement that this interlude afforded and the effectiveness of the Senator's questioning, the fact remains that the "other complications" mentioned by the manufacturer are considerable indeed. This was immediately apparent to a recent visitor at the Cincinnati plant of the nation's largest soap producers, Procter and Gamble. Watching high-speed machines there pack thousands of boxes an hour, the visitor learned that weight is not of first consideration in packaging things like detergents. Boxes have been standardized by volume rather than by weight, and one finds the same size box holding twenty-two ounces of one kind, twenty of another, and eighteen-and-one-half of another.

"Because of the different density of detergents, we couldn't begin to pack all our products in one-pound boxes," said Hoyt Chaloud, director of the company's packaging. "If we did, we'd have a different size box for each kind. This would end up costing the housewife more eventually, and grocers would kick because so many different sizes wouldn't stack properly on the shelves. By standardizing boxes, the weight must vary. That's why we get fractionalized ounces."

The same situation prevails in another of the company's products—cake mixes. "We're selling a cake, not a pound of mix," explained Chaloud. "Weight must vary according to the size and type of cake. The density of ingredients could cause a box to vary from one pound two ounces to one pound four-and-one-half ounces. If we limited it to round figures, the housewife might end up with too much or too little egg or shortening."

Procter and Gamble maintains that cost per ounce in most of their products is no more significant than it would be in a dress or an automobile. "If the consumer is encouraged through standard weights to modify her purchase on a price-per-ounce criterion," said J. Gibson Pleasants, vice president in charge of research, "we believe she could be badly misled."

Similar sentiments were expressed by the canning industry. Said Milan Smith, executive vice president of the National Canners Association: "Because of different densities, different weights are on

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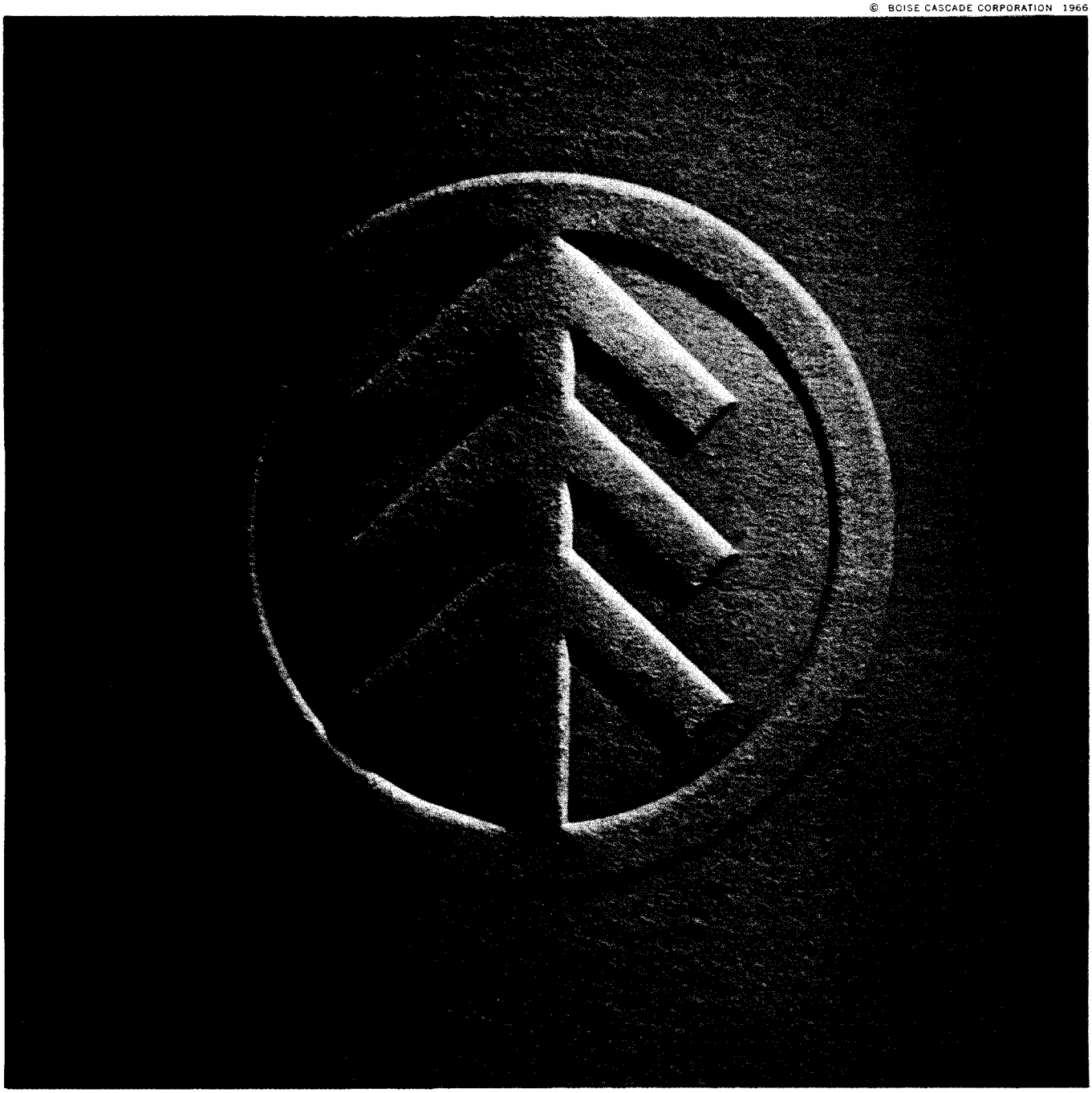

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Our trademark is not the best known in the world. After all, it is only two years old, and Boise Cascade is only nine. But it does express something of the vitality Boise Cascadians have infused into *their* concept of uniting two living resources: Trees and People.

The Concept? That if people have freedom to exercise initiative, think boldly, and develop their individual potentials, they can create a useful enterprise. For whatever unique results it has had, we are truly grateful.
It is our philosophy of being ourselves.

BOISE CASCADE **People in Forest Products** Boise, Idaho

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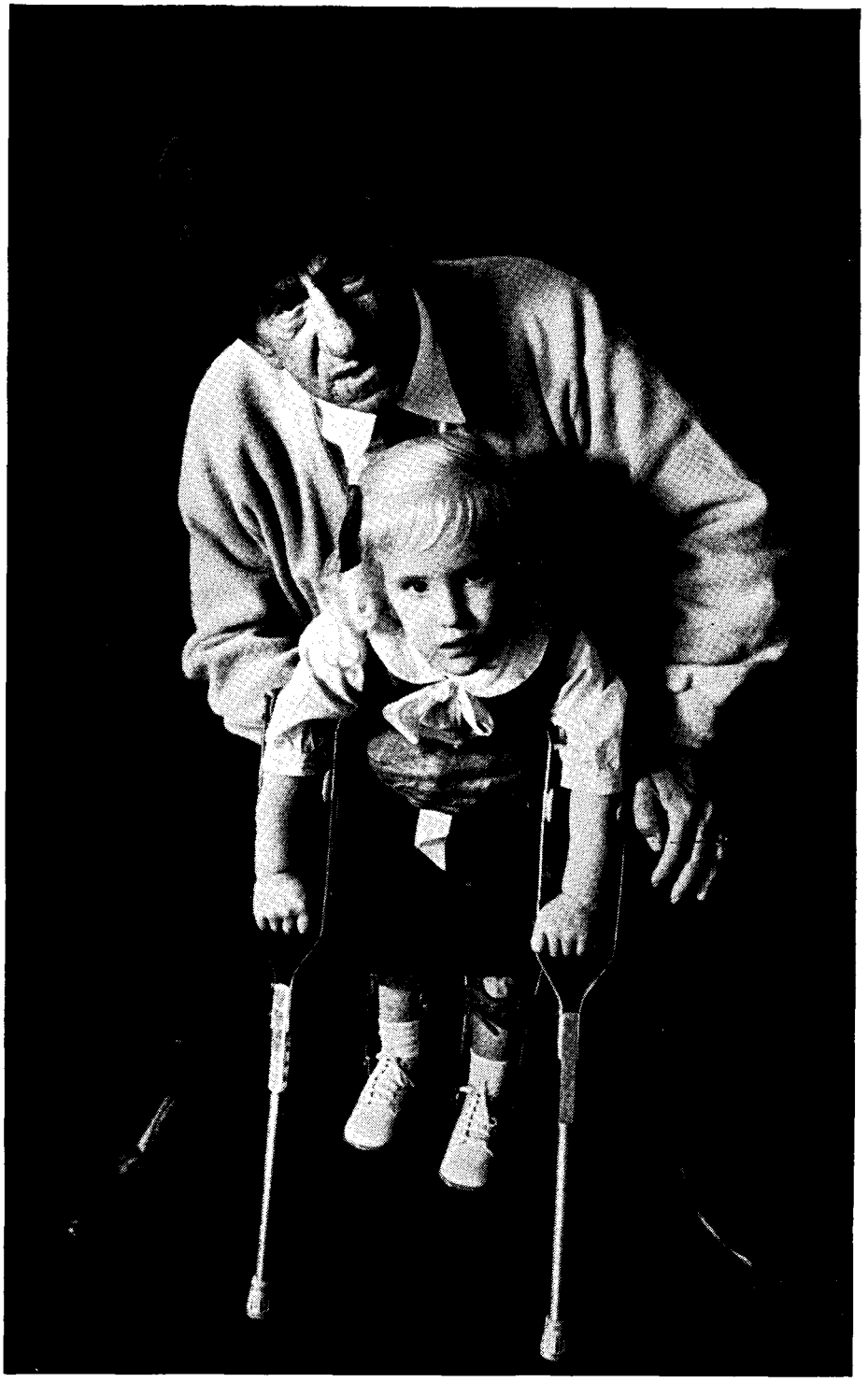
Put your hand in your pocket, m'friend

Leigh Anne, 4, was born with spinal bifida—partly paralyzed from the waist down. She is learning to walk and care for herself at the Easter Seal Center in Villa Park, Illinois.



This is a fine little girl. Full of love and hope, and so spunky she almost breaks your heart. The world needs people like her. But right now she needs people like you. People who believe in helping people. Her therapy and special training cost more than her folks can afford. The Easter Seals you use pay the difference. So put your hand in your pocket, m'friend. Your share is about $2.

I thank you.

Jimmy Durante

The Easter Seals you use enable the Easter Seal Society, at more than a thousand clinics and centers, to help people fight against the effects of these crippling disorders: crippling accidents, poliomyelitis, strokes, cerebral palsy, multiple sclerosis, muscular dystrophy, arthritis, birth deformities, speech defects and many others. If you know of someone who needs this kind of help, send them to your local Easter Seal Chapter. It's listed in your phone book.

Jimmy Durante is National Chairman of the 1966 Easter Seal Fund Appeal

Easter Seal Fund Appeal

ADDRESS: EASTER SEALS, C/O POSTMASTER, YOUR CITY, YOUR PERSONAL ZIP CODE

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the same size can. We have standardized in this way rather than by weight. It is not convenient or economical to shift over to a different size can each time a different product is packed just so the weight will come out even."

Although producers point out that some things can be standardized by weight—the way sugar, flour, and regular coffee have been—there are many that could not. Spices, for example. Because of varying density and stacking convenience on grocers' and housewives' shelves, spices are packed in the same size cans and bottles even though weights end up as one and one-eighth, one and one-half, or one and seven-eighth ounces. The same is true of puddings, pie fillings, etc.

SUMMED up, the opposition to the Hart bill centers on the belief that it would not only open up the industry to a dizzying shower of government regulations but would also increase the cost of manufacturing and put a dead hand on the liveliness and imagination of American business.

"We believe that these proposals are likely to lead not simply to standardization of weight and volume," says Albert N. Halverstadt, vice president of Procter and Gamble, "but also to standardization of the products themselves. If the sponsors of this bill believe that standardization of product eliminates confusion, can we not expect that other things will get the same treatment—cars, television sets, tires, refrigerators?"

Opponents also contend that present laws are adequate to take care of abuses. To this argument, George Larrick, recent Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration, and one of the strong supporters of the bill replies that present laws are far too vague and general.

"The government has lost every case where they tried to move against deceptive packaging," he says. As an example, he cites the well-known Delson candy case several years ago when the company started putting 40 per cent less candy in its thin-mint package, filling the rest of the space with cardboard and liner. When competitors complained, Food and Drug filed a suit that they ultimately lost. Eventually, the competitors felt compelled to adopt similar packaging, with 40 per cent less candy per box. "The new law would make FDA's job a lot easier," insists Larrick.

In general, those supporting the bill have been consumer groups, women's clubs, labor unions, cooperatives, and similar organizations. Those opposed have been largely manufacturers, wholesalers, and retailers. However, there have been some supporters in industry who feel that the bill would simplify their jobs and make it easier to meet unfair competition. Typical of this group is Lawrence H. Zahn, director of packaging for Ciba Pharmaceutical Company and a former president of the Packaging Institute.

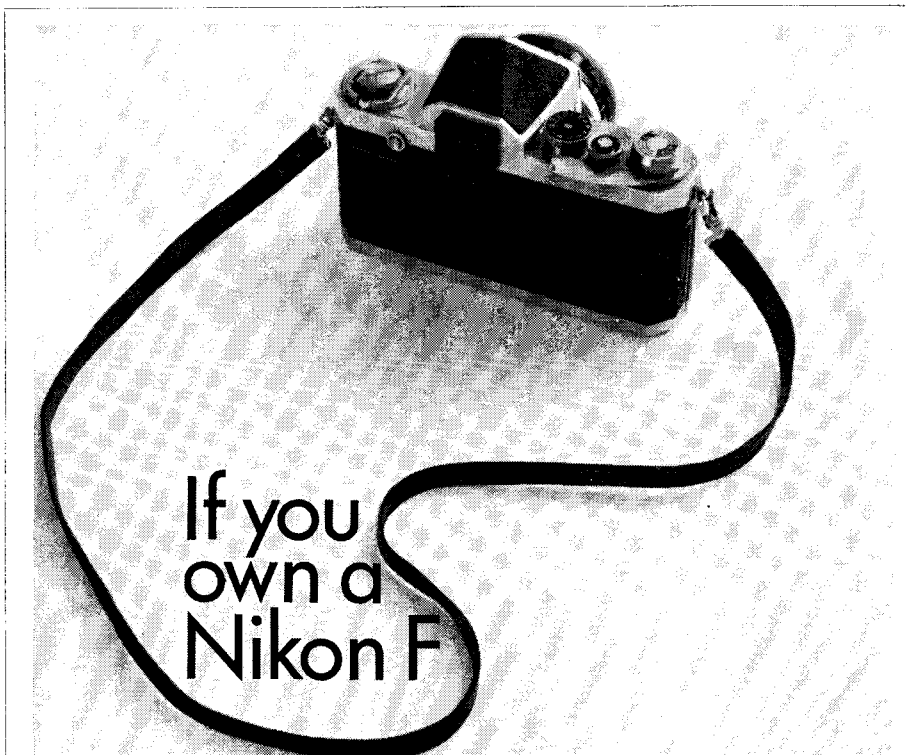
"I'm against government regulations," says Zahn. "They're a pain in the neck. But if we didn't have them, we'd be in a worse mess. Things have grown so complex in the field that you need some government policing. Voluntary regulation won't do. Furthermore, I think the bill could save industry some money, both in packaging and shipping."

Senator Hart couldn't agree more. He believes that in the long run the manufacturer will benefit as much as the consumer. "We honestly feel this is a bill which industry should back because it's essentially a conservative measure, aimed at preserving the status quo and helping the free-enterprise system function," the Senator insists. "If producers were certain of the ground rules, they could produce more confidently, secure that all their competitors would have to abide by the same standards." As an example, he points out how the simplification of lumber sizes back in the Twenties by Herbert Hoover now saves the industry $250,000,000 a year. "We don't feel our competitive system is at fault," he says. "We merely feel that prepackaging has grown so fast, the law hasn't had a chance to catch up."

Although President Johnson in a recent message to Congress did not specifically endorse the Hart bill, he did urge legislation which would assure the kind of standards which the proposed measure includes. Whatever the outcome of the bill, however, both sides admit that the airing of the subject has already done some good. Says Halverstadt: "We are convinced that the thoughtful efforts of the committee have served a useful purpose in stimulating industry to review its packaging practices."

If the bill loses, its supporters will have to take heart from these accomplishments. And the rest of us may be cheered by the remark of a Central European housewife who was the recent guest of a Congressman in Washington. The woman was being shown through a large supermarket in an attractive new shopping center in Maryland. After admiring the brilliant kaleidoscope of packages in every size and shape, she was told by the Congressman that there was considerable discussion about our merchandizing methods and that plans were afoot to standardize some of the shapes and sizes to eliminate confusion.

The woman looked around at the variety and abundance on the shelves and smiled. "Confusion?" she said. "I wish we had some of this confusion at home. We could use it."



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Celebrity Circuit

Continued from page 39

shots. A few of them caused me to just sit and stare.

Almost all of Mr. Oppenheimer's gorgeous people are gorgeous in the altogether. No warts show. He admits straightforwardly that he didn't like Louis B. Mayer, but I've never heard of anyone outside his immediate family who did like Louis B. Mayer, and I'm not at all certain about his immediate family.

Even when Mr. Oppenheimer does administer lumps to people who have them coming, he tempers his heat with the old Heywood Broun device, a sort of afterthought crawl, like this: "He was a rotten rat fink, but oh what a kindly and gentlemanly rat fink, once you got to know him!" Surely in fourteen years of Hollywood's Idiot Period, Mr. Oppenheimer could have located somebody who deserved a kick in the teeth without expressions of regret.

If it appears, at this point, that I am being a rotten rat fink in respect to Mr. Oppenheimer's memoir, I take it all back. His is the only book I know about which tells us that George Jessel has tape-recorded his own funeral oration. That piece of information is worth five bucks of any man's money.

In Mr. Oppenheimer's schooldays a time came when every student was required to step forward and demonstrate the branch of athletics in which he excelled. Georgie Oppenheimer stood in the middle of the gymnasium and touched his nose with his tongue. If I could do *that*, I'd rest on my laurels, and I'd never bother about writing an autobiography. As I mentioned above, I did write one. And where is it? Right over there, on that table, beneath contempt.

He Stands for Hope in Sicily

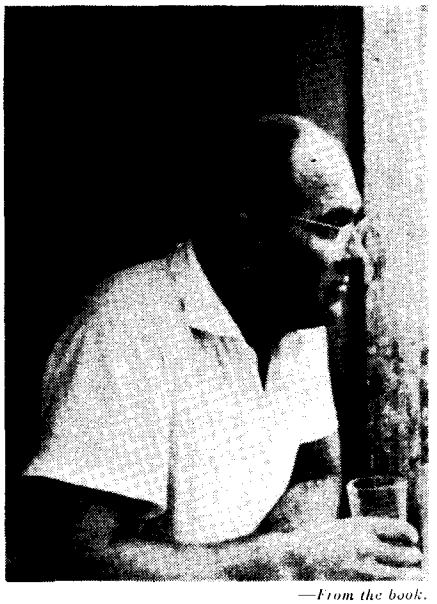
Fire Under the Ashes: The Life of Danilo Dolci, *by James McNeish (Beacon. 324 pp. $5.95), underlines both the strengths and the weaknesses of the reformer who many think has done more for Sicily than any other man in history. Gabriel Gersh is a free-lance writer who specializes in Mediterranean history and politics.*

By GABRIEL GERSH

DANILO DOLCI's three outstanding books, together with his nonviolent demonstrations and his flair for self-dramatization, have awakened the world to the plight of Sicily.

The time to assess him has surely come, and James McNeish's book is an excellent interim judgment of the man and his deeds. If it disappoints our expectations, that is because of the subject rather than the limitations of the author. Dolci, after all, is still in his early forties; he was an obscure journalist before he erupted on the Sicilian scene thirteen years ago, and since then his activities have been concentrated on projects of communal self-help, social justice, and economic improvement in a small corner of the world.

That most of the book is concerned with Dolci's public triumphs and defeats is hardly surprising. The man is his work; he has no private life. Those who, like Mr. McNeish, have worked with Dolci for years confess that he is a paradox.



—*From the book.*

Danilo Dolci—"his weapon is the public fast."

Religious in temperament, he has renounced the Catholic faith; a mystic and a poet, he is committed to action; trained in the discipline of architecture, he has often failed in the proper planning and execution of his schemes.

Mr. McNeish also records that Dolci is the despair of his helpers, many of whom have left him because of his vagaries, his autocracy, his interference in their plans. Waste, the neglect of human resources in Sicily, is the theme of one of Dolci's best books; he himself has wasted much through a temperamental inability to collaborate with those he has inspired.

Yet, as one reads *Fire Under the Ashes,* which for all its stylistic gracelessness is lively and well documented, one is appalled not by Dolci's faults and inconsistencies but by the viciousness and selfishness with which he must contend. As Mr. McNeish shows, the backwardness and inertia in Western Sicily would have defeated all but a man of courage and principle.

It is the merit of this book that it underlines several of Dolci's qualities, one of which is his ability to survive frustration. Bureaucracy, malicious gossip, threats have neither wearied him nor undermined his singleness of purpose. Like Gandhi, with whom he has been compared, he faces the conflict between the demands of his conscience and the need for some form of institutionalism. Yet, but for him many Sicilians would have been deprived of hope, and Mr. McNeish shows just how hopeless their pre-Dolci lives were.

Although he has been denounced by the Cardinal of Palermo, Dolci conducts his experiments in self-help and rehabilitation only a few miles away at his famous center in Partenico. His weapon is the public fast, borrowed from Gandhi but embellished with the publicity techniques demanded by our times. Dolci's fasts have resulted in the construction of three dams, which will irrigate the fields of many half-starved farmers. His enemies say the dams would have been built anyway. Mr. McNeish agrees, but adds that it would not have happened in our century.

The author is sure that Dolci has done more for Sicily than any other man in recorded history, and *Fire Under the Ashes* shows how Dolci's presence in Sicily is itself a guarantee of change.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1183

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1183 will be found in the next issue.

DBHCQDN EGB JTYK EHRB LZM-

TZEK JW IQT ZN GZN PQDQPZEK

EJ LBNDZNB GZINBYW.

—MBJHMB NQTEQKQTQ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1182

There is no such thing as a moral or immoral book. Books are well written or badly written. That is all.

—OSCAR WILDE.

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Joy...

. . . is to behold the growth of a child.

. . . to sign a report card and know that your child has done well,
. . . to watch the dependence of a baby develop into the independence of adulthood,
. . . to lend a helping hand when needed,
. . . to know that the world is a better place for someone because of you,
. . . to know that you have shared your good fortune with others less fortunate.

There are many fine agencies in the world who care for children in general, but The Pearl S. Buck Foundation is the only agency whose present *sole* concern is the education and general welfare of those children whose fathers are American servicemen and whose mothers are Asian women. Officially, these children do not exist. Literally, there are thousands of them. In the family-centered societies of Asia, the child legally belongs to the father and not to the mother. With their fathers gone now, unless we help, there is little chance for education or future employment. In fact, in many cases there is little hope of survival.

Why should we care? Already communists are saying, "Look what the Americans leave behind them" and "What are they doing about it with their high ideals?"

Pictures and letters to you from a child across the sea can bring new joy to your life, and the satisfaction of knowing that you are assuming a share of the responsibility that is at least partly American. There are many ways in which you can help these children.

Whatever way you choose to help, let it be now, I beg of you. The years between birth and adulthood are swift and few. The earlier a child can be helped, the better the chance for a normal lifetime.

Sincerely yours,

Pearl S. Buck

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I wish to support a ☐ boy ☐ girl.

I will pay $15 a month ($180 a year) ☐ monthly ☐ yearly

I enclose my first payment of $..... Please send me the child's name, story, address, picture.

I cannot support a child but wish to give $.....

☐ Please send me more information about the other support and education plans.

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ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP CODE.....

Your contribution to The Pearl S. Buck Foundation is tax-deductible.

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The Prince Was Maid for a Day

Flora: A Biography, *by Elizabeth Gray Vining (Lippincott. 208 pp. $4.95), humanizes the heroine who helped Bonnie Prince Charlie in his escape from the Hebrides to France. Aileen Pippett is author of "The Moth and the Star," a biography of Virginia Woolf.*

By AILEEN PIPPETT

FLORA MACDONALD was a Heroine. That is, she was one of the dauntless females young girls are exhorted to admire but seldom manage to emulate, since their noble deeds demand a rare concatenation of circumstances. What chance has an ordinary girl to rescue a prince in distress, and a handsome, young, unmarried prince at that? Flora had that chance and seized it, smuggling the Young Pretender, disguised as her maid, out of reach of his enemies after his defeat at Culloden in 1746. "Her name will be mentioned in history," wrote Dr. Johnson, "and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honor." Quite so.

Elizabeth Gray Vining is not content to leave it at that. Her purpose is to extricate the woman from the welter of stories that accrete to a Heroine to make her fit romantic notions. Flora's biographer brings to the formidable task of disentangling fact from fiction the patience, clarity, and insight her previous books have shown. In addition, she has the advantage of Scottish descent and familiarity with the scenes of Flora's life.

The adventure that made Flora famous occurred when she was twenty-two. It took ten perilous days, from her first meeting with Bonnie Prince Charlie on the westernmost Isle of Uist until she got him "over the sea to Skye" and thence to the mainland, where a French ship picked him up at long last. There was an enormous price on his head; he endangered the lives of all who helped him; but he was never betrayed, escaped all traps, and throughout the ordeal Flora was composed and resourceful, showing the qualities Mrs. Vining ascribes to Hebridean women, blitheness and tranquility.

There are touches of humor. Flora dines chattily with English officers while "the lad that's born to be king" hides under rocks in the rain. She argues with him about his cumbersome pistols. He is merry but never acts like a maid, refuses to carry a package, curses his petticoats and hood, strides along as no woman could or should. There is a hint of romance: he shelters her as their open boat tosses in a sudden gale, sings her to sleep as the oarsmen row. There is gallantry in his farewell, promising to meet her again at St. James's. But that was all the thanks she got. The rest of Charles's career was a sad decline from this peak of chivalry.

Flora was arrested, closely questioned, and taken with a load of other prisoners to London, but never charged or tried; for within a year the English had recovered from their panic, there was an amnesty, and Flora rode home in triumph. In 1750 she married (a MacDonald, naturally). She had seven children, and was a grandmother when Boswell and Johnson toured the Hebrides and paid their respects to the famous lady. Johnson reported to Mrs. Thrale that Flora was "a little woman of mild and genteel appearance, mighty soft and well-bred." His meeting with her, rather absurdly and pathetically, verged on a flirtation.

Mrs. Vining makes the most of these glimpses of the woman inside the Heroine. Comparatively few can be found in the closing chapters of Flora's life. She and her husband and two young sons emigrated to the Colony of America and settled in North Carolina, near relatives who had preceded them. But by now, in 1774, trouble was brewing everywhere. Highlanders were militantly Loyalist. We do not know Flora's reasoning. Maybe she thought a Hanoverian king was better than no king at all. Anyhow, it turned out badly for her. Her husband was wounded and captured at the brief battle of Moore's Creek Bridge in 1776, and there were four more weary years before she was again home in Skye, old, ill, impoverished, her sons scattered over the earth or lost at sea.

Details of her wanderings and sorrows are faithfully told, but Flora herself is submerged under all those other inextricably related MacDonalds. Ironically enough, the Heroine reappears at intervals, but the stories of her valor turn out to be exaggerated or baseless. In admitting as much, Elizabeth Gray Vining does Flora and us a service, for anyone with a regard for basic human values will be glad to have revealed here the faithful portrait of a "modest, quiet, steadfast personality."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

LA DONNA È MOBILE

Jeanne M. Jacobson of St. Petersburg, Fla., here retells some myths of misses and missuses who underwent drastic transformations. Find the lady and the metamorphosis to which each story alludes. Key on page 90.

1. Fifteen dead in family tragedy; mother weeps in stony silence.	( ) Daphne	( ) lioness
2. Responsive nymph suffers from unrequited love.	( ) Arachne	( ) water reeds
3. Nymph fleeing god of music finally crowns him.	( ) Io	( ) spider
4. Avoiding Pan, nymph turns musical.	( ) Halcyone	( ) laurel tree
5. Mortal challenges Minerva, weaves her way into trouble.	( ) Niobe	( ) sunflower
6. Jupiter cows nymph, but Juno is not deceived.	( ) Callisto	( ) rock from which a stream flows
7. Famous runner and spouse irk Cybele, end up on her team.	( ) Echo	( ) sea bird
8. Grieving queen finds husband all at sea.	( ) Syrinx	( ) bodiless voice
9. Juno can't bear rival; intrigue leads to stardom.	( ) Clytie	( ) heifer
10. Apollo turns the head of a water-nymph.	( ) Atalanta	( ) bear

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Portrait of the Artist as a Person

Self-portrait by George Bellows—"a top-notch ballplayer."

Winslow Homer at Prout's Neck, *by Philip C. Beam (Little, Brown. 282 pp. $7.95), and* ***George Bellows: Painter of America,*** *by Charles H. Morgan (Reynal. 381 pp. $8.50), deal primarily with the personal lives of two outstanding U.S. artists. George Heard Hamilton is professor of art history at Yale University.*

By GEORGE HEARD HAMILTON

HOW WELL do we need to know a painter's life in order to understand his art, or, to put it another way, how well can we understand his painting if we know only his life? These questions are raised by two new biographies of prominent American painters of the more or less recent past, Winslow Homer and George Bellows.

Professor Philip C. Beam of Bowdoin College has limited his study of Homer to the years the artist spent at Prout's Neck on the Maine coast, from 1883 until his death in 1910. It was there that he achieved artistic maturity in his austere paintings of fishermen, and in his seascapes, especially those without human figures—one might say almost without human interest—where cold waves break on cold, deserted rocks. Although there are waves and rocks elsewhere in the world, Homer's are unmistakably in the American vein, and the American public, to its credit, has always cherished them. But somehow they are also unfathomable, lonely and remote, realistic in detail though spiritually as well as compositionally abstract. Powerful pictures, but unhappy ones.

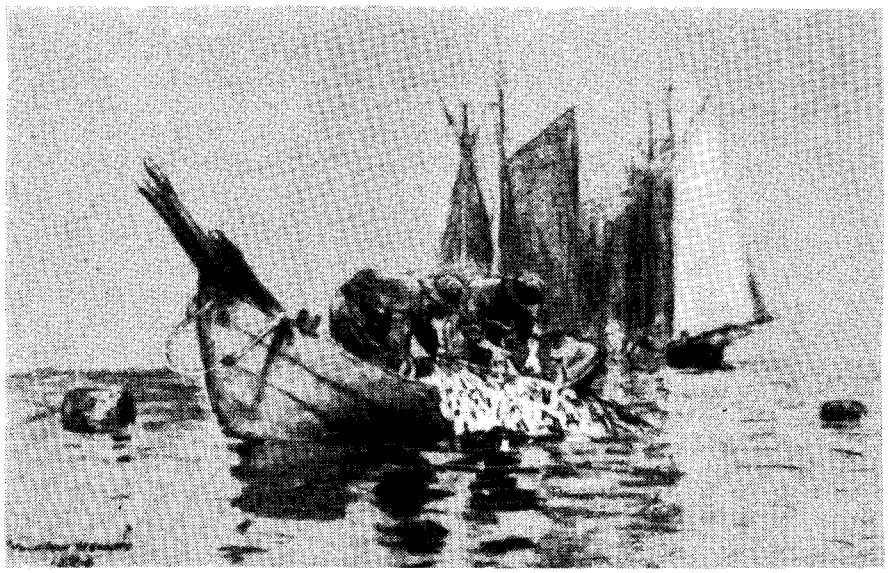
Mr. Beam has poked into all the odd corners of Prout's Neck. He knows where the artist was when he painted each picture, he has discovered the names of Homer's models, and talked at length with his surviving family and friends. From his research, which is of unquestionable biographical value, there emerges a new and not very exciting Homer—less of a recluse, more humorous and tolerant, especially within the family circle, than the one we had known. But does this painstaking description of a man tell very much about an artist?

Homer was as methodical and scrupulous a craftsman as any of his Down East neighbors and thereby earned their respect, but, disconcertingly, he appears little different from them. His loneliness could be assuaged by a chat with the butcher, and when he found himself badly in need of company he went to Atlantic City to lose himself in the crowds on the boardwalk. How odd that he also created *The Fox in the Snow,* surely one of the most profound American paintings.

The secrets of all hearts need not be opened this side of eternity; but when a man puts a large part of his emotional life before the public, as a painter does when he exhibits and sells his work, then the people are bound to wonder what manner of man he was. Homer, however, has eluded his biographer and kept his privacy intact. For surely there is a psychological gap between this affable bachelor, whose studio was as empty of furniture as his closets were crammed with new clothes, and the chill, virginal strength of his greatest work. There may have been something, after all, in the myth of Homer the irascible misogynist. Perhaps art does make the man.

The book is abundantly illustrated with photographs of Prout's Neck and examples of Homer's later watercolors and oils. Unfortunately, the reproductions are so smudgy that Mr. Beam's rather general qualitative discriminations become almost meaningless.

Charles H. Morgan of Amherst is also primarily interested in his subject's life, although he has many kind words for the paintings. Kindness may not be what George Bellows needs. A tougher critical point of view might help us to see why a few pictures are good of their kind, while others are not good at all. Bellows's hearty optimistic realism is nowadays difficult to see, let alone to analyze; but by emphasizing the artist's physical life (he was a top-notch ballplayer) at the expense of his intellectual experiences Mr. Morgan perhaps reaches the root of the matter. Bellows never went abroad, and seems to have paid little attention to the new ideas reaching this country from Europe after the Armory Show of 1913. He remained trapped in Robert Henri's slick and slightly academic Impressionism, which was no longer appropriate for the new social energies Bellows felt but did not understand. Whether he could have found a more secure basis for his painting in abstract formal elements, such as through his



—*Courtesy, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.*

"A Haul of Herring," by Winslow Homer.

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study of dynamic symmetry, must remain conjectural; for he died of a ruptured appendix at age forty-two. Paradoxically, Bellows was at his best when he was least muscular and least "modern," when he succumbed to that nostalgia for nineteenth-century America which he helped to create with his period portraits of staunch little old ladies in old-fashioned dresses.

This is the first full-length biography of Bellows, and one is grateful to Mr. Morgan for the many details he has recovered from the artist's family and friends. But the materials are interesting in themselves and need not have been presented in a prose so off-handedly arch. Bellows and his wife are always "George" and "Emma," so that one feels the author was reluctant to transgress an imagined friendship. He thus ignores what might have been a useful clue to the unevenness of Bellows's later work,

granted the biographical bias that art is interchangeable with life, when he no more than hints that the artist and his wife, although passionately in love, were temperamentally incompatible.

The plentiful illustrations are disgraceful. The few color plates are little more than parodies, while the black-and-white ones are just that, black and way-off white with no intermediate values. They give one no conception of Bellows's character as a painter. Fortunately, there will be an opportunity to reassess his achievements in the retrospective exhibition, the first in New York since 1925, which is being held this spring at the Gallery of Modern Art.

A Home Among the Masterpieces

Summer's Lease: Autobiography, 1901-1938, *by John Rothenstein (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 260 pp. $6), abounds in portraits of the famous artists and writers who were friends of the art expert and his family. Daniel Catton Rich is director of the Worcester Art Museum in Massachusetts.*

By DANIEL CATTON RICH

SIR JOHN ROTHENSTEIN, who retired in 1964 as director of the Tate Gallery, has written the first volume of his memoirs. The lives of most museum directors are not spectacularly glamorous. Much of their energies are spent trying to get people to do something they don't want to do: persuading trustees to buy pictures that may not particularly appeal to them, begging the public to like the pictures after they have been acquired, or borrowing works for exhibition from reluctant collectors and coaxing owners to become donors. Sir John, however, has had a richer life than many of his colleagues. His father, William Rothenstein, was a painter of moderate talent with a genuine gift for friendship, and Sir John was brought up in a household where celebrities in art and literature were as familiar as next-door neighbors. His mother was the daughter of a minor Pre-Raphaelite artist who charmed the brilliant circle that frequented their Sunday Evenings. The young Rothenstein had Max Beerbohm as an "honorary uncle" and was early taking tea with H.G. Wells, Joseph Conrad, and Tagore.

After some years at Bedales, a co-educational, indifferent public school, John was sent to Oxford, where he quickly enlarged his education and attracted the first of his own circle of celebrated friends. His pages on Oxford, among the most engrossing in this volume, abound with descriptions of esthetes and eccentrics. They also offer surprises, like the account of Anthony Eden's serious lecture on Cézanne.

At Oxford Rothenstein started on his slow acceptance of Catholicism. Seriously analyzing his faults and abilities, he began to free himself from the overwhelming influence of his father. William Rothenstein's vast experience, his commanding—and just—opinions on pictures and their makers left John "little scope for personal observation." Although John had been drawing since infancy, William discouraged him from seeking a career in painting, and at first he was even shy of the visual arts. He determined to become a writer; and, indeed, some years later produced a novel, *Morning Sorrow,* which was praised by Arnold Bennett and others. But inevitably he was drawn to writing about art.

After Oxford there were a few lean years in London, writing and teaching, and a growing determination to emigrate to America, in order to make a break with the art world of England. Finally, in 1927, he was offered an assistant professorship in art history at the University of Kentucky.

On the boat he met Elizabeth Smith, a native of Lexington, whose family befriended him and whom he married two years later. Lexington impressed him with its ante-bellum charm. He discovered the work of Thomas Eakins, "a puritan Pennsylvanian Courbet," and became acquainted with John Kane, the Pittsburgh primitive.

In 1929 he returned to England with his wife, and took a doctorate in art history at the University of London. He became director of the gallery at Leeds, which he swiftly reorganized, and then headed a new gallery in Sheffield, where he had a somewhat dismal time trying to meet the demands of Alderman Graves, who had not only endowed the building but insisted on presenting it with many pictures from his own mediocre collection.

In 1938 Rothenstein was named director of the Tate Gallery, the only position he had ever wanted. Here the present volume ends. One hopes that in the next Sir John will chronicle his progressive twenty-six-year administration. He completey knocked the stuffiness out of that venerable institution, revamping the English collection, staging a series of brilliant exhibitions, and acquiring excellent contemporary works, including examples of the American Abstract Expressionists. At the same time he wrote a number of satisfying books on English art, full of information gained from living artists.

If *Summer's Lease* has one fault it is the plethora of famous people. Like his father, Sir John has known almost everyone of importance in the world of art and books. There are revealing and sympathetic portraits of the sincere Catholic Eric Gill, the truculent Wyndham Lewis, the shy but attentive Lawrence of Arabia, of Berenson at "I Tatti," of Arnold Bennett advising on how to make money out of writing. All these and a host of others are neatly portrayed. But at times the account unfolds like one of those films with too many stars playing bit parts.

Even here, Sir John is following in his father's footsteps. When Sir William was aging and ill Sir John encouraged him to write his own recollections. *Men and Memories,* published in three volumes between the years 1931 and 1940, is in some ways more brilliant and witty than *Summer's Lease.* It displays an engaging, dynamic man reacting to the great personalities of his time.

But in another way Sir John's account is superior. It displays throughout a modesty and self-criticism which Sir William, apparently, lacked.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 3, 5, 6, 8, 1, 9, 2, 4, 10, 7. Column Three should read: 7, 4, 5, 3, 10, 1, 8, 2, 6, 9.

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Critic at the Center

Newton Arvin: American Pantheon, *edited by Daniel Aaron and Sylvan Schendler (Delacorte. 251 pp. $6.75), assembles previously uncollected essays by the critic and biographer of Melville and Longfellow. Gay Wilson Allen's life of William James will be issued next winter.*

By GAY WILSON ALLEN

WHEN Newton Arvin died three years ago from an incurable illness, this country lost one of its finest literary critics and biographers. His Smith College colleagues, Daniel Aaron and Sylvan Schendler, have now edited a memorial volume selected from his reviews, articles, and introductions to books. Louis Kronenberger's affectionate "Memoir" ends with this prediction: "As there was perhaps too little glitter in his work to win him a wide audience in his lifetime, so now the complete absence of tinsel in it will lose him no earlier-won regard, and may achieve for him a recognition that will steadily increase and long endure."

Though I can agree with most of this statement, it seems to me to underrate Arvin's solid reputation as the author of such books as his biographical-critical studies of Melville and Longfellow, and his editions of Hawthorne's journals and Henry Adams's letters.

My personal acquaintance with Newton Arvin was slight, but I remember meeting him in the Houghton Library at Harvard a few years before his death and going to lunch with him. I had published a biography of Walt Whitman a couple of years before this, which he politely complimented; but when I mentioned his earlier book on Whitman he seemed embarrassed and said apologetically, "Oh, I wrote that while I was still a Marxist." My reply was that it was an honest book, and that he had carefully not claimed more "Socialism" for Whitman than the evidence warranted. Actually, he had ended by admitting that Whitman was very little of a Socialist, but a great democratic humanist.

Some of the essays in *American Pantheon* were also written during Arvin's Marxist phase, but the reader would never guess this fact from the content or the critical interpretations. It is true that the Marxist and "proletarian" critics of the 1930s shared Arvin's interest in Hawthorne's pathetic search for "community," took a sardonic view of Emerson's optimistic defense of individualism, found social significance in Melville's "alienation" and Henry James's chronicles of a "festering society." But these attitudes toward the major writers of the "American renaissance" have continued to the present day among critics of every variety of political and social persuasion. If a critic is intelligent and honest, his personal beliefs hardly matter—at any rate, they matter less than his integrity.

In this collection the essays on Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville, Mark Twain, Henry James, and others show no ideological or critical distortion, and each reveals neglected, and often unexpected, perspectives. Arvin is especially good on Emerson, and it is a great loss that he did not live to write a biography of this now unfashionable poet. Many twentieth-century critics have condemned Emerson for his juvenile optimism, for lacking a sense of the tragic, but Arvin shows that this is a partial and one-sided view. After "we have cleared our minds of the cant of pessimism" and opened our ears to "other tones than those of anguish and despair," we will find that Emerson also lived in "the house of pain" and learned to see beyond tragedy.

Arvin saw, too, the need for rescuing Thoreau from the Thoreauvians and Melville from his pious scripture-worshipers. Though Van Wyck Brooks was one of his best friends, Arvin points out that Brooks, no less than his adversary Bernard De Voto, "simplified" Mark Twain to incredibility. As a critic Arvin stood consistently at the center of the author or book he examined and swept the circle, balancing faults and virtues, and ending with conclusions that are as sound in 1966 as they were between 1929 and 1959 when these essays were written.

Hemingway

Continued from page 31

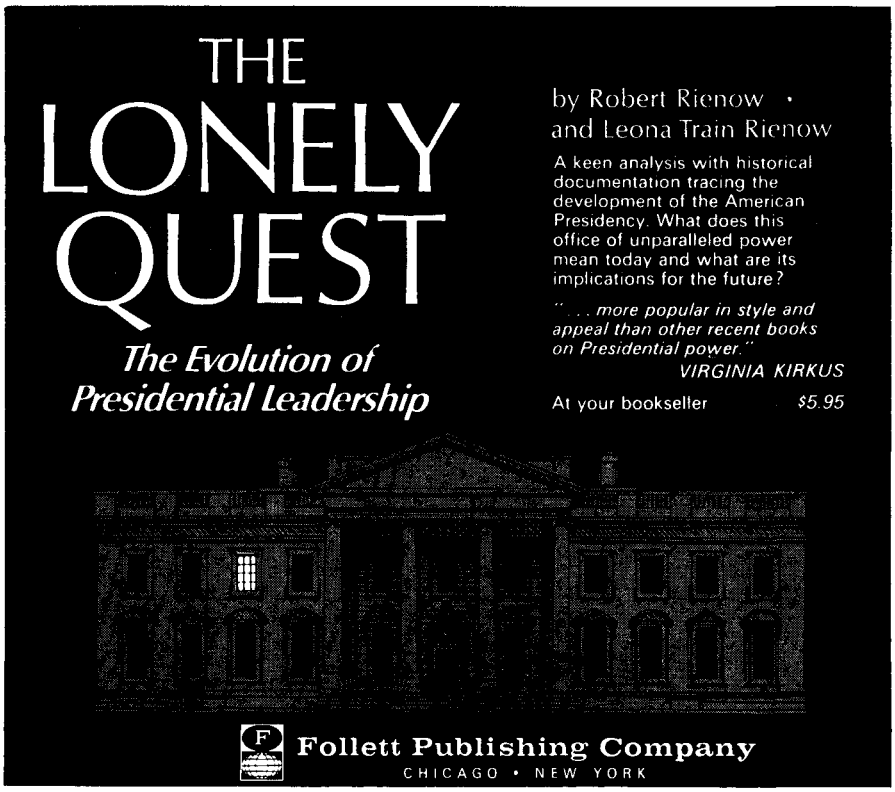
In other respects the two men were much more alike. Both were brooders, inner-directed people who appeared to live in their own worlds, and discouraged bridge-building.

On the surface it was simply a close friendship. Hotch spent much time with both Hemingways, and with Ernest alone, in Europe and Havana. He became the adapter of Hemingway's stories for television use, the only writer Papa would permit to do the job. If these were not entirely successful, some thought, it was because Hemingway's work was essentially untranslatable into this or perhaps any medium.

What other subtle psychological factors there were in the relationship, no one knows. Some saw Hotchner as a slavish Boswell, content to be the satellite of a world celebrity. Others, knowing Hotch's strong sense of independence and self-sufficiency, could not credit such subservience. In any case, the men enjoyed each other's company, each other's confidence and trust.

The memoir itself started modestly with Hotchner's intent to write an account of a journey he had made with Hemingway between Madrid and Venice. As his memory was stirred by the full notes he had kept on their conversations, a flood of incident was unloosed, and the longer, present book was the result.

Mary Hemingway asserts, "At no time did Ernest or I have any idea that Mr.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Hotchner was taking notes or had any intention whatsoever of writing a book until last June, when I overheard him saying he was doing this book, and, because I have known him to make errors of fact—in dates and the like—I asked him, 'Won't you let me see the book just to check the facts?' He refused. In seventy-five different pages I have encountered 147 errors of fact, which include mistaken attribution of nationality and professions of people, misplacement of scenes and events, misspelling of names, mistakes in captions of photographs, and events described with chronological distortions.

"I think Ernest's condition just before his death is overemphasized by Mr. Hotchner in many places, and inaccurate, but especially overemphasized—for sales appeal, as it were. It is indeed true that Ernest was deeply depressed and did have hallucinations, but Mr. Hotchner has emphasized this far beyond reality. I feel it is a terrible shame to blotch up the record so badly, even though the book may be readable.

"Ernest would certainly never have talked as freely as he did if he assumed for a moment that this was going to be used by someone. I think Mr. Hotchner doesn't have the moral right to use it, and I am hoping to prove he doesn't have the legal right either. No. XVIII *Corpus Juris Secundum,* 'Copyright and Literary Properties,' states: '. . . Common-law property is in the intellectual conception, and the author may claim it as his own in whatever form it can be identified as his product.' Mr. Hotchner identifies it all the way along as Ernest's production.

"About two-thirds of the book consists of quotations of Ernest's about his early life, his various wives, his experiences in both wars, and a great many anecdotes. My contention is that this is part of Ernest's literary property. According to Ernest's will, the disposal of this should be my prerogative rather than Mr. Hotchner's. If someone forged my name to a check or if they came into my house and stole something of value I would appeal to United States justice. And so I am going to proceed right through as far as the law permits. We are appealing on the basis that Mr. Hotchner had no right to use this material."

The result is now literary and legal history. One friendship has been recorded, with considerable financial success from book-club and magazine sales; another has dissolved in anger, hurt, and legal action. Mary Hemingway feels that a friend has abused friendship; Hotchner believes he has given something of value to the world of letters.

The whole affair is a melancholy postscript to a life whose complexities we will be a long time understanding.

—John Tebbel.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

The Bloody Wood. By Michael Innes. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

Joker Take Queen. By Bruce Munslow. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

The Red Kitchen. By Harold R. Daniels. Random House. $3.95.

Current Affairs

The Challenge of Change: Crisis in Our Two-Party System. By Edward W. Brooke. Little, Brown. $5.95.

Neo-Colonialism: The Last Stage of Imperialism. By Kwame Nkrumah. International. $7.50.

Fiction

The Adventurers. By Harold Robbins. Trident. $6.95.

The Belfast Friends. By Janet McNeill. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.

Columbella. By Phyllis A. Whitney. Doubleday. $4.95.

Down Where the Moon Is Small. By Richard Llewellyn. Doubleday. $5.95.

The Fishing Trip. By Bruce Dexter. New American Library. $4.50.

Games in the Darkening Air. By Peter Boynton. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.

I Have Friends in Heaven. By Max Catto. Little, Brown. $4.95.

The Monument. By Nathaniel Benchley. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

No Escape from Brooklyn. By Hanan J. Ayalti. Twayne. $3.95.

The Seeds of Hiroshima. By Edita Morris. Braziller. $4.

The Sky's the Limit. By A. D. Livingston. Lippincott. $4.50.

History

The Congress of Vienna. By Charles Webster. Barnes & Noble. Paperback, $1.95.

The Lonely Quest: The Evolution of Presidential Leadership. By Robert and Leona Train Rienow. Follett. $5.95.

Political Power in the Ancient World. By Mario Attilio Levi. New American Library. $5.

Private Plans and Public Dangers: The Story of FDR's Third Nomination. By Bernard F. Donahoe. Univ. of Notre Dame Press. $6.50.

The Rise of Christian Europe. By Hugh Trevor-Roper. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.50.

Sutter's Fort: Gateway to the Gold Fields. By Oscar Lewis. Prentice-Hall. $6.95.

Literary Criticism, History

Light on C. S. Lewis. Edited by Jocelyn Gibb. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

Miscellany

The Corrupted Land: The Social Morality of Modern America. By Fred J. Cook. Macmillan. $5.95.

The Polite Americans: A Wide-Angle View of Our More or Less Good Manners Over 300 Years. By Gerald Carson. Morrow. $6.50.

Watercolor with O'Hara. By Eliot O'Hara, N. A. Putnam. $7.95.

The Winning Candidate: How to Defeat Your Political Opponent. By D. Swing Meyer. Heineman. $4.95.

Music

The Language of Modern Music. By Donald Mitchell. St. Martin's. $5.75. (Revised edition.)

Personal History

The Astors: A Family Chronicle of Pomp and Power. By Lucy Kavaler. Dodd, Mead. $6.95.

The Ballad of Carson McCullers: An Intimate Biography. By Oliver Evans. Coward-McCann. $5.

Life Among the Giants: A Child's-Eye View of the Grown-Up World. By Leontine Young. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

Successful Calamity. By Edmund Fuller. Random House. $4.95.

Tchaikovsky: The Man Behind the Music. By Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson. Dodd, Mead. $7.50.

Willie Mays: My Life In and Out of Baseball. As told to Charles Einstein. Dutton. $4.95.

Religion, Philosophy

The Great Philosophers. Volume II: The Original Thinkers. By Karl Jaspars. Harcourt, Brace & World. $8.95.

The Historian and the Believer. By Van A. Harvey. Macmillan. $6.95.

Ideologies. By Patrick Corbett. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.75.

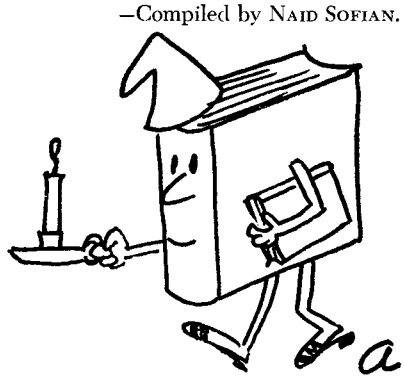
The Pacifist Conscience: Classic Writings on Alternatives to Violent Conflict from Ancient Times to Present. Edited by Peter Mayer. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $7.95.

The Wings of Eagles: Portraits of Six Great Catholics of the Twentieth Century. By Glenn Kittler. Doubleday. $4.95.

Travel

The Hard Way to Haparanda: A Journey to Lapland. By R. P. Lister. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.75.

—Compiled by Naid Sofian.



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What Modern Art Says

Continued from page 20

gripped in revolution and terror, a raw display of authentic intensity. The Devil's question was suddenly irrelevant.

Gradually a single figure symbolized the new breakthrough—Jackson Pollock (1912-56). Tall, rugged, and partially bald, he gave the impression that every word he spoke cost him something of his life. Covering huge canvases with glowing bands of color, Pollock's tangles of lines and spots emerged in jungle-like patterns. With the "splatter-painters" form and color were not to be thought of as static spots, but as living energies in space. The artist's job was to release that living energy, and thus electrify the viewer.

"Every so often a painter has to destroy painting," wrote a leading artist, Willem de Kooning. "Cézanne did it. Picasso did it. Then Pollock did it. He busted our ideas of a picture all to hell. Then there could be paintings again."

With daring and strength men like Pollock, de Kooning, Tobey, Rothko, Smith, and Kline filled their work with the drama, anger, pain, and confusion of contemporary life. A large-scale reaction against the "good taste" and shallow eclecticism of pre-war America got underway; the snobby old standards became the whipping boys of new tastemakers. They did indeed "knock the hell" out of old ideas about art.

There was a positive note, too—the plea for new methods of interpretation, such as those that scientists and diplomats had salvaged from the upheaval. Art had moved from realism to reality, mirroring an infinity of profiles. Following Paul Klee, artists devised a calligraphy free from representational service, abounding in fleecy line-flickers and instantaneous joy. Here was a summing up of the invisible to the realm of the visible.

Let the Devil scream (as indeed he, and numerous now outmoded critics and dealers, did) that this could never produce "finished works of art." The restless ricochets of line and color reflected the plight of man, harassed by today's problems and undone by visions of tomorrow's. The flowing patterns and irrational explosions marked art deliberately at war with a rational, mechanistic civilization. Frightened by what they saw, some labeled it inhuman. Others saw the new art function as the ancient cement that binds human communities together.

For better or worse, New York became the new art capital of the world. The child had become father of the man.

In the 1950s a new esthetic theory began to emerge, to accommodate what had in fact happened. Marcel Duchamp, a displaced European who had himself been art's enfant terrible a generation earlier, suggested that it be called the esthetics of impermanence. In today's world an art object is merely an interlude; an interval in the life of the maker or viewer; a temporary energy center, which glows like a light bulb for a certain time, then goes out. The play, symphony, or painting retires, leaving its imprint or image in a catalogue or monograph. Such impermanence is both a cultural fact and a stylistic device. His famous nude, Duchamp is quick to admit, has descended the staircase for the last time. In 1913 she was a *cause célèbre*. In 1966 she is dead.

Artists, as well as their works, come and go with terrifying rapidity. Jackson Pollock was killed in a sports car accident, leaving a dozen lesser figures to fight for the supremacy he had held. The critic Allen Kaprow assessed his impact in the October 1958 *Art News*:

> Pollock left us at the point where we must become preoccupied with and even dazzled by the space and objects of our everyday life. . . . Not satisfied with the suggestion, through paint, of our other senses, we shall utilize the specific substances of sight, sound, movement, people, odors, touch. . . . Out of nothing we will devise the extraordinary. People will be delighted or horrified, critics will be confused or amused, but there will be the alchemies of the 1960s.

Those alchemies have been working with measurable success. Art is more relevant, controversial, and collected than it has been in our history. Pop and op art have invaded the galleries just as "happenings" have filled the avant-garde theater. Polyphonic vision of painters has turned up in musical scores by Satie or Schoenberg. After three centuries of being class-typed and nation-typed, art has again become the property of all mankind, speaking in one of the few (if not the only) international languages available to us.

Realizing this, the ICY (International Cooperation Year) Committee on Cultural and Intellectual Exchange made memorable suggestions at last December's White House Conference. Among twenty highlighted recommendations, these three are typical:

► That in the fields of the major arts, crafts, films, television, and music, an even greater, more ingenious, and effective expansion of festivals, congresses, and exhibitions be made.

► That an International Institute for Advanced Studies in the Arts be created and funded.

► That an international artists-in-residence program be established.

To achieve such goals, the co-chairmen pointed out, would require not only enormous dedication and patience, "but a combination of great subtlety, imagin-

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ation, and cool common sense." Such traits are not easy to come by; but have them we must, if we are to create a Great Society. We must struggle with our minds and hearts, as well as our armies, if we are to prevail; discover new relationships between ideas and objects; and then new ways to express those relationships.

As with nuclear physics or the new math, those responsible for "art" must re-examine premises and standards. The false polarization between the work of our hands and heads must be abandoned. Art objects are never merely things, but creative entities, alive in time and space, serving as instruments of communication, shocking and stretching our minds.

Years ago Emerson foresaw America's continuing need for "men and women of original perception and action; men of elastic, men of moral mind, who can live in the moment and talk and take a step forward." The arts are moving ahead; is American society great enough to keep up with them?

A Field of White Birds, Grounded; After a Frozen Lunch in Central New York

by Philip Booth

AND you think *these*
are seagulls? You
who order Maine fish
at the Syracuse
House, and peck with
your fork, pro-
claiming it's *fresh* . . .

The menu says so.
So does the Bird Book,
Jack, salt these
white birds away
on its sea-stuff page.
But here they feed,
investing a frieze

of split-level corn,
colonial motels,
and Ranches ranked
against snow. Gulled
like salesmen who
pooped out on a
quota, they banked

on the book or the menu,
overflew, and sit spent,
sold on insolvent lives.
Upstate eats its own mort-
gages; even these gulls,
foreclosed by the sea, try
to swallow themselves.

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(Continued from page 95)

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TANCOOK ISLAND—Small farm overlooking the sea. Home completely modern and furnished. 3 bedrooms, 1½ baths. deep freeze! 600 books! Pasture! Peace! Privacy! Ferry twice daily from Chester. $10,000. Chester Real Estate, Chester, Nova Scotia, Canada.

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For Rent—Furnished

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS—Beautiful house by sea—20 acres. Box S-3.

MARYLAND EASTERN SHORE. New waterfront all-electric, year-round lodge. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Fishing, boating, waterfowl and deer hunting. Seasonal or yearly lease available. Write McKinney, Kirn Burn, Worton, Maryland 21678.

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MARTHA'S VINEYARD—June and/or July, 12 acres, private lake, canoe, rowboat, 4 bedrooms, modern, all electric, large living room. Box 57, University of Chicago Hospitals.

GOSHEN, N.Y., above racetrack. 4 bedrooms, glass gable, magnificent view, pool, grand piano. 60 minutes Manhattan. July-August. $750. Box R-943.

BAR HARBOR, MAINE area—9 room home for 4 weeks. $300. Box R-947.

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LAKE PLACID, N.Y. Cottage, boat, outboard, tout confort, private, quiet. $600 summer. Box R-932.

NANTUCKET—2 cottages in town, surrounded by gardens, for outdoor living. 2 bedrooms, 4 bedrooms, August, September. $600-$1,000. Box R-940.

MOUNTAINSIDE CHALET, Londonderry, Vermont. June through Labor Day. Box 104, Saugatuck, Connecticut.

THE HAMPTONS L.I. Cottage, waterfront, suitable 2-4 people. Dock available. Season. Box R-960.

HANCOCK, MAINE, Frenchman Bay. On beautiful 75 acre waterfront estate. Apartment on shore. cabin in woods, fully equipped. $400 each, season. Box R-941.

PLEASANTVILLE, N.Y. Charming restored old grist mill on one secluded acre. Private road. Living room, dining room, kitchen, den, 2 bedrooms, 1 bath. 5 minutes from station. June 15th-September 15th. Box R-950.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Delightful secluded Gay Head houselet for two. $60 weekly prior to June 5th, $70 thereafter. Box R-962.

MAINE COAST COTTAGE—Tiny, snug, maximum charm, minimum conveniences (electricity, running water); superb ocean view, ¼ acre. Sleeps two. $40 weekly, May-October. Telephone 802-468-2942.

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PROFESSOR'S SUMMER HOME, vicinity Middlebury, Vermont. July first through September sixth. Box R-996.

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(Continued on page 98)

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CAMPS

(Continued from page 97)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1670

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Policy of segregation in S. Africa.	105 126 60 81 66 185 59 157 133
B. Lack of any permitted "pause in the day's occupations" (3 wds.)	196 101 12 161 76 175 168 7 111
C. Some persons who, Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son, *are very apt to tell secrets* (2 wds.)	31 108 53 83 174 180 128 132
D. One important character in *Romeo and Juliet* who was never given a name.	131 99 162 11 145 84 91 38 178 124
E. Habitat of *The Village Blacksmith.*	202 44 103 156 67 143
F. The genesis of races.	92 191 171 69 146 189 80 18 179
G. Botanically, certain kind of branches normally produced by Merlyn's sleeping place.	3 192 45 58 120 71
H. Unreasonably burdensome; tyrannical.	9 93 141 41 119 125 19 200 46 36
I. In strict accordance with what is to be expected if proper functions are performed.	2 155 30 78 97 138
J. The act of receiving willingly.	34 129 144 47 134 169 95 109 23 201
K. In forestry, any tree over two feet in diameter at the height of a man's breast.	176 6 94 195 21 172 35
L. A color, called also mauve blush.	89 184 85 13 164 98 4 77 114 193

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. A form of the obelus.	147 75 154 33 1 140 90 22 87
N. Standard; customary.	136 199 72 56 148 48 17 102
O. Worthless thing.	173 73 188 149 183 28
P. Set apart a share for a particular person or end.	159 137 115 65 42 24 107 112 96
Q. Lounged; lolled.	49 186 29 181 142 160 5 122
R. Things which cause anguish of body or mind.	197 187 61 52 127 163 121 27
S. Possessions you can't take with you, as Messrs. Hart and Kaufman reminded us.	177 39 8 62 16 106 118
T. Emitting any kind of radiant energy.	14 40 165 26 51 151 194 63 32 158 135
U. Damsel; in modern usage chiefly depreciatory term.	64 15 152 182 25
V. *Epithet by the classic U.S. rural character for some person or animal hard to manage* (2 wds. entirely familiar and colloq., but unlisted as a phrase).	82 100 167 57 74 150 170 37 68 20 88 117 10
W. Outbreak of violence or noisy sport, esp. among occupants of a single house or room.	116 166 113 70 190 130 110 86 54 139
X. What, Daniel Webster said, 1834, *following the sun, circles the Earth with the martial airs of England.*	153 50 198 104 79 43 123 55

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 M	2 I		3 G	4 L	5 Q		6 K	7 B	8 S	9 H	10 V	11 D						
12 B	13 L			14 T	15 U	16 S	17 N	18 F	19 H	20 V	21 K	22 M	23 J	24 P		25 U	26 T	27 R				
28 O	29 Q	30 I	31 C		32 T	33 M		34 J	35 K		36 H	37 V	38 D		39 S	40 T	41 H					
	42 P	43 X	44 E	45 G	46 H	47 J	48 N		49 Q	50 X	51 T	52 R		53 C	54 W		55 X					
56 N	57 V	58 G	59 A		60 A	61 R	62 S		63 T	64 U	65 P		66 A	67 E	68 V	69 F	70 W					
71 G		72 N	73 O		74 V	75 M	76 B	77 L	78 I	79 X	80 F	81 A		82 V	83 C	84 D						
85 L	86 W	87 M	88 V		89 L	90 M	91 D	92 F	93 H	94 K		95 J	96 P		97 I	98 L	99 D					
100 V	101 B	102 N	103 E	104 X	105 A	106 S	107 P	108 C	109 J		110 W	111 B		112 P	113 W	114 L						
115 P	116 W	117 V	118 S	119 H	120 G	121 R	—	122 Q	123 X	124 D		125 H	126 A	127 R	128 C	129 J	130 W					
	131 D	132 C	133 A		134 J	135 T	136 N	137 P	138 I	139 W	140 M		141 H	142 Q	143 E	144 J	145 D					
146 F	147 M	148 N	149 O	150 V		151 T	152 U	153 X		154 M	155 I	156 E	157 A	158 T	159 P	160 Q	161 B					
162 D	163 R	164 L		165 T	166 W		167 V	168 B	169 J		170 V	171 F	172 K	173 O	174 C	175 B						
176 K	177 S	178 D	179 F		180 C	181 Q	182 U	183 O		184 L	185 A	186 Q	187 R	188 O	189 F	190 W						
191 F	192 G	193 L		194 T	195 K	196 B	197 R	198 X	199 N	200 H	201 J	202 E										

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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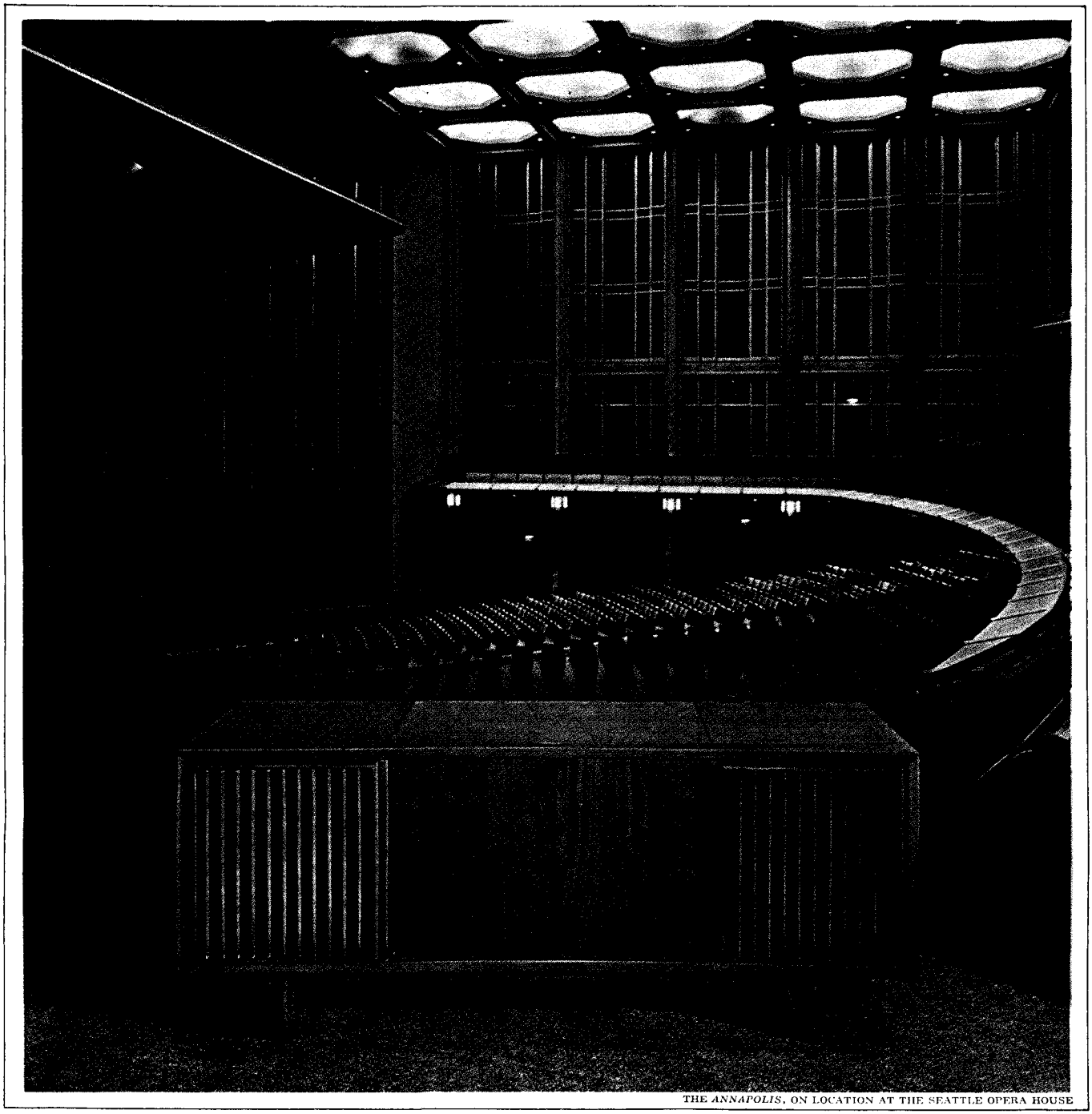

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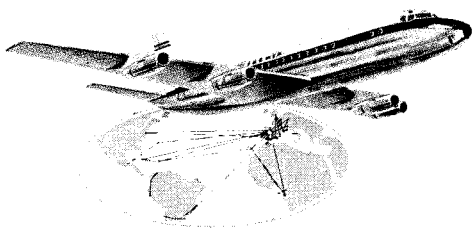

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